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IRISH- 1798 - COLLECTION

EXTRACTS

FROM

THE PRESS:

A NEWSPAPER

PUBLISHED IN THE

CAPITAL OF IRELAND,

DURING PART OF

THE YEARS 1797 AND 1798.

INCLUDING

NUMBERS *SIXTY-EIGHT* AND *SIXTY-NINE*,

WHICH WERE SUPPRESSED

BY ORDER OF THE IRISH GOVERNMENT,

BEFORE THE USUAL TIME OF PUBLICATION.

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EXTRACTS

FROM

THE PRESS.

No. 1.---DUBLIN, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 28, 1797.

PROSPECTUS.

NO maxim is more true than this, "That no liberty can survive the liberty of the Press;" it breathes a soul into the body of a people; it forms their manners, and by teaching them their duties and their rights, and inspiring them with the sentiments of virtue and courage, by which both are to be enforced, introduces the empire of reason to the universe; it is the vestal fire, upon the preservation of which, the fate of Nations depends; and the most pure hands, officiating for the whole community, should be incessantly employed in keeping it alive. But it must be acknowledged, that by some fatality of late, the Press in this harassed country has been either negligent or apostate; it has been a centinel asleep on its post; or, an open deserter, active against the people and their cause, in the service of which it affected to volunteer. To flatter and betray, has been too often the practice of those who have sought popular confidence---money, and not principles, was their object; and it is not surprising, that what was sordid and mercenary in the beginning, should, in the end, be perfidious and corrupt. So many and so sad have been the apostacies which have taken place in this respect, that a scepticism humiliating and derogatory to the Irish character has obtained, and the best disposed men, with great reason, have been led to doubt the existence of a pure patriotism, unalloyed by any mixture of the selfish passions; they have seen the Press introduced to them in all the charms of a virtuous virgin, shortly degenerate, and receive the private embraces of the minister behind the curtain---or act the bolder part of a public prostitute *.

It is now proposed to establish a News-paper, to be solely and unalterably devoted to the people of Ireland and their interests, under the appellation of

THE PRESS:

For the reasons before stated, it occurred, that not one sentence in the form of profession to the public should be uttered, but rather

* The NORTHERN STAR, put down by military interposition, must be acknowledged to be an honorable exception.

that the columns of THE PRESS should be suffered to speak for themselves, and the print let to live or die by the character which they should unfold; yet the public have certainly a right to be acquainted with the grounds upon which their approbation is solicited, and which shall be stated in a few words:

To extinguish party animosities, and introduce a cordial Union of ALL the PEOPLE, on the basis of toleration and equal government, as it is a primary duty, so it shall be the especial care of THE PRESS; to call into action all that is noble and generous in the minds of IRISHMEN individually, as a sure means of rendering them collectively a great and happy nation; to cultivate the seeds of virtue, heroism and industry, which are inherent in their minds, shall be the chief objects of its unceasing vigilance;---these seeds lie plentifully and deep in that good soil, and be it the labour of THE RRESS to cultivate them until they shoot forth in all the glory of illustrious actions; to class Ireland on the scale of Nations, and to give her an imperial place in the map of Europe; to assert and obtain her commercial rights, so flagrantly encroached on by British monopoly; to inculcate those maxims of œconomy and liberty, without which no nation can be grand or respectable; to open new channels for industry, and the employ of our people in manufactures and in commerce, in our fisheries and our collieries, those mines of wealth which, in complaisance to the sister, or rather mistress nation, are doomed to continue unworked; to infuse notions of pure morality into the rising generation, and to recommend an attention to the mild virtues of religion, in the absence of which its forms are a mockery; to encrease the quantum of public happiness; to impress indelibly on the mind, that, next to a love of God, the love of our Country should have a place in the human breast; and finally, if it be not too presumptuous, or a project utterly impracticable, to procure a reform in the abuses of government, which are crying and manifold: these are the grounds on which THE PRESS solicits confidence---all it asks is a fair trial, "and may the moment of its defection, be the last of its existence." A system, such as no News-paper has gone to the expence of heretofore, has been adopted for procuring the earliest intelligence, which shall be impartially given; a particular attention shall be paid to the detail of domestic occurrences, and a faithful report given of the various conflagrations, transportations, and executions, without the intervention of judge or jury. To diversify scenes so dismal, we shall glean whatever may be most instructive and amusing in the *Belles Lettres*; there will be the more room for this gratification of our readers in the course of the approaching winter, as there is no probability of any debates in the House of Commons; and of that honourable House, it will be sufficient to state the enactment of new penal statutes---should there be any, and the nature and the amount of the new taxes, of which we are positive there will not be a few.

Men of genius are invited to send their productions to THE PRESS, which is open for fair discussion on public subjects---it will disdain to direct its flights at lesser game. Scurrility and defamation can never be admitted as allies to its cause; private character is one of the possessions of civil society, which ought to be held sacred; to follow a man into the circle of private life, would be a very unfair and licentious act; if there are reptiles amongst us, the Public have this consolation in perspective, "That the mire in which "they crawl, already begins to stiffen about them; it will first de-"prive them of motion---then of life, and the next gale that arises "may sweep them away with the dust in which they perished."

It is confidently reported, that previous to the arrival of another General Officer to take upon him the chief command of the forces, a very considerable augmentation of the troops is to take place, and that uncommon exertions will be made to have the country in the most formidable posture of defence.

Those preparations naturally lead us to look our situation fairly in the face. To do this it is necessary to consider the predicament in which we are involved generally---and our means and dangers in the contest relatively with England.

There is a material difference in the situation of the two countries, as they stand circumstanced in the torrent of French victory. In England the great body of the people have some interest in the soil; there are few so wretchedly poor as not to have something worth defending. The national religion is that professed and established by government. Landed property is held by the tenure of family successions. The chief magistrate is a native; the ministers who compose his councils are natives; they have no interest to prefer to that of the country which they govern. They have a common cause with the people, and a great security in the complete co-operation of almost all the more wealthy and exalted persons.

In Ireland, on the contrary, the great body of the people have no interest whatever in the soil; there are not many so far above absolute poverty as to have any thing worth defending. The religion professed by government and established by law, is not that of the majority of the people. Much landed property is held by the tenure of forfeitures and confiscations. The Chief Magistrate is not a native; the ministers who compose his councils are not natives. They have an interest to take care of separate from, and possibly incompatible with that of the country which they govern, and which they may prefer. They can of course have no common cause with the people, and have not a shadow of security in their affections, since it is clear that they are only kept in obedience at the point of the bayonet. From trying to carry on the government without the admission of men of great natural rank and popular character, they have neither the co-operation nor cordiality of the higher orders.

Should the French, therefore, choose to hazard a descent in order to furnish employment to troops which they cannot keep idle, nor with safety disband, Ireland is the spot to which they will turn their eyes. England is safe. What a calamity it is for any country to become the seat of war is not easily expressed, for it comprehends all other calamities that can harrass a land, or make its inhabitants miserable. On us, therefore, the brunt of the struggle is likely to fall, whatever the event may be. England, in losing Ireland, would lose her right arm, and probably might not long survive a dismemberment, which in the nature of things must sooner or later be followed by mortal consequences. Ireland in the bloody scenes of confusion produced by a quarrel not properly her own, and in which, would to God! she had never been involved, might lose her own life, or come off, exhausted with convulsions and disfigured by scars.

But be the issue which is now in the womb of time, and which threatens a monstrous birth to the whole world, what it may, must not the obstinacy of those ministers who have so involved us, excite the most disagreeable reflexions? The people long and loudly called for a redress of grievances---but ministers gave them new and more severe penal laws for an answer. Had England in time conceded any thing, she would not now be in danger of losing all. Had she departed from her policy of keeping Ireland a poor and divided country---had she given up her unjust system of monopoly, and left the industry of each nation to find its own level---had she eased the public of that heavy load of corrupt influence, which broods, like an Incubus, on the breast of the island, stifling and impeding all her faculties of life---had she paid more attention to the Irish people, and less to those who calumniate, with a view to oppress them---had she not given such high wages for the public prostitutions which have worked such prodigious national wrongs---had she allowed us even one or two Irishmen in the management of our own government, or, if that is a phrase not to be borne by a superior sister---in the Irish King's government of the Irish nation---had she forborne to cause the off-scourings of her offices to be exported, received and continued here as Ministers---had she, in fact, made any concession whatever, to popular entreaties, all demands of substantial justice, she would not now have for her last stake in Ireland, the assistance of English mercenaries---she would have been strong in the affections and attachment of the Irish people, whose characteristics are, a "warm heart and generous soul"---and in all the noble energies and actions which they are capable of, in unsophisticated nature, when disposed to pay the debt of gratitude.

But how such a number of troops could be spared, is not manifest. Ministers have, by their practices, rendered Scotland nearly as discontented as Ireland---and there, as well as here, they have been obliged to back their authority, and support their system, by military execution. Taken altogether, the prospect before her is awful and affecting. The case is next to desperate---and the great misfortune

is, that it appears to be without remedy. There is no chance of Ministers receding from their measures, and if they even did, an experiment of that nature, to save the country, it is to be feared, would come too late.

Common sense suggests, that if invasion is likely to take place, or to be attempted, nothing will be so likely to flatter the hopes of the enemy, as information that administration, instead of uniting the people of all persuasions, chooses to pass by millions of Dissenters and Catholics, and to risque the event with mercenary forces, and a few troops of *chosen* religion. It is deeply to be regretted, that the defence of the nation should have ever been weakened by the foolish partialities of certain men to the old system of division; or that its basis should be contracted by the selfish and despicable motives of party. His Holiness the Pope had no objection to be defended by a troop of British light horse; such is the squeamishness of aristocracy, that they have inseparable objections to be defended by Dissenters or Catholics.

An extraordinary number of convictions for seditious practices appear to have taken place in the progress of the Home Circuit. It were much to be wished that the unhappy ferment which prevails in the minds of men, were allayed---for there is nothing more hurtful to the feelings than the sight of human beings put to death for a mere difference in opinion. Example, in such cases, not only fails of its effect, but produces one directly contrary. It is a saying, that the blood of the Martyrs was the seed of the church. The propagation of politics bears a close affinity to that of religion---and therefore a better way than that of hanging, it is to be hoped, will be resorted to, for bringing back the lower orders to a sense of their duty and obedience to the higher powers.

The ministerial prints mention in terms of exultation, the fair prospect which the Lord Lieutenant is likely to enjoy on his visiting the lake of Killarney. In times like the present, a severer satire could not be published on authority. All his Lordship's attention and time are too little for the advantageous management of his government, and we must hope that business, more than pleasure, has drawn him from the capital. To suppose that a viceroy can seek relief for his mind, in sights and shows, when calamity has already come home to the people, and when the enemy is at the door, is unjust and ungenerous. The satirists of a very unpopular character never said any thing more severe, than that *Nero fiddled while Rome burned!*

A Court-Martial is to be held, we hear, upon a person of rank, who is said to have known something relative to the death of the privates of the Kerry Militia, who were massacred on a charge of being Catholics. In an age like the present, when the danger is not from religion in any shape, but total infidelity, this is the more reprehensible. We must suppose that the imputation is a calumny---and wish that the Colonel accused will be able to vindicate himself against so foul an aspersion.

No. 2.---SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 30.

TO THE KING.

SIRE,

THERE was a time, in which some possible good might result from an appeal to Ministers; it is past. To the Throne itself your scourged people are now driven to look for a mitigation of oppressions which are become intolerable. On ordinary occasions, it would look like a saucy affectation of familiarity with greatness, to address a Sovereign; but in a moment of such terrible omen as the present, when every day gives a new and more formidable feature to the face of Europe, and when Crowns begin to become the most precarious of all property, it is the bounden duty of every Citizen to speak, and of every King to hear. The obligation is the more incumbent on you, Sire, as you have most at stake. If there is one individual more than another whom it imports to hear the TRUTH, or whose case is more deserving of compassion, from having been made the dupe of evil counsellors, as Nathan said unto David---

"*Thou art the man!*"

It will be well if these men and their practices do not lose you a kingdom.

This, Sire, is not a representation of grievances, founded upon abstract doctrines, or physical reasoning. I am about to state plain and positive wrongs, as unparalleled as they are unmerited by a suffering nation. If the recital should give pain, I am not to blame, but the Ministers who in Ireland have---"drawn King George's sword to cut the charter of King John to pieces"---and with it the people, for whom it ought to be a protection, for the presumption of thinking that it was their inheritance, and that the guarantee of it made part of your coronation-oath.

On your accession to the throne, Sire, your subjects possessed the privilege of a trial by jury. There was a government of laws. They are now allowed no trial by jury, but are put to death by military execution, without knowing either their crime or their accuser---and for a government of laws, there has been substituted a government of men; an experiment which gave birth to the woeful American war. House-burnings, on your accession to the throne, was a felony; it is now the jest of your officers, and the pastime of your soldiers. Property was held sacred; it now lies at the mercy of the army, who spare or destroy as corresponds with their passions. On your accession to the throne, the statute-book contained many acts wholesome to society; they have been torn out with a rude hand, and their places have been supplied with laws pregnant with penalties.

Sire, open your eyes to the real situation of your yet kingdom of Ireland; look over the country in every direction, and you will see nothing but confusion and horrors---all the natural and inevitable

consequences of the system not adopted, for in the history of governments there is none so heinous to be found for adoption, but framed by your Ministers. You will see scenes in every quarter, committed under colour of your authority, on the bare reflection of which the blood curdles with horror, and which must assuredly be followed with punishment in the next world, if not in this. The only consolation left your people in whole districts is, that there is another tribunal in which man is no judge. You will see prodigious enormities perpetrated by your servants, from which the benignity of your disposition must turn with the most heart-felt antipathy; you will see the army let loose on the community at night, tired, but not satisfied, and the Sun rising to light the way to new excesses. It is common to see the roads crowded with industrious persons, torn from the plough and the loom, hand-cuffed together, on their march to the sea-coast, for transportation without the smallest formality, much less trial. On no other ground than suspicion, numbers have been shot to death. In some instances the execution is summary and on the spot; in others deliberate, and a place chosen to make the barbarity more striking and exemplary---as was the case in the county of Westmeath, where the father and his two sons were brought to the entrance of a village, and there mangled with many shots, to the greater terror and warning of the affrighted inhabitants. The crime of this family was a charge of having arms in their possession.

Your soul would be wounded, Sire, did you hear the cries of your people, as they endeavour to escape from their dwellings, set on fire by order of your Ministers, as if principles were to be burned with the timber and other materials of which they were composed. Than your royal breast, none would glow with more ardent indignation to see the provisions also consumed, which no entreaties succeed in obtaining to be spared from the promiscuous conflagration. On other enormities it is meet to throw a veil---wives and virgins violated by miscreants, on whom the blood of their husbands and relatives still smoked, are subjects too terrible to dwell on. It it sufficient to state, Sire, that oppressions not less barbarous than those which the Spaniards exercised in America, disgrace human nature in Ireland, under the auspices of your Ministers. They have not yet employed dogs, it is true, but there is no dog that runs the scent of blood more fiercely than man, when the sympathies of his nature are lost in the fury, and when he is hallooed on in his hellish career by the civil magistrate.

Your Irish subjects, Sire, have been made to suffer as much, and in as many shapes, for their politics, as the Maccabees for their religion.

But was there no popular excess to provoke this ministerial vengeance, which nothing can justify?---Yes, Sire, there was a strong desire on the part of the people to have themselves represented in the third estate, which at present (they conceive) THEY ARE NOT. Your Ministers resisted this desire, not in itself very criminal, by

conflagrations so universal as to distract the cattle in the fields at night equally with the appearance of phenomena---and by murder malignant and manifold---for to put men to death without trial, is murder to all intents and purposes, and of the blackest and most flagitious die. Thus your Ministers have goaded the people to madness, and in that state of irritation they betray those extravagances to which man is subject, when he is compelled to suffer beyond his strength. Their wickedness has been equalled by their folly. They found in the event that there was no other way of destroying principles, than by destroying the persons in whose minds they existed and were cherished. They did not hesitate, therefore, to proceed in the work of extermination, and thousands have been sent to the grave for having had their understandings enlightened by God. But will you, Sire, as the father of your people, longer permit so wide, unhallowed and horrid a havoc of your children?

Were the language of remonstrance necessary, Sire, you might be told, with all humility and deference for your high station, but with great earnestness and truth, that the subject has a better right to protection from the King, than the King has to allegiance from the subject, because protection is the maximum and end of all just governments, and allegiance is no more than one of the ingredients incident to social order. You might be told, that power on abuse, long continued, must in the nature of things revert to its fountain, the people; that such a necessity, the direful necessity of reverting to first principles, placed your illustrious family on the throne; and, that to take especial care that that necessity should be the last, ought to be the object of your eternal care, and the uniform tenor of your advice to all your Ministers.

But it is not in remonstrance that your people depend. They know, Sire, that you possess a heart easily accessible to the tender virtues, and that were not your noble nature basely abused by artifices and delusion, Ireland would not be the victim of such terrible doings. This belief, however, will not administer to their wants, or lessen their miseries. It is not merely by actual bloodshed, arbitrary imprisonment, and outrageous transportation of its fathers, husbands and brothers, that society has suffered, and is suffering. Your Ministers, in their clandestine practices to secure their visionary project of extinguishing the principle of reform, have inflicted wounds which will never heal. They have poisoned the cup of society, and neighbours are afraid to pledge each other in it, lest they should drink death. Instead of extinguishing principles, they have given them strength, and caused them to assume a form and a combination. They have succeeded in nothing but extinguishing in some places the charities of life, and introducing an anarchy as the basis of their system, by which one part of the people must be armed mercenaries, another spies and informers, and the great body of them slaves. They have dug at the foundations of your authority, while they made a shew of contributing to the superstructure

with gaudy, unbecoming and unnatural ornaments. Their policy has been, to corrupt the great---and to distract the middling and lower orders---" to infect the wholesome blood of kindred with " religious virus, and to make the servant that stands behind the " chair of every man who differs with him in politics, the arbiter " of his life and fortune!"

Be advised in time, gracious Sovereign. In the animal body, if the mortification once sets in, all the efforts of the physician can be of no use. The spread of dissolution in the body politic is no less rapid and mortal. Deign to let your people, of all religions, be represented, or sit in the House of Commons. Dismiss the guides who have brought you to the brink of the precipice, and let this important truth be impressed on your mind---it is not by a furious course of unrelenting severity---nor by a voluminous code smeared all over with blood---nor by an augmentation of the corps of executioners, civil and military, that Ireland is to be saved---it is to be saved only by a timely and fair concession to popular demand---and the surest means of providing for the permanence of harmony, restored by these means, will be to let the law take its course with GREAT CRIMINALS, who are the authors of your danger and our calamity.

SARSFIELD.

No. 3.---TUESDAY, OCTOBER 3.

TO THE CONDUCTORS OF THE PRESS.

GENTLEMEN,

I HAVE read, with much pleasure, the Prospectus of your paper. If you adhere to your promise of conveying to your countrymen, without prejudice and without weakness, just views of persons and things, you will render an essential service to *Ireland.* The want of some sure vehicle of interesting truths, has been severely felt at this juncture---never was there a period, when it was more necessary to enlighten the public mind; for never was there a period in which the people have been placed in circumstances of greater delicacy and difficulty. It is the duty of every man, who wishes well to his country, to contribute according to the measure of his information and talents, to the work of public instruction. Imprest with this idea, I send you copies of some letters which have fallen into my hands, on the subject of the present discontents in *Ireland!* They were written by an old gentleman of my acquaintance, to a young friend, who had requested his advice as a guide for his political conduct. If you think them worth insertion in your paper, they are at your service; and I shall be happy to have contributed, in its infancy, (when even mean assistance may be useful) to a laudable undertaking.

AGRICOLA.

LETTERS FROM THE MOUNTAINS.

BEING A SERIES OF LETTERS FROM AN OLD MAN IN THE COUNTRY TO A YOUNG MAN IN DUBLIN.

LETTER I.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

YOU require my sentiments on the situation of public affairs, at this juncture, and my advice, as a guide for your conduct, in this critical emergency. My advanced age, and my sincere affection for you, might well give me the privilege, did I possess the capacity of advising; and moſt ready, indeed, should I be to offer, nay, to obtrude my counsel on you, could I be convinced of their producing a salutary effect: but, my dear friend, it is now a moſt awful task to determine for oneself, ſtill more awful is it to determine for another, on a point which involves the safety or perdition of every object which can be dear to man.

The situation of *Ireland* is become critical in the extreme. The dreadful forms of public disturbance have stolen upon us, like a thief in the night. The horizon is blackened around us, the island is shaken to its centre; and fathomless abysses seem hourly to yawn with destruction beneath our feet. At such a season it will be difficult---difficult did I say: it will be impossible for any man to remain neuter; he must put his *hand to the plough*, and having done so, he must not look back. On this choice of party, to which (I foresee it) we shall ultimately be driven, will depend the fate of the individual; and on the choice of the majority of the people, will depend the fate of the country. That you may be found among the saviours of *Ireland*, is the earneſt wish of your friend. Consider the situation of this kingdom, the circumstances of other countries, and the temper and spirit of the times. Decide for yourself, with all the calmness and deliberation that the tempestuous season allows; and may God Almighty lead you to a life of happiness, or a death of honour.

While I profess myself unable to give you directions for the regulations of your political conduct, you have a right to command my sentiments on the situation of public affairs; as far as it is safe or prudent to communicate an opinion on the subject. I give you, believe me, no small proof of my friendship, in the dwelling, for your sake, on a contemplation so painful as that of Irish affairs. The present harrows up the feelings of a man who loves his country; and as to the future, it requires no common fortitude to meet with eyes unmoved the long, dreadful perspective before us. I shall be well satisfied, however, to punish myself, if I can be useful to you. I shall give you my thoughts on the situation of the country, without passion and without prejudice, and it is from such views of the situation of the country, taken at different points of observation, and by different observers, that

a considerate man will learn to *chuse his party*, and establish the rule of his political conduct.

The first remark which I would suggest to you, is on the astonishing stupor and inattention which seems to have possest the governments of Europe, with few exceptions, and prevented them attending to the great revolution which has been wrought in the human character. A mighty spirit is awakened; the genius of rational inquiry has gone abroad with giant strides; he marches with freedom in his train, to the ends of the earth. This is no time for the powerful *few* to wrap themselves up in a false security, and despise the cries, and insult the feelings of the opprest and injured *many*. This is no time to hug to the bosom inveterate abuses and ancient errors, to hold government, and those who administer it, as *all in all*, the people governed as *nothing*. The maxims of policy, which proved sufficient for the imperfect lights of past times, will be found delusive guides at this day. The notions, the manners, the knowledge, the pursuits and claims of men, have undergone a great and rapid change; and stupid, indeed, must be the administration which does not adopt its maxims to the great revolution in the characters, resources and tempers of men. This proudly weak inattention to the circumstances of the times, has been peculiarly observable, and peculiarly injurious in those who have had the care of governing Ireland.

I must observe also, that although Ireland is dignified with the name of independent kingdom, and honoured by Great Britain with the appellation of sister country; a distinction for which, God knows, she pays dearly, in the maintenance of a luxurious court, and a cumbrous establishment; yet Ireland, in the opinion of many acute observers, is, to all intents and purposes, in a state of provincial dependance. I will not pretend to decide the question with respect to Ireland, lest my letter to you should come into the courts of justice, and be pronounced a seditious libel by the Judge; but I am told I may as yet inquire, without offence to the powers that be, or danger of the *tender*, what is the difference between a country *really independent*, and a *province*.

In a country really independent, the laws and polity originate within its own bosom, and are calculated to extend the advantages of the state, whether natural or acquired, and to recover its defects. The system and maxims of government in such a country, consequently arise from its peculiar interests. This is the situation of a truly independent country.

In a *province* the medal is reversed; the true interests of a provincial country are perpetually sacrificed to the interests, the pride, the means, and even the caprices of the country on which it is dependant. The people are supposed to cherish a secret desire of freedom; and this is imputed to them as guilt. To counteract the criminal longing after ancient independence, on the part of the governed, government adopts a system of avowed suspicion and

concealed hostility; *divide and rule*, is with them a favourite maxim; venality and corruption are industriously diffused through every department of the state and every rank of society, and are openly professed and defended, as the necessary engines or supports of government. Meantime, a despotic oppression of the people prevails; the freeborn and adventurous spirit is banished; the virtuous sentiment is prescribed, and the voice of truth is silent; or, if it should burst forth from the lips of indignant misery, it is severely chastised, under the denomination of a seditious spirit; and all these rigours, by which the people are trampled down to the dust, are justified on the principle of expediency, and ennobled with the plausible names of *vigorous measures*:---a *strong administration.*

It too frequently happens in dependant provinces, that the insolence and oppression of their government grows to such a pitch, as leaves to the people no middle course, between absolute and miserable slavery on the one hand, and open resistance on the other: I should be sorry, indeed, to think that such was the situation of *Ireland.* Heaven avert such a calamitous state of things! but the connexion between *Great-Britain* and *Ireland*, is a tie of peculiar delicacy, and under a wise and lenient management, it should never be strained with a rude unskilful hand, lest it should fatally press on the very heart of *Ireland*, chill, and benumb the energy of her attachment to *Britain*, and stop the circulation of those vital principles, which diffuse health and animation through the political frame. I fear the *British* cabinet has too often been led, to adopt a very different policy. *Britain* has been taught by selfish and narrow commercial notions, to consider *Ireland*, not as the companion of her prosperity, and the pillar of her strength, but as the rival of her industry, and the invader of her opulence. It is much to be lamented, that the governments of this country, in a long succession, and with few exceptions, have been too apt to form to themselves ideas of a certain foreign interest, superior to that of the country they are appointed to govern, incompatible with it, and the prosecution of which, as they think, ought to be the ultimate object of their administration. *Britain*, according to their political arithmetic, is the only integral figure of the *British* empire; *Ireland* they consider as a mere cypher, or even on some occasions as a negative quantity; and on these principles they have conducted themselves like an insulted garrison, with difficulty maintaining its station, and supporting itself by inroads and depredations, in a hostile and exhausted country.

Whether such a system prevails at this day, it is not for me to determine; when we have taken a view of the situation of the country, you may judge for yourself. That it formerly existed, appears from the letters of Primate Boulter, a curious monument of the corrupt and mistaken management, which has been considered as sound policy for the meridian of *Ireland;* and which

may still give us a key to the secrets of our prison-house. This honest political prelate, in his correspondence with the Britiſh Cabinet, is full of complaints, that preferments are bestowed on the natives, that the balance of power in Ireland is neglected. Constant and vigilant, indeed, are his representations of the necessity of bestowing the preferments of the country, ecclesiastical, judicial and military, on aliens, in order to keep up the predominancy of the English interest. It was then supposed, that a system of government, inimical to the people, could be managed only through the intervention of Foreigners. Mistaken politicians! who thus thought! it has been discovered, in our more enlightened days, that as among the infidels, a renegado is the most active persecutor of those who had been his brethren in faith; so the renegado and perverted *Irishman*, becomes the most cruel foe to the interests of his native country---the most outrageous supporter of what is improperly called the *English* interest.

From the application of this pernicious rule of *divide and govern*, to the maintenance of an *English* interest, proceeded that mischievous activity which has uniformly laboured, and often too successfully, to inflame the spirit of party rage, and religious animosity, which has added no little poignancy to the acute sense of other evils, that have vexed and consumed this devoted country. Protestant was artfully inflamed against Catholic, Catholic against Protestant; Dissenters against both, and they against Dissenters. The Protestant *ascendancy* became a kind of rallying phrase, a signal to call together the staunch adherents of the government party, and those honest but bigotted individuals, who attached themselves to their standard from disinterested motives.

I might establish the position, that the government of this country has almost uniformly proposed to itself, as the ultimate end of its policy, the maintenance of an *English* interest, as erroneously contradistinguished from the interests of *Ireland*, by a multitude of examples from ancient and modern *Irish* history; but the task would exceed the compass of our correspondence. I shall confine myself to the period during which Mr. *Pitt* has ruled the helm of the *British* empire---a period which will be distinguished in the annals of mankind, to the end of time, for the momentous events and gigantic revolutions which it has produced. I fear I have tired you with this long lecture. I shall, for the present, conclude and subscribe myself, yours,

MONTANUS.

TO THE CONDUCTORS OF THE PRESS.

TAKE care of introducing an aristocracy into the republic of *Letters*. Do not authorize any distinction of rank, or any oligarchy of authorship in the mode of publication. Make use of the *type* of equality. Equality and Equity are synonimous terms. Let the compositors for public opinion descend into the arena of the press, in the self-same uniform of typography, nor do you venture to anticipate the judgment of that public by any insinuation of the black art, that here comes a capital production, but there follows one of less comparative value. It is not always *your* man of *letters* that will be the man of the people. The printer's type is not the type of good writing, for he can only cut capers in capitals, and endeavour by leaning letters to make nonsense emphatical. The judicious eye of the public will of itself readily recognize the great man; it wants no information from the compositor to see strength and sinew in Sarsfield, to descry a still greater pen in his friend; nor does it require what it has not received, to discover in the letter of a Lawyer one of the clearest of heads, one of the best of hearts. The manner declares the man. Bussy, on going to Versailles, dressed in the plainest manner, had all his attendants ornamented with gold lace and cut velvet. He appeared the master, and the whole court his servants. Farewell.

PICA.

Irishmen, look at religion, and tremble at seeing the use that has been made of it. Religion! that descended from Heaven, an eternal and a refreshing dew, to operate as balm on the inhabitants of earth.---Religion! the charm which God in his goodness has given to men as the means of anticipating Heaven---Religion, that sacred bond of a holy and innocent connexion between this world and the next, has been made in Ireland the identical devil that has been described in Scripture, and against which the world is warned. Wicked men in Ireland have caused religion to exhibit a lively picture of hell upon earth, in its cruelties and its flames.

Irishmen are now agreed, with very few exceptions, that all religions, which do not inculcate brotherly love, and universal benevolence, are no better than so many shades of superstition.

The love of lucre, the English principle, engendered in the corruption of commerce, is not suited to Ireland. Ireland has been made poor, and has preserved nothing but the virtues of poverty uncorrupted. It is not too late, that we see things in the true point of view. Life at best is short, but of all other possessions it is the most uncertain. On this ground it is, that, were there no nobler an impulse, it is scarcely worth a man's while to be a rascal. So long as Irishmen live, they should be animated by a wish to do what good they can. There is something inexpressibly reviving in the consciousness of having, to the best of ability, discharged our duty

to God, our country, and our neighbours. Whatever be the form of our religion, this ought to be its essence. This is the true foundation of happiness and prosperity in this world, and the best consolation for the hour in which we are doomed to depart from it.

There is good news from the Down Assises, we say good news, because every good man must consider that news good which brings advice of accused persons having proved not to be the traitors they were represented to be. A horrid scene of the blackest perjury disclosed itself, in which there appeared no fewer than FOURTEEN false witnesses, who were employed to swear away the lives of innocent men. They are in custody---and the last letters state to be transported for life.

The Judges were shocked at the developement of the criminal means resorted to by a certain party. Lord Yelverton pledged himself to lay a statement of this black and bloody business before the House of Lords, on the first day of their sitting.

The Grand Jury of the county of Westmeath, in consideration of the fatigues undergone by the army in that quarter of late, have voted them an equivalent. Were they to carry their humanity a little further, and make some adequate presentment for the houses that have been burned, or some little subscription for the widows and orphans that have been left without support, in the example made by summary justice, they would add to their character for benevolence.

No. 4.---THURSDAY, OCTOBER 5.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE PRESS.

SIR,

IN reading the Prospectus of your paper, some thoughts on printing, and on the liberty of the Press occurred to me, of which you will make what use you think proper.

Naturam expelles furea tamen usque recurret.

HORACE.

The invention of printing, in the 14th century of the christian age, presents in itself a momentous and eventful æra, the consequences of which, those most interested in the discovery, have least given themselves the trouble to examine.---To the governors of the earth, its effects are imperceptible or unheeded---To the reflecting eye, it appears to have altered, not only the moral but physical state of Europe; to the few, it only was given to foresee the almost incalculable effects of this immortal discovery---In the former crude state of the art of writing, it was easy for the tyrant to stop the progress of truth---written books were *luxuries* enjoyed only by the great, and if nature impelled any bold spirit to meliorate the con-

dition of mankind, the interested few readily frustrated his design, and secured the monopoly of their *privileges*, by the difficulty and inevitable danger he experienced in communicating his thoughts. The libel was as formidable then, as is now the Attorney General's prosecution.---Not so printing---by the Press the writer could bay the tyrant in his den, and the philosopher in his closet could mortify the pride of the greatest potentate of the earth.---Though this divine art raised its head amidst the greatest slavery that ever deluged the world, yet, like the head of the Hydra, it petrified its most formidable foes. Though in these horrible days of mental degradation and civil slavery, to think was blasphemy, to *doubt* was to be damned, yet was there found an intrepid champion of mankind, who braved the many-handed tyrant to his teeth; and in defiance of the fell Tartarus, prepared by the incensed and gloomy bigot, attacked and carried all his strong holds, chained and dragged him from his lurking place, and upheld him to an astonished world, in all the original deformity of the Scarlet Whore of Babylon. Thus, did the genius and intrepidity of a Wickliffe, free a world from bondage, and by proving the superiority of reason over faith, finally so enlightened mankind, that religious persecution has ceased over Europe. Universal toleration is no longer a matter of courtesy, but of right, undeniable, inalienable right.

Let me here for a moment express my amazement, at that wonderful dominion usurped over man from the first introduction, to the 17th century of the Christian system. The world saw nothing like it---nor is there any thing like the simple instrument of its aversion. The Press, like a magic wand, has levelled the cloud-clapt tower and gorgeous palaces of religious superstition, and has left nothing behind but that pure simple adoration we owe our Creator and our God---that God of truth and justice, who is rapidly instructing mankind in that natural equality of man, first promulgated by Jesus Christ. Truth, like virtue, is fated to purify its way through difficulties---through fire and sword---and we cannot better estimate the uncommon excellence of the press, than by considering the night and darkness it has chased from Europe The first 14 hundred years of Christianity deluged Europe in ignorance and blood; the historian, philosopher, and scholar universally term it the dark, or barbarous ages of Christianity. In the 14th century the press raised its head, and like the Sun's first appearance in the horizon, chased away the deadly fogs that surrounded it.

It destroyed the papal authority, the greatest dominion of the earth, and is proceeding in its irresistible career to a point of perfection which the philosopher rather wished than expected.---Well do continental tyrants know the truth of this, and in vain do they unceasingly lament the downfal of what they miscall religion---conscious that religious slavery is the firmest support of civil tyranny---*hinc illæ lacryma!* Hence comes Mr. Pelham's pathetic lamentation of the downfal of the papal authority in Europe The

Press is the palladium of liberty. What has heretofore made England celebrated over the nations of Europe?---the Press. What overturned the Catholic despotism of France?---the Press, by the writings of Montesquieu, Voltaire, Rousseau, Diderot, Sieyes, Raynal, and Condorcet. What has electrified England, and called down its curses on a Pitt? that Press he in vain attempted to silence. What illumined Belfast, the Athens of Ireland?---the Press and the Northern Star. Why did America triumph over tyranny?---a journeyman printer fulminated the decree of nature against the giants of England---and the pen of a Franklin routed the armies of a King (or of a . . . . if you do not, Mr. Editor, think it too strong an expression.) How just is that encomium pronounced by the extraordinary Barrere, on the very men who sentenced him to transportation? It is (says he, in his thoughts on government,) "it is the liberty of the Press, which will establish the five men, the Directory, in the hearts of the French people."

When the late royalist conspirators endeavoured to overturn the republic, they first denounced Baileul for writing a licentious letter, accusing the council of a royalist conspiracy to restore the Pretender. Learn from this, ye friends of freedom, to suspect the charge of licentiousness, when applied to a book---the licentious Baileul was found the honest, the bold writer of truth; the avowed enemies of truth, the avowed emissaries of *anarchy* and *confusion*, were proved to be those who wished to plunge their country in massacre and civil war. De Lolme, who so ably maintains the equipoise of the three estates of king, lords and commons, declares, that while the liberty of the Press exists, there can be nothing to fear for the liberty of the subject---the certainty of this truth needs not the sanction of De Lolme's authority. Even the crown lawyer Blackstone, pays his tribute to the excellence of the Press; nor can he, De Lolme, or any one else, shew an instance when a restraint on the Press, was not an attack on the liberty of the subject, or was not attended with bad consequences to those attempting to curb it.

When an English Parliament, with splenetic violence, burned our celebrated countryman Molyneaux's case of Ireland, in which he as ably as justly maintains the independent sovereignty of Ireland, did their indecent fury in any manner strengthen their usurped authority? and have not truth and reason finally vindicated his immortal and righteous cause?

When king, lords and commons, conspired to crush Junius's letters, aided by the eloquence of that great lawyer Mansfield, they only served to circulate and enlarge the sale; they raised the printer, Woodfall, to fortune and eminence; and as a striking monument of the vain efforts of violence, this very book holds its place in every library in the three kingdoms. If any more proof was wanting, the writings of Rousseau and Voltaire, only waited for the proscription of kings and magistrates, to extend their fame

with the universe. To occur to a recent and to us more interesting instance in our own country---the confinement of Arthur O'Connor, only tends to encrease the contempt and hatred of a despotism, which can find no other way of stopping the progress of truth, than by immuring its votaries in dungeons, under pretence of treason against the state. A junto of clerks procured an obsequious parliament, a suspension of the Habeas Corpus act, and under this authority imprison every spirited and sincere friend to the liberty of Ireland; among these, Mr. O'Connor had the honor of incurring their hatred; but when they could keep him no longer, instead of bringing him to a fair trial, they with unparalleled effrontery, unblushingly proclaim his innocence, and their guilt; and his only requital for a long, injurious confinement, consists in the proud and honorable consciousness of his being the marked enemy of tyrants. Say, ye prostituted daubers, and venal white-washers of a black and dirty cabal! let your pens fly from their standishes and avenge the insults offered your abandoned employers. Say, tell me, *if you can*, how Birmingham-tower differs from the ci-devant Bastile. It will require impudence even more than yours, to assert, and talents *even greater* than Mister Charles Francis Sheridan's to prove it. The liberty of the Press is the safe-guard of the people, it is the cheap defence of nations, the *tutamen et decus patriæ*. That it may ever continue to protect the liberties of Ireland, and may it ever be the constant object of the attention and unceasing vigilance of your pages, is the sincere wish of the shade of

WILLIAM CAXON.

It is apprehended that there will not be sufficient money in the Treasury at the expiration of the present month, to pay the troops. In that case there can be no alternative than a further issue of paper-money. But it is not easy to conceive how the soldiery will obtain currency for it, in order to procure the necessaries of life. If they proceed to acts of violence, and take the property of the subjects *nolens volens*, on a tender of paper, the circumstance would in itself be a revolution, and the worst of all possible revolutions, because we would then change from a limited monarchy---a government in which the king, not above the law, is no more than the chief magistrate for its administration, to a military despotism, in which the will of a few men would be the tenure by which all the people would hold their lives and fortunes.

The old French government perished by the want of money. The British is in danger of dying the same death. Whoever will take the trouble to look into a tour through France, written by Young, *before* he was appointed secretary to the Board of Agriculture, will find that we are treading in the footsteps by which the French revolution may be traced to its crisis. The streams

which replenish our Treasury are contracting,---and when they are a little more closed, we may bid an eternal adieu to all our magnificent establishments. Our grand armies of fighting men---our armies of spies and informers will be melted down into the mass of society; all must indiscriminately give place to a new order of things.

During the invasion of this country last Christmas, we had a striking proof that paper money is not adequate to any of the purposes of war. A sum of money was necessary to set the troops in motion. A man of influence, a king's friend, (a name assumed by the plunderers of the people, but how appropriate it is not for us to decide) in his zeal to defend this iſland, did not forget to *job*. He first sent the paper of a private bank, as far as Chapelizod---it would not do. He next sent the paper of the national bank---it would not do. Nothing but *guineas* would do beyond the circular road! so very diminutive was the circle in which the best of paper was allowed currency. Our administration was not then bankrupt---in cash, it never had character to lose. If this experience has not taught them wisdom, they are incorrigible.

It must be supposed that they have some provision for emergency *in petto;* and it is incumbent on their apologist to shew that they have by facts and figures.

Mr. Pelham encounters a difficulty singular to a Minister; he has been ruined by hollow majorities. While there was a little prate in the House of Commons, it served to amuse the people---but since nothing less than the whole House of Commons would satisfy him, the people no longer look to the representation. A sacred veil rested over a heap of mockery---and with prudent management might have long concealed it, or at least prevented it from wounding the public eye. Mr. Pelham has, with his own hand, lifted that veil, and exposed what lay behind it, to derision, contempt and pity, according as men are agitated by their passions and principles. In having the whole House of Commons on his side, if we may be allowed to make a bull, he has given fact and argument for a radical reformation, which is neither to be denied or answered.

A revival of the Insurrection act, we hear, will be one of the first laws of the new Parliament.---The supporters of administration conceive that the times require such a provision. It is certainly much better to re-enact the law, than, by a forced construction, continue it in force, after it has expired in the opinion of many most respectable lawyers. What the opinion of government is on this important subject, we have not learned; but, as it affects the lives of so many persons, it behoves them to be peculiarly circumspect. It is probable that they will demand, and be governed, by the opinion of the twelve Judges.

We have not yet heard what has become of the commander who butchered Captain Lucas, of the Monaghan Militia, in cold blood.

This massacre is a good sample of the internal situation of the country. Captain Lucas, in going about his ordinary business, was met by one of the nocturnal scouring parties---who mistook him for an United Irishman. The heroic commander---

"In his zeal to destroy,
"Seiz'd a sabre with joy,

and cut him down, with repeated strokes. It was in vain that he said he was Captain Lucas; that he was the king's officer---it was in vain that he alledged he was unarmed, and asked for quarters. The commander *suspected* that he was an United Irishman, and that alone was sufficient to blow all the cruel passions of himself and his troops into a flame. One stroke of the sword, forced out Captain Lucas's teeth, extended his mouth from ear to ear, and nearly cut out his tongue! When too late, the commander discovered that he *was not* an United Irishman---and endeavoured to apologize. No prosecution has taken place---no concern has been excited by this bloody incident; it is overlooked as a common occurrence.

We have authority to say, that the statement which appeared in the Dublin papers, of Mr. Orr having made a confession of guilt, is from beginning to end false. That account originated in the Belfast News-Letter, a paper generally known to be under Court influence.

There is something unutterably heinous in the meditation to ratify the doom of an unfortunate man, when under sentence of death. A forgery to this purpose, is the blackest and foulest of all forgeries. Imagination cannot conceive a more hellish malignity, than that of thus bearing false witness after trial, in order to close the grasp of the executioner upon his victim.

We understand that application was made to government, on behalf of the unfortunate Mr. Orr. An answer was given by Mr. Secretary Cooke, yesterday evening, to this effect---"that he was sorry that, in the case of Mr. Orr, the law must take its course."

Notwithstanding the above unfavourable reply, there is yet room for hope. Some circumstances have transpired, which afford strong reason to suppose that the clemency of government will be extended to Mr. Orr.

Debentures are now so low, that people who have some of them, cannot even purchase merchandize, or any thing valuable, with them, without sacrificing nearly one half of their property.

The melancholy determination of proclaiming a great part of the county Wicklow, reminds us of an expression of an active magistrate in the neighbourhood of Clonard, when he succeeded in having a particular barony in the county Kildare proclaimed---"Give me a power, and I'll engage to burn houses enough!!!"

The friends of our *excellent* administration have carried all their elections for the new Parliament---they thought nothing of making a freehold, by adding a *life* to a lease.

There are thirty new regiments under orders, for the *protection of this kingdom.*

We hear that an exchange of houses is about to take place between the Lords and Commons of Ireland---as it is apprehended that the present chamber appropriated to the Lords, will be found much too small for the great encrease of members which his Majesty has thought proper to call to the upper house. It is thought that the apartment of the Commons will be fully large enough to contain all the Peers of Ireland for *two sessions more.* This exchange will accommodate both states---for several *infirm representatives* of the lower house, apprehending but a thin attendance of its members, for the ensuing winter, are glad to get rid of a hall, the great magnitude of which, must give them rather an *uncomfortable* appearance *in the eyes of the nation.*

Some people, who fret themselves at every thing, are alarmed at such a number of strangers---men without property in Ireland, being called to a high situation in this country. They have foolishly fancied, that the welfare of a nation cannot be very dear to those who have no property in it: but if genuine legislation consists in impartially considering the advantage of the people---none can be better qualified for weighing such important matter, than those who have no *interest* in question.

Extract of a letter from Baltinglass, Saturday, September 30.

"This being the day appointed to take into consideration the *alarming* state of the barony of Talbotstown, in consequence of its being a very wet morning, but few Justices, and those only of the neighbourhood, attended---though their number amounted only to *ten*, they undertook the burthen of not only declaring that barony to be in a state of insurrection, but also included the adjacent barony, and the several parishes adjoining those two baronies; in consequence of which, I suppose, we shall have a chain of barracks, or military out-posts, from Dublin to Hacketstown, through Blessington, Ballimore Eustace, Dunlavin, Stratford-on-Slaney, Baltinglass, Tullow, &c. &c.

"I shall conclude this letter with only one remark, namely, when *one barony* in the county of Kildare was proclaimed, there were upwards of twenty-four Justices attending, and the meeting was publicly advertised for many days previous.

"I fear that my next letter will contain accounts of excesses committed by the soldiers, as *even Colonels have declared, that they cannot be accountable for the ardors of an incensed military.*"

No. 5.---SATURDAY, OCTOBER 7.

LETTERS FROM THE MOUNTAINS.

LETTER II.

If the heart of Mr. *Pitt* is as hard, his nature as malignant, and his talents as mischievous, as some party writers suppose, such a system, as I have described in my former letter, was well adapted to his disposition, and congenial to his talents; and may have imbibed new virulence in its passage through the medium of his acrimonious mind. We will consider the chief governors, with which he has favoured Ireland, in such a cursory manner, as if we were to look at pictures in a gallery.

The name of *Grenville* is ominous to the *Britiſh* empire; it imports the oppression, calamity, and alienation of its dependencies. Had the noble cousin of the premier been as firm and resolute, in the direction of the storm, as he had been skilful and sedulous in the raising of the whirlwind, this country had borne testimony (like *America*) to the separating talents and manumitting hand of a *Grenville*.

The country seemed to thrive under pressure, like the palm. It had manifested some predilection for freedom; and in the glorious æra of the *Volunteers* obtained, from the fears of the sister *country*, or, perhaps, from her justice, some relaxation of ancient rigours. The gentry had, on that occasion, ranged themselves by the side of the populace; all this was imputed to *Ireland*, not as righteousness, but as unpardonable guilt. The common modes of injuring the country, seemed to be insufficient; new sources of corruption were to be opened; new modes of estranging the aristocracy from the people, were to be devised. It appeared to be an effectual expedient, for this end, to encrease dissipation, extravagance, and consequent embarrassment, among the higher orders of the community. A young nobleman was selected for the station of chief governor, dissolute in his manner of life, and profuse in his habits of expence. Puerile levity and thoughtless intemperance, ranging through every form of sensual indulgence, were joined in him, with the gloss of youth, a benignity of temper, and a gracious suavity of manners, that co-operated with his exalted rank and situation, to render vice contagious and folly fashionable. Thus was the aristocracy of Ireland corrupted and enslaved; and senseless revelry, and ruinous expence, the sure pledges of political prostitution, were universally disseminated. This nobleman's disposition was, I believe, naturally good and upright, but his temper, his character, and pleasurable pursuits, fitted him to become the prey of a violent and grasping faction, who pressed continually on his soft and pliant nature, and persuaded an

inconsiderate and believing man, that they alone possess the golden secret of government, while they flattered his indolence and love of pleasure, by promising to relieve him from all the cares of administration, and to resign him to the unmolested enjoyment of his favourite amusements! Now commenced the motley government of clerks and aids-du-camps, and the aggrandizement of an individual, a family, and a faction the most hateful and hated this country ever produced.---But let us tread lightly on the ashes of the deceased. This nobleman had many virtues; his disposition was generous; his good qualities were all his own; his faults were mostly those of his advisers---yet he was the unconscious instrument of incurable mischief to this land.

Behold a different character. Plodding, without a head for business; vicious, without a taste for pleasure; fond of company, without good-manners, or good nature; joyless, yet dissipated; dull, yet eccentric. He sought to promote, at the same instant, two discordant objects---the encrease of public profligacy, by the extension of private luxury, and the enlargement of a slender fortune, by penurious accumulation. He united the pride and vanity of the insolent, uneducated nobleman, with the meanness and vulgarity of the illiterate, low-born peasant, or the *scrivener's* clerk. He was a man, take him for all in all, most eminently gifted by nature, and accomplished by art, to excite contempt and hatred.

The conduct of the person I have now described, was such as one might naturally have expected. He reposed his entire confidence in a man ill-informed, violent, rash, rancorous and vindictive. His measures were characterised by strange inconsistency---an odious mixture of tyranny and weakness---irritation unprovoked, and concession without conciliation. At one moment the whole aristocracy of the country, with the first law authority of the land at their head, were brought forward, to pledge their lives, and fortunes in support of the *Protestant ascendancy!* A few weeks rolled away; and behold this golden image of adoration, this *Protestant ascendancy*, laid prostrate at the feet of the multitude. Now religious feuds were fomented by high authority; in the Northern parts of this island, at least, no solicitude was shewn by those who had the power of repressing outrage at the commencement, to employ the means which they held in their hands, for the preservation of public order. Now the spirit of rigorous coercion began to develope itself---a large stride was made to the perpetuation of grievances and abuses, and the denial of even the poor consolation of complaint, by the Convention bill; which, however it may be justified on the plea of necessity, inflicts a severe wound on the precious rights of assembling and petitioning the Throne or the Parliament. Had this man been permitted to remain longer in *Ireland*, the die had been already cast---the disorders of the country had reached their crisis.---He was called away---and the evening lustre of faded beauty attended his departure; yet, though recalled, he experi-

ented such a reception from a benign and gracious master, as plainly shewed that his conduct in this country was not unpleasing to the British Cabinet, or the British, since it did not preclude him from the sunshine of his royal master's approbation and countenance. He consoled himself with the golden harvest, from a sale of reversions and a lucrative sinecure.

The nobleman who was now nominated chief governor, was ardently expected in this country, as the messenger of peace and good will among men. He was not a ruined gamester, or a beggarly incumbrance of the peerage. He did not solicit the Viceregal situation, to repair a ruined fortune, or to accumulate a new one; or the maintenance of a barren title, by the plunder of a wasted province. The dignity was forced upon him; he accepted it with a proud condescension; he relinquished his home, and his domestic habits with regret. From him, rational and good men expected the most salutary and healing measures. They saw that he possessed such a large stake in the country he came to govern, as must powerfully lead him to seek and promote its true interests---because in the prosperity of this nation, his own is closely implicated. This nobleman pondered his way before him; he hesitated to accept the charge, like a man, who conscientiously felt its weight and importance, and meant to perform his duty faithfully. He had the leaders of the *Irish* opposition present in *London;* with them he consulted; he stipulated for specific measures, and plenary powers. Doubts, delays, negociations, and explanations succeeded; at length the firmness of Lord F. seemed to prevail. He supposed himself, this country too supposed him, to be invested with authority unusual, ample, and adequate to the pacification of *Ireland.* He came over full of benevolent and patriotic aims. The proposed system of this nobleman, was to have branched out into two great lines of conduct---the reform of inveterate abuses, and the removal of illiberal and unconstitutional restraints; but

Ostendent terris hunc tantum fata, neque ultra esse sinent.

How soon, how fatally were the golden hopes of the nation blasted! The redress and reform projected by this nobleman, and those who acted with him, in this country, required, and, indeed, of necessity brought with them, the removal from power of a base and obscure faction, obnoxious to all good men; a faction which, without personal dignity, or the weight of wealth or talents, had grown old and rich in power, by the basest arts, and the most corrupt insinuation; had lorded it over the land, without controul, and spread its crooked and entangled roots, in the dark, even to the basement of the British Throne. The dismissal of the persons who composed this faction, was not only requisite to the safety and permanency of Lord F.'s administration, but was a sacrifice due to the outraged feelings of an oppreed and insulted people. Now was felt

the force of the maxims of hostility, and the ideas of a separate English interest, which I mentioned in the commencement of these letters. The menaced faction had address to represent themselves as the most staunch friends of the English interest in this country. Lord F. was removed, and the regret and gratitude of the people followed his good intentions.

It was plainly seen on what principles Lord F. was recalled. It was no other than the perpetuation of the men and the measures which had rendered the people of this country dissatisfied. It was seen, that the blasted faction, which had so long outraged the people, which had degraded the aristocracy, and made the honours of the Crown cheap and disgraceful in *Ireland*, by an open sale of peerages, and had boldly avowed in the seat of Legislature, and in the face of the world, that venality and corruption were, and ought to be, the ruling principles and active engines of administration. It was seen, that this wretched and ruinous cabal had found protectors in that closet, which is the retreat of majesty, and the known asylum of every princely virtue. A melancholy foreboding told us, that the successor of Lord F. would come to frown the warm asperations of the people into silence---and *like the tyrannous breathing of the North, shut all their buds from blowing.*

It is to be lamented, that, during the short appearance of Lord F. above our horizon, the splendour of his good intentions dazzled the public eye. The gratitude of a generous nation, full of sanguine expectations, and enthusiastic sentiments of loyalty to their Sovereign, was anticipated. A virtuous frenzy prevailed among us; and in the wild paroxysm of acknowledgment, for benefits *promised* to be conferred, the supplies were profusely granted; vast preparations were made for home defence, and no inconsiderable assistance of men and money furnished to aid *Britain* in her wild crusade against the liberties of *France*. I will not say that the watchmen of the public weal were intoxicated at their posts, by the very fumes of the draught of power, before the chalice touched their lips. But certainly it would have been wise in the opposition members, who then managed for Lord F. in the House of Commons, had they been less confident and precipitate; it would have been happy for the country had they paused and waited, so that redress and supply might have advanced hand and hand. Some doubt, some hesitation, some caution, was suggested by one or two members; but how were they treated? The fact was, that certain distinguished members of opposition, one in particular, whose eloquent exertions in her cause, well deserved the liberal gratitude of an admiring country, did for a moment lose sight of their own principles, the principles by which they had grown in the esteem of the people---they were seized with all the spirit of *alarm* that infected *England*, and worked up themselves to feel the sym-

phatic terrors of a *Burke*, and to profess an unlimited approbation of the present wicked and disastrous war.

It was plainly seen that the devoted character who should succeed to Lord *Fitzwilliam*, at this eventful and opprobrious period, would come over manacled with instructions, and bound to move in trammels; that he would be taught his lesson like a school-boy, and commanded to do all that which his predecessor would have left undone; and to leave undone all that which his predecessor would have done---in fine, that the new Chief Governor must sell and commit himself, body and soul, by importunity, to the foul fiend of that faction which had rode the harrassed land, like an Incubus, to the verge of a precipice. Yet a Nobleman was found who willingly devoted himself, and with a hardihood equal to that of *Curtius*, plunged into a gulph of peril. A private tutor, or *Mayor de Palais*, was assigned to this Viceroy, *Fainearot*, as the Governor of our Chief Governor, a man of some character for a resolute temper and political dexterity. How did the new Administration prepare to meet a disappointed and irritated nation?---Not with lenient measures of conciliation, but with unmerited chatisement, and the menacing brow of stern defiance. Pains were at first taken by the Rt. Hon. Secretary to disseminate an opinion, that the old task-masters of *Ireland* were allowed no influence in the councils of the new-cabinet; but the close and intimate connexion which subsisted with that party, did not at any time allow the most credulous to give implicit credit to this assertion, and it soon became impossible to retain the mask.

I have premised this rapid sketch of some past administrations, that you might the more easily comprehend the scope and maxims of the present system. With one solitary exception, you perceive that an adherence to the *English* interest, as it is universally called, is the ruling principle in them all. It is, under a pretence of maintaining this interest, that a set of men, equally deficient in talent and in honesty, block up the avenues to the Castle, retain those who are entrusted with the helm of this country in a state of siege; keep honest and modern men at a distance; stigmatize the warning voice of truth and sincerity as the guilty murmur of discontent and faction, and proscribe many of the most zealous friends and supporters of monarchy, who have been marked out as disaffected persons, because they will not express a blind and implicit confidence in the virtue and abilities of the present Ministry.

I am yours,

MONTANUS.

AN express has been dispatched to Carrickfergus, as we anticipated, containing an order for respiting the execution of Mr. Orr until Tuesday next.

The case of this unfortunate gentleman is peculiarly distressing. It is attended with circumstances, which, in the minds of all candid persons, must be allowed to have great weight. No motive should ever induce us to interfere with the transactions of Courts and Juries. But when repentant jurors come forward to impeach and invalidate their own decision---and when the fate of a man generally known and warmly esteemed in his own country, depends upon such decision, it is the duty of the Press to throw every possible light on the affair.

It appears that four of the jurors have voluntarily come forward, and made solemn affidavits to this effect, after mature deliberation: That when they had retired to their room to deliberate upon the evidence given against Mr. Orr, liquor was introduced, and instead of weighing and comparing circumstances, they proceeded to drink, and to such a degree that there was almost a general intoxication. In this state one of the Jurors used threats in order to intimidate the rest. He charged them with harbouring disloyal principles, and should they refuse to join him in bringing in a verdict, finding Mr. Orr *guilty*, he denounced vengeance against them. Under the intimidation thus produced in the room, the Jury were led to assent to such a verdict. But the four jurors above mentioned swear, that even the menaces made against their persons and dwellings would not have seduced them to so criminal an act, were it not for the liquor which they had taken; and from having been imposed on by a representation that Mr. Orr's life was in no danger, as their recommendation to mercy accompanying their verdict, would infallibly procure him the clemency of Government. They further swear, that in their minds the case was *doubtful*, which they stated even in the verdict itself.

This is the substance of an affidavit duly made in open court by four of Mr. Orr's jurors. It requires no comment. But if further matter were wanting to induce the Lord Lieutenant, who is bound to administer justice in mercy, to stay the arm of the executioner, it offers in the confession of Whitly, the principal evidence against him on the prosecution. This man has deposed on oath before a magistrate, that he felt great compunction of conscience not only for this crime which he had committed against Mr. Orr, but for other crimes---and that what he had alledged against Mr. Orr was false.

It is far from our intention ever to become the servile panegyrists of Government. But we must say, that their conduct in this respect has been such as must extort applause, as well from the public, as those whose duty it is to look with an eye of jealousy upon all their actions. Whatever the political principles of Lord Camden may be, he must have imbibed just notions of equity and

morals from his excellent father---and it is utterly impossible therefore that he can suffer the execution of a sentence to take place, which was founded on such a verdict---and that verdict in consequence of acknowledged perjury.

The country exhibits the most disagreeable aspect. The people seem to be divided into two parties, the suspicious and the suspected; but the latter one by far the greater number. Accusations of treason and sedition, multiply so rapidly, that the gaols are not sufficient to hold the prisoners, which strange as it sounds, is the apology made by the servants of administration, for sending them on board tenders, without any form of trial.

In the gaol of Newgate alone, there are near one hundred persons, charged with practices against the state, or as United Irishmen, all of them, political objections apart, of unimpeached character, and many of considerable property.

Summonses have issued for procuring the attendance of a jury from the county of Antrim, to try the prisoners brought up from Belfast, and at present confined in Kilmainham-gaol, early next month.

A very wicked attempt has been made in several counties, and so near us as in the county Wicklow, to form associations under the appellation of Orange-men, by which the parties bind themselves to each other by a most atrocious oath.---This is said to have had the countenance of men high in rank and office. It is probably intended as a counteraction to the societies of United Irishmen; but, we fear, to use an aristocratical phrase, *Ca Ira pas*. The true way to restore order and tranquillity, is to give the people a fair reform of the House of Commons, and abolishing all odious religious distinctions.

FROM THE DUBLIN JOURNAL.

"For the last two days the citizens of Dublin have been occupied by a very extraordinary report, which upon inquiry we believe to be fully supported by the fact---the substance of this report we now give:

'That a General in the French service, named Clarke, the brother-in-law and coadjutor of Buonaparte, and by birth an Irishman, had been for forty hours in the last week in this city---had held conferences with the leaders of the United Irishmen, and having obtained his information, and given his directions, had embarked in a fishing smack from Killiny-bay, on Sunday morning last.'

"A short time, however, will serve to baffle and counteract the projects of treason, and to exhibit to the citizens of Dublin facts which might now be as incredible as they are horrible."

We confess that this intelligence is beyond our comprehension. True or false, what have those Ministers to answer for, who have brought us into a situation so deplorable? If the people look to the French government, in preference to our own, we are in a terrible way. If the above is a fabrication, it must certainly be to afford colour, for the introduction of some new and more bloody system of terror. We hazard no opinion---but we deprecate those wicked and incapable ministers, who have brought us to the verge of a stupendous precipice, and then can do nothing but leave us to our fate.

This is most certain---it has been stated, not long since, in the Paris Papers, that Clarke had been arrested, for having carried a letter from Barthelemy to Buonaparte, desiring him to make peace on any terms. After the most minute inquiry, we are inclined to think, that the whole of the above is a fiction.

FOR THE PRESS.

JUVENAL'S EIGHTH SATIRE, IMITATED.

Say, ye who perch on lofty pedigree,
What fruit is gather'd from the parchment tree?
Broad as it spreads, and tow'ring to the skies,
From root *plebeian* its first glories rise:
What then avails, when rightly understood,
The boast of ancestry, the pride of blood?
Thro' the long gall'ries pictur'd walk to tread,
And, pompous, ponder on the mighty dead;
Where greatness rattles in some rotten frame,
Where feasts the moth on beauty's feeding flame!
O'er the pale picture, and the noseless bust,
Oblivion strews a soft, sepulchral dust;
The line illustrious seems to stain the wall,
And the sublime of soot envelopes all.
What could the trophy'd lie to *Howe* atone,
For British honor mortgag'd with his own?
His nightly cares, and watchings to sustain,
A bank at Pharoah, and a chess-campaign;
While Wolfe, on high, in pictur'd glory lies,
The cry of Vict'ry hails, and smiling, dies!
Dare *Courtenay* claim the honors of his kind?
The pompous lineage shames the pigmy mind
His coat armorial chalk'd upon the floor,
Costs what would satiate a thousand poor.
Well pleas'd the peer, one moment to amuse,
Yields up the pageant to the dancers shoes.
Base born such men, tho' fill'd with regal blood,
The truly *Noble*, are the truly *Good*.

And he whose manners thro' his morals shine,
May rank himself of the Milesian line;
Let plain humility precede his *grace;*
Let modest virtue walk before the *mace.*
Office and rank are *duties* of the mind,
The rights they claim, are *debts* they owe their kind;
And not a voice among the nameless croud,
That may not cry, 'tis I who make them proud.
To rule strong passions with a calm controul,
To spread around a sanctity of soul,
That meets, serene, the foam of public strife,
And perfumes every act of lesser life;
Virtue to feel, and virtue to impart,
That household *God*, who consecrates the heart,
Flies from the fretted roof, the gilded dome,
To rest within an humbler, happier home---
Behold the gentleman! confess'd and clear,
For *Nature's* patent never made a peer,
The mean enobl'd, nor adorn'd the base,
Merit alone with her creates a race.
Conspicuous stars, in chart of hist'ry plac'd,
To chear the dreary, biographic waste!
In their own right, they take their seat sublime,
And break illustrious thro' the cloud of time.
From nicknam'd curs, these *Titles* first began,
A Spaniel, *Cato*---then, *my lord*, a man.
The self-same irony was fram'd to suit,
The fawning biped, and the fawning brute,
While Pompey snores upon my lady's lap,
The infant lordling feeds, or starves on pap.
Puppies well bred, are *Cafard* into fame,
And Tommy Townsend takes great *Sydney's* name;
Still as the name grows soil'd and gathers dirt,
They change these titles, as they shift their shirt.
Some newer honor makes them white and fair,
Sydney soaps Tom, and *Jack* is cleans'd by *Clare.*
But how can wash of heraldry efface
The name of *Burke*, and dignify disgrace;
Can peerage blazon o'er the pension'd page,
And give a gloss to ignominious age?
Himself the prime corrupter of his laws:
Himself the grievance that, incens'd, he draws.
Not to be blam'd, but in a tender tone;
Not to be prais'd, but with a heartfelt groan:
He liv'd a lesson, for all future time,
Pathetically great, and painfully sublime.
O why is genius curs'd with length of days?
The head still flourishing, the heart decays!

Protracted life makes virtue less secure;
The death of wits is seldom *premature*.
Quench'd too by years, gigantic *Johnson's* zeal,
Th' unwieldy elephant was taught to kneel:
Bore his strong tow'r to please a servile court,
And wreath'd his little proboscis for their sport.
Of *Burke* and *Johnson* fly th' opprobrious fame,
And if you seek the glory, dread the shame.
The much prais'd PRESS has made abortive men;
The hand Herculean lifts the puny pen:
For clang of armour, and for deeds sublime,
Much pointed period---much syllabic chime.
Return to him from whom our satire springs,
Rich in the blood of concubines and kings;
With greatness rising from his grandsire's bone,
And bastard-honor from a bastard throne.
His turgid veins the true succession shows;
Th' imperial purple flames upon his nose.
"Avaunt, he cries, ye vulgar and ye base!
Learn the prerogatives of royal race!
From York and Lancaster conjoin'd I come,
Sink down, ye dregs, I float at top---the scum."
Live long, great bye-blow of the royal line,
Long as the *coals* are tax'd that make you shine.
Yet grant, that some, the lowest of the throng,
Have known the right, as well as felt the wrong;
That *He* who rul'd with iron rod the skies,
And at whose feet the broken sceptre lies:
He too, whose darling, democratic pen,
Gives common sense once more to common men;
Who smiles at genius in confusion hurl'd,
And with light lever elevates the world:
Grant, that such men are Adams of their line,
Spring from the earth, but own a sire divine;
While *you*, with ancestry around you plac'd,
In bronze or marble, porcelain or paste;
May rise at death to alabaster fame,
And gain the smoke of honour, not the flame.
Thus far for him the proud inflated lord,
With father concubin'd, and mother whor'd.
In all so high in rank, or man, or woman,
No sense so rare as what we call the *common*.
Scorning that level, they ascend the skies,
Like the puft bag, whose lightness make it rise.
Titles and arms the varnish'd silk may bear,
Within 'tis nought but pestilential air.
What's honour?---VIRTUE---to its height refin'd,
The felt Aroma of the unseen mind,

That cheers the senses, tho' it cheats the sight,
And spreads abroad its elegant delight.
Turn from the past, and bring thy honours *home*;
Thyself, the ancestor for times to come.
Not the low parasite, who prowls for bread,
So mean as he who lives upon the dead.
From some dry'd mummy, draws his noble claim,
Snuffs up the lœtor, and believes it fame.
Be just---be gen'rous---self-dependent---brave---
Think nothing meaner than a titled slave;
Cooly resolve to act the patriot part,
Join Sydney's pulse to Russell's zealous heart,
With proud complacence stand, like *Palmer*, pure
Or with mild dignity of honest *Muir*
Before the brazen bulls of law; and hear
Their savage sentence with a smile severe;
A smile, that deems it mercy to be hurl'd,
Where one may tread *against* the present world.
What is life *here?* Its jest and spirit gone,
The flower faded and the essense flown!
What precious balm, what aromatic art,
Can cleanse pollution from the public heart?
Better to make the furthest earth our home,
With Nature's commoners at large to roam,
Than join this social war, of clan to clan,
Where civil life has barbariz'd the man.
Behold yon Isle, the glory of the West,
By Nature's hand in lively verdure drest,
How to the world, it spreads its harbour'd side!
And proudly swells above th' Atlantic tide.
Where to the Ocean Shannon yields his store,
And scorns the channel of a subject shore;
Green meadows spread---resplendent rivers run---
A healthy climate---and a temp'rate Sun---
There mis'ry sits, and eats his lazy root,
There man is proud to dog his brother brute,
In sloth the genius of the isle decays,
Lost in *his own*, reverts to former days.
Yet still, like Lear, would in his hovel rule,
Mock'd by the madman, jested by the fool.
There meet the extremes of rank---there social art
Has levell'd mankind by their selfish heart---
There no contended middle class we trace,
The sole ambition to be rich and base.
Some, o'er their native element, elate,
Like ice-form'd islands, tow'r in frozen state,
Repel all nature with their gelid breath,
And what seems harbour is the jaw of death.

The wretched mass beat down, the struggling mind,
Nor see nor feel their country or their kind:
But bow the back, and bend the eye to earth,
And strangle feeling in its infant birth,
Thro' all extends one sterile swamp of soul,
And fogs of apathy invest the whole.
Thrice blest in Fate! had Strongbow never bore,
His band of Robbers to Green Erin's shore!
In savage times, the seat of learning known,
In times refin'd, itself the savage grown:
Left to herself, she of herself had join'd,
Surrounding nations in the race of mind.
With them, work'd off the rough barbarian soul,
With them progressive to a common goal.
Her petty chieftains, conquered by the throne,
For common int'rest, tho' it meant its own.
By law, at length, the king to people chain'd,
His duties modell'd, and their rights maintain'd;
From strong collision of internal strife,
Had sprung the energy of public life.
For pain and travail that precede the birth,
Endears sweet freedom to the parent earth.
There man had rais'd his spacious forehead high,
Lord of himself, the sea, the soil, the sky,
Twin'd round his sword, the wreath of civic art,
And prov'd the wisdom of a fearless heart.
No penal code had there impal'd the land,
No stranger court, no king at second hand.

Cætera desunt.

PICA.

No. 6.---TUESDAY, OCTOBER 10.

LETTERS FROM THE MOUNTAINS.

LETTER III.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

THE situation of Ireland, since Mr. Pitt came to the head of affairs, has been daily growing more critical, and ought naturally to have excited the fears and attention of a minister of common sagacity. He might have marked in the horizon the small cloud like a man's hand, the harbinger of the gathering deluge; yet he entrusted the chief government of this most important, this precious country, for such it is to Britain, at a most important junc-

ture, to pageants, to puppets, to unreal mockeries. How shall we account for this phenomenon? Why should a minister of distinguished talents seek out, like Dogberry in the play, the most dis- less man for office? Is it that he is determined in all his measures to trust to the operation of blind chance, without the employment of rational human means? Is it that he conceives it to be the interest of Britain to ruin Ireland, and employs such persons as he thinks most fit to accomplish this object? Is it that he thinks fools will be most obsequious to the orders of the interior British cabinet? Or is it that he supposes the headlong temerity of folly and inexperience may not see the danger of critical situations, and may be found more ready to engage in desperate experiments?

I have often asked myself, Why was the present Chief Governor of Ireland selected for the station? I cannot divine the cause. I cannot find that he possesses any of the talents of the venerable magistrate his father---I cannot find that he possesses any art of conciliation, or of government, except we should suppose that a strong head is a perfection in the Viceroy of a Province much addicted to the pleasures of the table. A political *Mentor* has been assigned to this *juvenile* statesman, younger in government and in wisdom than in years. But what can he boast? Much political craft and sanguinary rashness; which latter, by the courtesy of Ireland, is to be called *firmness.* The great policy of the present administration has been directed to two objects---resistance to the claims of the Catholics, and the depression of the friends of Parliamentary Reform. With these views the old principle of division was adopted; the dissentions which had for some time subsisted between the Protestants and Catholics in the North, not without secret encouragement from certain magistrates, and been fomented, if not by the positive encouragement, yet by the connivance, or the criminal supineness of others, had attained such a pitch of inveteracy, that the two parties openly resorted to arms, and seemed bent on mutual extermination. I will not positively say that Government viewed with secret complacency the mortal and rubid animosity that urged the bigots of contending sects to an open warfare with each other. I will not positively attribute to Government a criminal desire of rendering the spirit of rancour and mutual persecution general, as a means of weakening the people, or of turning them from the pursuit of constitutional objects. Yet certainly these disorders raged without controul during a long period. The military, when they were called out, seemed uniformly to embroil matters still more by their interference. I believe, on every occasion, they ranged themselves with the Orange Men, and this scene of disorder was viewed, by those who had the full power of repressing it, with a degree of apathy that to me appears, on other principles, inexplicable. The outrages of the populace in other parts of Ireland were, in like manner, suffered to proceed to great lengths before any measures were taken by

Government to check them. A small number of soldiers, judiciously disposed through the country, and under the direction of active and prudent magistrates, would soon have restored good order; but the persons and habitations of the gentry, in those counties where disturbances prevailed, were left for many months without any protection, except such as the exertions of themselves, their servants and dependants, afforded. In fact, it seemed as if Government viewed these illegal proceedings with a secret joy and triumph; and in a refinement of profound, but criminal policy, wished to nurture and forward the spirit of outrage, that it might be organized and grow into such a form of regular insurrection as would furnish the pretext for laying aside all forms of the constitution, and for introducing a system of violent coercive measures, and a rigorous Government, that should comprehend and compress the innocent with the guilty, silence the public voice, over-awe the advocates for freedom, fill the land with terror and suspicion, and completely extinguish all movements of the people towards the attainment of their two favourite objects. Perhaps it was hoped and expected, that the men of property, and the friends of peace and good order in the country, disgusted by the tendency to riot in the lower class of people, not only might throw their weight into the scale of Government, but actually become advocates for an *union* of this country with England, which has been a favourite scheme of the British cabinet since the time that Ireland in arms extorted certain concessions from the necessities and the apprehensions of Britain. Thus much is undeniable, that we heard some of those who are the most intimately connected with the present Government, and the best acquainted with the secrets of the cabinet, express the monstrous wish, that a whole province, the most considerable in the country in point of population, industry, property, information and morals, could *be driven to actual rebellion, or were in open rebellion*, for I do not wish to mistate or aggravate expressions in themselves sufficiently abominable. At the same time, all proposals for an inquiry into the state of the poor, and the grounds of their complaints and discontents, was represented as a factious attempt to inflame, by connivance and public approbation, the disorders of those who sought for redress through the medium of tumult. The people might have grievances, but this was not the time---the concessions of justice might be imputed to intimidation. The arm of Government, was at last stretched forth, and the system of rigour began to be developed in all its horrors.

A noble Lord, high in military situation, seems to have been the first inventor of a measure, which was afterwards sanctioned and imitated by the legislature---I mean that of dispensing with the usual formalities of law, and transporting suspected persons from their country, under the idea of manning the fleet. This conduct was reprobated in the strongest manner by a learned Judge who

succeeded the noble Lord in a circuit through the country; but the Legislature interposed, to protect the stretch of power, or, as the disaffected might call it, this violation of law and constitution, by a bill of indemnity. What bill of indemnity should protect him from the justice of Britain, whose arbitrary act first furnished the precedent for filling the navy with discontent, for shaking the safety of the British Empire to its centre, and rendering, perhaps, what used to be its protection, its sorest scourge at some future day.

Peace be to the manes of the trial by jury! Now came the Insurrection Bill. You are well acquainted with the provisions of this most formidable act, which, with the curfew, introduced such a system of jealous rigour, as scarcely ever was devised before, under the most arbitrary and tyrannical governments. The act, it may be said, was dictated by the necessity of the times---be it so; the sudden leap from gross supineness, to a degree of severity which equals any thing that the reign of terror of Robespierre exhibited, confounded and electrifies the people.

The magistrates of this country are not universally competent to a situation, that, in disturbed times, require prudence and good temper, joined with activity, and a knowledge of the laws. Many ecclesiastics have unwisely obtruded themselves, or been thrust by others, into commissions of the peace; and they have not been distinguished, I fear, by that spirit of liberality and mercy which characterizes the Christian religion. What tremendous powers were conferred on those men!---'Any magistrate may send for 'strangers, and propound to them the alternative, of giving sure-'ties for their good behaviour, or going to gaol. On representa-'tion of the magistrates, in a special session, that a district, or 'county, is in a disturbed state, or in *danger* of becoming so, 'it is to be proclaimed---the inhabitants then are warned, in a 'petty session, to keep within their dwellings, between Sun and 'Sun, on pain of being sent on board the fleet. The magistrates 'may break open houses, between Sun and Sun, to find whether 'the inhabitants are at home---and may send those who are 'absent on board the fleet, when found, unless they can prove, 'to the *satisfaction* of the magistrate, that they were absent on 'their lawful business. Persons taking unlawful oaths, are to be 'sent on board the fleet. This power of joint transportation and 'imprisonment, is at the arbitrary will of a single magistrate!! 'it is true the act says, that persons coming within these clauses, 'may if they give bail, appeal from the single magistrate, to the 'magistrates of Session, one of whom must be of the quorum, 'but there is no penalty on the magistrate refusing bail. Persons 'assembling tumultuously in the day time, opposing magistrates 'by night, in their domiciliary searches, for inhabitants, arms, 'or lodgers; persons vending seditious papers, or papers un-'stamped, that ought to be stamped, are to be sent on board 'the fleet; and any woman selling papers of the foregoing de-

'scription, is to be committed to prison, there to remain till she 'discovers the persons from whom she received them.' The magistrates did not suffer this act to remain a dead letter. District after district, county after county, has been proclaimed. We begin to apprehend, that the precincts of the Viceregal residence, will be the only part of the kingdom not in a state of disturbance, or *likely* to become so. Arrest has succeeded to arrest---the kingdom is struck with terror---the dungeons are crowded. What more can be followed? The suspension of the Habeas Corpus act followed---proclamations supercede the authority of law, and the civil administration of the country is handed over to the military. I do not speak of the decay of trade; of the failure of public credit; of the general distress; these are the necessary consequences of the war---I speak of measures and of misfortunes which might have been avoided.

Times of party heat and public commotion, are said to require and authorise a suspension of the *Habeas Corpus* act, and a suppression of the trial by jury. I may be paradoxical, perhaps, but, in my mind, such times do peculiarly require that those safeguards should be retained and preserved with reverent care, to protect individuals from being oppressed and crushed by the strong hand of power, and of party. Times of faction and disturbance, are full of groundless suspicion and jealous rage; slight rumours are received as important information, the most idle whisper is heard with avidity. Every man has enemies; at such moments, they come forward; they teem, like noxious reptiles in a hot pestilential season. Calumny takes the form of serious accusation, and arms herself with all the terrors of the law; the malice of the private foe puts on the vizard of the public avenger; even babbling impertinence and prying curiosity, wear the terrific features of inquisitorial authority; no innocency of life, no integrity of intention, no circumspection in words or conduct, can ensure to any man an untroubled condition, or even safety at such times; in my apprehension, it would be right, instead of diminishing the constitutional regulations for the protection of the citizen, to add to them new means of security from wanton oppression. Is it consistent with the safety of the individual, that, in times when men's passions are inflamed, and party rage prevails, a single person, perhaps a person ignorant, weak, prejudiced and incapable, should have a power of tearing men from their houses, and their families, that were supported by their industry, without allowing them any opportunity of defending themselves, or confronting them with their accusers, and sending them on board tenders; while the provision for the protection of the innocent, by an appeal, is eluded, through the impunity in refusing bail, which the act affords to the magistrate? We may judge how unfit some of the justices are to be invested with these formidable powers, from what has been done by some of them! From Men, invested with sacred functions, one would look for

information and humanity; not only the single dwellings of suspected persons have been burned, but whole villages have been devoted to the flames.

What is the present state of the country? A system of jealousy and expionage is adopted; an auction of secret intelligence is instituted; large premiums are offered for the encouragement of perjury, by subscriptions for informers; whole legions of spies are enlisted in the service of Government, who are most liberally paid with the money of the public; but my paper is exhausted.

Yours,

MONTANUS.

ESCAPE OF GENERAL CLARKE.

Nothing could equal the confusion and consternation which prevailed in this metropolis during the whole of last week. Aristocracy trembled in every limb; all its heads seemed to be paralized, while its lesser members betrayed life only in their shivering. The greatest anxiety prevailed amongst the citizens, to know what was the matter. When the Lord Lieutenant and the Commander in Chief, and Mr. Pelham, and Paddy Duigenan, and all the Clerks of the Castle-yard, put their heads together---it was immediately scented that there was something extraordinary in the wind. Some said that the Castle was in danger of being *blown up* by gun-powder; others that the United Irishmen were marching in full force to take the city; others that an order was about to be issued, for seizing all the plate that was above ground, and to give the citizens acknowledgments, under the hand of Mr. Cooke, for their side-boards. In short, men, women and children, were distracted with conjectures; but no one could guess what was the cause of all this fuss. It turned out to be, however, neither more nor less than an *enemy had stolen into the camp.*

Information had been given to the runners of administration, that the great General Clarke, brother-in-law to Buonaparte, the Conqueror of Italy, and the identical genius who, in conjunction with Carnot, planned all the campaigns which have covered the French Republic with so much glory, was actually in Dublin.---Here was the General, but where was his men?---aye, "there was the rub." He was set quite snugly, at the hotel on George's-quay, by a little dapper man, of the name of Maget, a *ci-devant* priest. There was he sitting upon a rush-bottomed chair, at a little mahogany table, just like a man, God bless us! who was trying to raise the Devil, cutting capers upon paper, which he left behind, and which some General Officers were convinced, by the Chevalier O'Gorman, to resemble *tactics.* Maget assured the Secretary, that while Clarke was engaged in a profound study, he had locked him up---and that there was no way for him to escape, but through the key-hole. So far, every thing went on smoothly; but an unlucky

delay took place, which spoiled all. The various straw-bagnios in town, were searched for somebody belonging to the army, without whom nothing could be attempted---and in the mean time several of the choice spirits of the Castle were brought down to Burnet's hotel, and indulged with a peep at the French General, as he sat in his reverie.

Accidents will happen between the cup and the lip. Clarke was not to be caught napping. He knew that it was not by accident that the key was turned, and he left at the wrong side of the door. He immediately descended by a silken ladder, which he left behind him in his hurry, into the yard, where there was an old woman taking care of some turtle that had lately arrived from the West-Indies. Pulling out a pistol, and putting it to the poor woman's breast, he desired her instantly to strip. She took him for a robber, and begged him to spare her life, and not to meddle with her *vartue*, as she was the mother of children. In three minutes she was left nothing but her smock. Clarke instantaneously dressed himself in her clothes, and putting a sieve on his head, walked very orderly through the hall, between Maget and Mr. Draper, of the quay, who were there eating oysters and talking politics.

When the escape was known, the whole city was thrown into an uproar. There certainly will never be such another confusion before the day of judgment. Where is he gone? what is become of him? was the general cry. Every body asked questions, and no one gave answers. Statesmen, ministers, judges, lords and catchpoles, crossed each other in every direction. It looked as if they were playing hide and seek, until the old woman in the yard recovered from her panic, and set them right.

In a moment all the troops in the garrison were set in motion. The affair of Babel was a regular matter, contrasted with the scene which the Barrack exhibited. Every one knows that the true motive is never avowed in all state transactions. On this occasion a mock-fight was pretended to be the object; it was Gen. Clarke's retreat, however, that the army moved to cut off---but unluckily they marched *West*, and Killiny-bay lying *East* of Dublin, the adroit Republican effected his escape, to the great astonishment of all the *Fisherwomen* about Bullock and Dalkey, singing the song---*Ca Ira!*

GENERAL CLARKE.

The arrival and sudden departure of this celebrated officer, occupies, as may naturally be supposed, almost exclusively the public attention. The vigilance and sagacity with which government discovered and disconcerted this *invasion*, is perhaps unparalleled. The true details of this affair are not entirely known to the public; an official account will, no doubt, soon appear in the Dublin Ga-

zette. In the mean time, the following account, which we have been at great pains to collect, appears to us fully as probable as any other.

It is well known, that General Clarke has been a length of time in Italy, as negociator from the French Republic. The directory, or rather usurpers who govern that devoted country, caused a report to be spread, that they had arrested Clarke at Udina; this was the better to cover the design. Citizen Campenas, in the mean time, had his balloon, and all the necessary preparations for the conquest of this country, embarked in it. Clarke set off in the night, and taking with him the forces he deemed necessary, which consisted of the Ex-Doge of Venice, and an Anabaptist fanatic preacher, he ascended, and sailed with a fair wind for England. Hitherto all went well with the triumvirate; but as they were passing over French Flanders, they were discovered by Mr. Vick, the messenger, whose rapid return from Lisle gave rise to so many conjectures, and which arose solely from this circumstance.

A Cabinet Council was called, and it was their opinion, that the French had taken possession of the *Flying Island of Laputa*, and designed to crush England, for the true destination was then unknown; and the better to mask this intention, the Aeronauts actually proceeded to Colchester, where they eat a few oysters, and drank a pot of porter. Then the General, without delay, having purchased a fishing smack, left the Doge to take care of the balloon, and secure the retreat, and embarking in the smack with the Anabaptist, who was second in command, proceeded to their place of destination; happily, however, the place was discovered, in a very surprizing manner indeed.

An old Highland woman, in the service of Mr. Dundas, who had the second-sight, was, by means of that faculty, made acquainted with the matter, and told her master. Dispatches were instantly sent to this side, and Government took their measures, ever secret and vigilant. In the mean time the General, with the fleet and army under his command, arrived at Ballyshannon, and sailed up Lough Erne, and from thence, by means of different rivers and lakes, to the Liffey, down which they sailed, until they anchored at the Salmon-leap, at Leixlip. Here the General leaving the Anabaptist, arrived in the metropolis, and held a private consultation in the court of the Post-office, with 200,295 of the leaders of the United Irishmen. The plan was, that two millions of U. I. with the mob of the Liberty, should assemble in St. Patrick's Cathedral, and attempt to form a junction with the French force at Leixlip, which was to advance by sea and land to meet them, and when the junction was formed, to attack the Castle in force, subvert the Government, and declare in favour of the Cham of Tartary, the Grand Lama, the Stadtholder, and the late Emperor of Japan.--- The scheme, it must be allowed, was well concerted, and had the junction been formed, would probably have succeeded. The

General contrived to escape from town, though closely pursued, and joined his forces at Leixlip ; but our army was now in motion, and advanced from all points to attack the French, and prevent the junction.

This was the cause of what was supposed to be the late mock-fight. Our troops, however, were prevented from gathering laurels, by the rapid retreat of the doughty champions, who fell back to Poula Pouca ; where, however, finding the junction impossible, and the Yeomen too powerful for their partizans in the city, they made no stand, but, setting fire to their magazines, they attempted to sail down the Dodder. Here again being anticipated, they hired a post-chaise at Rathfarnham, and the General, the Anabaptist, and the smack were conveyed to Killiny, from whence they *sailed*, and thus has this second expedition totally failed, as did the former under Hoche. There are strong hopes, however, of the armament falling in with our fleets, as we understand that the Ex-Doge, instead of covering the retreat of the expedition, had freighted the balloon with a cargo of Colchester oysters, and sailed quietly back to his own country, in hopes of disposing of them to advantage.

AN ODE.

Hail Freedom ; hail our greatest good,
By thee all comforts greater grow ;
Dear purchase of our father's blood,
And solace dear to all our woe.

Long naturalized to us alone,
Imported from no foreign lands ;
From age to age transmitted down,
And shall not perish in our hands.

Tho' rage, revenge, and wild despair,
Invet'rate spleen, impetuous zeal,
Should all unite from us to tear
The blessing, they cannot prevail.

Of no court tyrants we're afraid,
We'll spin our term of freedom out ;
Secure of each true patriot's aid,
And put oppressors to the rout.

Protract, ye pow'rs ! each patriot's day,
Their ev'nings crown with joy and rest
The longer from the skies they stay,
The sooner Ireland will be blest.

The situation of the much-abused Mr. Orr, continues to interest the feelings of the public very much. We have nothing to add to the authentic statement given in our last, except that Government have granted a further respite until Saturday next; and from the propriety uniformly displayed by them in this affair, there can be no doubt of their finally exercising the best prerogative of the Crown, in extending mercy to that unhappy gentleman.

Mr. M'Cartny was the magistrate who brought the affidavits in Mr. Orr's case, to town, and laid them before Government.

No. 7.---THURSDAY, OCTOBER 12.

The following is the Petition from the County of Kildare, which was put into the King's hand, at St. James's, by Lord Henry Fitzgerald. It contained more than Six Thousand Signatures. Every man who so signed, possessed more property in the soil of Ireland, than the Lord Lieutenant, Lord Camden---Mr. Pelham---Mr. Elliot and Mr. Cooke, put together, who are said to compose the Cabinet Council of Ireland.

What the effects of this faithful picture of the Irish Administration, obtruded on the eye of Majesty, may be, we shall not pretend to anticipate. Every one knows what its effect ought to be, if not frustrated by an inscrutable Providence. The Bible says, "that the Lord hardened the heart of Pharaoh"---to oppress more cruelly the Israelites in bondage. May God in his mercy have more compassion for the King and People of this harrassed Nation.

TO THE KING's MOST EXCELLENT MAJESTY.

The humble Petition of the Governor, Magistrates, Freeholders and Inhabitants of the County of Kildare.

SIRE,

DEFERRED by the rash and presumptuous threat of military force, denounced by your Majesty's minister in this country, from the exercise of our ancient and undoubted right of meeting to petition the King; a right so dear to the subject, so useful to the Sovereign, as to be asserted and confirmed at the period of that revolution which settled in your Majesty's family the crown of these realms; undismayed by the ill success of our last approach to your Majesty's throne, when, on the departure of Earl Fitzilliam from the government of this country, we stated to your Majesty that we foresaw the return of a system of rapine, disunion, and contempt of the people, and expressed to your Majesty our fears of its consequences---WE, the undersigned Magistrates, Freeholders, and Inhabitants of the County of Kildare, impelled by the awful appearance of public affairs, by a sense of the highest and truest

affection for your Majesty's person and illustrious house, of attachment for the mixed forms of our constitution, of regard for ourselves, our children, our posterity, we venture once more to approach that throne---with zeal, but with respect---with warmth, but with temper---with freedom, but with allegiance, we will state our manifold grievances; to entreat justice, is to ask redress.

Sire, since that period, many events have passed on the theatre of Europe, not unnoticed by the Irish public. Momentous as they may appear, by the changes which they have wrought on the political existence of nations---of far more serious and durable consequence is the direction they have given to human inquiry, and the modification which they have given to the opinion of man on the subject of government. Information, ripened into knowledge, has taught that unanimity will correct abuses, and Ireland can no longer lie supine under the heap which ages have accumulated;---of these, the most flagitious are resorted to, as precedents of government, by your ministers here. To you, Sire, the common father of your people, in contradistinction from those who carry on your government, we fly for redress.

Since that period, a war of ambition has terminated on the continent of Europe, by the neutralization or subjugation of the greater part of it, and by a more extended diffusion of the opinions it was meant to destroy. Since that period, we have been successively abandoned by every ally; our subsidies have been refused by the mercenaries who were wont to court them; the flower of our youth has been wasted in the conquest of dependencies which can but ill be held; our commerce has been trammelled by the enemy's privateers; our manufactures languish, shut out from their best market, Europe; our gold and silver, exported or buried, have disappeared; and that never-failing resource, built on the hitherto inviolate faith and commercial constitution of our country, our credit, has been annihilated. Of these evils, there are few which do not reach private life, and touch individual existence. Such have been the events of a war which, not yet ended, has cost the country millions; the empire now groaning under the heavy pressure of that debt, contracted improvidently, expended with profligacy, is now left, unfriended and unpitied, to defend itself against a powerful foe; but still able, and still willing, if redressed and united, to meet and to repel his most daring effort. Since that period, under an administration the most inauspicious, and which never had for a moment the confidence of this country, the mischiefs which we foresaw, and which we deprecated, have come to pass. The system of public plunder has exceeded all former bounds; taxes of the most oppressive nature have been levied on your Majesty's people of Ireland; the naked and defenceless state of the country evinces their misapplication.---They have been squandered to encrease the influence of your Majesty's ministers, which, by a profligate corruption, long openly practised and shamefully avowed,

has been the great spring and acknowledged cause of all those grievances by which your Majesty's government in this country is shaken to its foundation. Yes, Sire, in December last, when the Generals of our powerful foe appeared on our coast, bearing in one hand the olive branch of peace, in the other the scourge of war, Ireland, unprotected through the negligence and incapacity of those to whom the administration is confided, without an army, without a fleet, without artillery, without ammunition, without soldiery to act, without talents to direct, without plan of defence, poured forth its treasure, its only treasure, its people. The men of Ireland, neither dreading threats, nor allured by promises, faithful and steady to a connection with Great Britain which they prize, to their allegiance to your Majesty, and to the sentiment that their fate and happiness are closely linked with that of your Majesty's government, advanced as a man, offering all the means of resistance, possessed by a people systematically disarmed, and, had it been possible, systematically debased; Protestant, Catholic, Dissenter, claimed an equal right to die in defence of unequal liberty.

Then occurred the golden moment, when concession, not to be construed into fear or weakness, would have excited new gratitude, by the restoration of those rights which your Majesty's justice will not refuse. But your Majesty's Ministers, obstinate, perverse and ignorant, seem to have yet to learn, that concessions wrung from their embarrassment, beget no affection, and only invite to the establishment of new claims; and having overlooked that favourable opportunity, seem now to wait the alternative of peace with France, or a continuation of the war, either to reform and emancipate, or to new rivet the chains of the Catholic, and build military despotism, or perhaps an union of legislatures, upon the subversion of the constitution and independence of Ireland.

Sire, in support of your Majesty's crown, of your dignity, of our laws and of our constitution, united Ireland wished to deserve and to earn its freedom, and with your present ministers the crime of Ireland is, that it is united;---yes, Sire, the men of Ireland are united, not by oaths, but in a common cause, and by a common interest,---not in a wish, much less an attempt to establish, as imputed, a Republic---but in a determination to uphold and to correct the mixed forms of our constitution; not in open rebellion to your Majesty, but in abhorrence of your ministers, and in a temperate resistance to measures which destroy, and abuses which corrupt all that is valuable in that constitution.---Yes, Sire, we are united to impeach at the foot of your Majesty's throne, the advisers and abettors of the present system of governing this country, who have tarnished the splendor of our Peerage, and lessened its consequence, by introducing into the House of Lords men without property in this country---the honesty of our Commons, by filling their House with aliens, placemen and pensioners, thu srendering

more obvious the inadequacy of our representative system---who have laboured to debase the military spirit of your nobility and gentry, by the most unwarrantable traffic in military promotions---who have, by the creation of new places, divided the bar from the people---who have attempted both in and out of Parliament, by promiscuous and desultory abuse, to vilify your subjects of Ireland, asserting, they were in the upper orders, corrupt---in the lower, tame.

Yes, Sire, we are united to impeach those ministers for an indefatigable perseverance in a system of irritation, which has been the parent of all those disorders which unfortunately do exist, and which we lament, with more real sincerity than those who, spurning the yet untried means of conciliation, wish, and have expressed it, to resort to the sword. Yes, we are united to state to your Majesty, that your Majesty's Catholic subjects have experienced, in the Northern parts of this kingdom, a persecution unparalleled, and at which humanity shudders, though it could never induce the apathy of your ministers to inquire, or to redress. Yes, and we have for our authority, the agents of those ministers: they did attempt, and too fatally succeeded for a time, to light up again a religious animosity, which the wisdom and justice of your Majesty had nearly extinguished, by the wise and humane measure of gradually abolishing all political distinction, grounded on religious opinion. But, the mischief has recoiled on its contrivers; when the law, ill administered, yielded no safety, men resorted to a bond of Union; the persecutors and the persecuted, ashamed of the outrages committed by both, have united to obtain Reform and Emancipation, in order to cure the vices of that system of disunion from which their division sprang, to which both were eventually to be a prey. If their views, Sire, go beyond the avowed purposes of Reform and Emancipation, we are not with them; but with them we consider those concessions as necessary to the salvation of the State. We wish to interfere between an administration which has driven the people to those measures, and the evil consequences which would follow a mis-direction of their physical force. Yes, Sire, we are united to state that the utmost contempt for your people, for their lives and for their rights, seems to be the only fixed principle of conduct in the minds of your Majesty's ministers here. For four years, they have waged a war of law against justice---of statute against right---of persecution against opinion. We now taste the bitter fruits of moral reaction: a Convention bill has generated clandestine combination, instead of open petition: disarmed by statute of that which secured their property, men have invaded the property of others to arm themselves: an Insurrection bill has taught them to organize means of resistance to oppressions before unheard of; deprived of every constitutional security for fair and open trial, the murder of informers has followed, proclaimed rewards for approvers,

and the penalty of transportation, inflicted without confrontation, without trial, without conviction; a solemn but lamentable engagement to absolute secrecy has followed the arbitrary creation of new felonies, and the unconstitutional doctrines of constructive treason. In fine, the most unconstitutional dispensing power exercised by the magistracy, setting at once aside all the forms of law and justice, in the expectation and certainty of indemnity, has engendered a similar, but more extravagant and more dangerous contempt for those laws, in the minds of part of your Majesty's people.

Sire, we are united to state, that these evils, so obvious as to be denied by neither party, are not misrepresented or exaggerated. This systematic perseverance in a career of folly and mischief, must have been long ago arrested, but that the minister was certain of a majority in Parliament, and thus points out too exactly to be mistaken the sources of the evil, which lie in the possibility of again dividing a people, among whom still exists a difference of political rights, grounded on a difference of religious opinions, and in the unequal and inadequate representation of the people of Ireland, in the parliament of the nation. Modelled upon forms belonging to another country, and never well adapted to this---constructed for the purpose of upholding a Protestant monopoly of power, against national claims, and national population,---the interests and privileges of the few, against the rights of the many; the Commons House of Ireland, is ill calculated to speak the wish, or share the confidence of this country. A people now united, and verging only in an effort to vivify by the ingenuity and exertions of every sect, a country long palsied by their divisions, and thus, add new lustre to this the brightest gem in your majesty's diadem---requires and expects a more dignified representative.

To the ignorance in your Majesty's English ministers, of the dispositions and feelings of the inhabitants of this country, much mischief must be imputed. They are informed and deluded, if they think, that to an administration, which has alienated the Protestant, disgusted the Catholic, enraged the Dissenter---to a junto of delegated clerks, coupled with desperate adventurers in politics in this country---Ireland will yield a constitution and an independence, whereby zeal in the cause of the empire, and temperate steadiness in the support of national rights, our Volunteers deserved from your Majesty---and wrested from the grasp of the British Parliament. Sire, we value our connection with England as it secures---we should scorn it if it infringed on our national independence.

We entreat, that your Majesty will maintain and uphold it, by the dismissal of your present ministers from your councils for ever, and by seriously recommending to your Parliament the claims of your people to Reform and Emancipation. We adjure your Majesty to prevent the rashness of those men who seem to provoke

a contest, which after immense effusion of English and Irish blood, might terminate in an alienation of affection, and a separation of empire; or, in its utmost success, could only leave your Majesty to reign over a despoiled country, and an ill-conquered people.

Frustrate, Sire, we supplicate you, the views of the wicked, whether they lead to anarchy or to despotism.---May your Majesty's parental care restore to us peace abroad; to ease our burdens and vivify our commerce; but the far more exalted benefit of peace at home, and by wise and timely attention to our grievances, prevent by reform the evils of Revolution.

And we will pray.

THAT the Insurrection Act has expired, is not now disputed by the lawyers without the bar; many of the king's counsel, and we hear, some of the judges, are of the same opinion. As this question involves the lives of many men, it is incumbent on judges and lawyers who think differently, to shew that the act is yet in force, by something more convincing to the mind, than mere hanging and quartering.

Another respite, we rejoice to hear, has been granted to the injured Mr. Orr. In the opinion of the public, who are so particularly agitated and interested in the fate of this individual, this is an act of as much credit to government, as of mercy to the man.

Several prints of Dublin, have copied from the Belfast News-letter, which stated that Mr. Orr had made a confession of guilt---only *one* of them (the Hibernian) has had the honour to retract from the error. They have lent their arm to the stroke of the assassin publicly, and they now go moping about in the dark, and whispering every one that they meet, such was the fact. Nothing can be more false. Mr. Orr made no such confession. An innocent or an honest man, could have no such confession to make. The confessions are all on the other side. The prosecutor has confessed that he had sworn falsely---the jury have confessed that they acted inconsiderately---and for our part, we confess, that as circumstances appear, should Mr. Orr suffer, going out of the world he may say, in the language of the Messiah---"Forgive them Father, for they knew not what they did!"

Last week, an Ensign in the Dunbarton Fencibles, went to the house of a respectable inhabitant in the town of Kilcock, and took two persons, brother and sister, into custody, whom he brought to the guard-room, and there kept the brother hand-cuffed and gagged, whilst, with the aid of some privates, he committed a rape on the sister, a girl in a very weak state of health, and who is not at present expected to live. They were then enlarged, and lodged examinations before M. Aylmer, Esq. who committed the officer to Naas gaol.

We are the more concerned to relate the above horrid transaction, as that regiment have in general behaved with comparatively great humanity.

It is fortunate so humane a magistrate as Mr. Aylmer, should happen to be in the neighbourhood, as it leaves an hope justice may be obtained.

Monday last, in the neighbourhood of Croggan and Silver-bridge, there were twelve houses burned by a party of the military. On their approach the inhabitants all fled; they could overtake but one man, whom they conveyed to prison.

Written on presenting a female Infant with a Green Top-knot, *on her birth day*, 1797.

SWEET were her infant smiles, and sweet her mien,
As on her brow I bound the ribbon *green*;
For Nature's child, should Nature's liv'ry wear,
And *green*'s the banner Erin's sons should bear;
Her daughters too, should verdant fillets grace,
And next their hearts the mystic shamrock place.
Green are her fields---her waves, and *green* each grove,
And *green*'s the badge of Liberty and Love.
The myrtle-*green* is Venus's fav'rite tree,
First planted in a land of Liberty.
O! favour'd Isle, by nature truly bless'd,
Tho' long insulted, and tho' long oppress'd,
Tho' once the seat of arts and ancient lore,
Thy learning and thy arts seem now no more;
Tho' on thy soil no pois'nous reptile lives,
Its fruits to foreign slaves profuse it gives;
A *venal* vermin servilely sustains,
Poor Erin long has felt sore-galling chains;
And God who rais'd her high above the wave,
And made her daughters fair, their brothers brave,
Her shores protected with the circling flood,
Bless'd the *green* isle, and saw that it was good.
May Heav'n propitious, hear my anxious vow,
And bless the charm that binds thy baby brow!
Make thee the mother of an hardy race!
Thy sons give freedom, and thy daughters grace!

No. 8.---SATURDAY, OCTOBER 14.

ON THE LIBERTY OF THE PRESS.

TO THE PRINTER.

SIR,

WHEN such restraints are laid on the Press, that the people are held in ignorance, and from that ignorance know neither their own duty as members of the state, nor yet the duty of those who are set over them, or to speak more properly, those who have set *themselves* over them; it may fairly be concluded, that the Government where this ignorance prevails, is verging fast to its dissolution. When a man knows what his duty is, he will be more apt to perform it than if that knowledge be withheld from him. But knowledge itself is a duty, and ignorance of course becomes a crime. The Legislature, therefore, which checks the communication of knowledge, makes itself an accessary in the guilt of him that sins from ignorance, or sins without a due and distinct knowledge of his duty, and even with the principle on which it was founded. It were better both in a moral and in a political view, that men should act properly with knowledge and a sense of duty, than not err by accident, or even act right without knowing what they do. In the one there is a virtue, in the other none, or at best a virtue of the negative kind, a virtue from which no praise flows, and for the practice of which no reward follows, there having been no motive to the action, no *known principle* to guide and govern it. On a truth so evident, it is unnecessary to enlarge: I shall therefore proceed to its application, and by trying it as it affects this kingdom, endeavour to shew that an immediate and radical reform of the restrictions laid on the Irish Press, becomes absolutely necessary to the existence of the country as a free and *independent* state.

I have observed above, that to ensure the right of obedience of the people, they should be made acquainted with the principle on which their duty is founded. This, however, as Governments are constituted, it may not always be safe to do; for it has sometimes happened, that those who make laws, having no principle of their own, are very little axious what may be the principle that enters into them, so the present convenience be answered. To tell the people, therefore, that the principle of the Bayonet-bill was to secure the makers of it in power, and to keep the "Swinish Multitude" in ignorance, lest they should assemble to acquire knowledge and exclaim against corruption, would be a dangerous experiment, and might defeat the purposes of the statute. But it proves another thing, that were the government virtuous, there

had been no occasion for the bill; or were the bill itself a good one, there could be no danger in disclosing its principles to the people, who would then *feel* its effects, because the virtue that framed it would explain its excellence; which so far from *destroying* the people, would be found to *preserve* them, and make them in love with its *influence*.

When Governments become completely wicked, their first object is to screen their crimes; the exposure of which would but shake their power and precipitate their downfall. Thus, in all despotic states, the Press, where it has found a footing, hath ever been an engine of terror formidable to tyrants. But if vice be the bane of every state, that which tends to enlighten the human mind, and make men honest, instead of being checked should be protected and freed from restraint. By laws, states are preserved: that therefore which promulges and preserves the laws, should not be restrained. The will of Government is promulged by the Press; but the will of the people, from whom all governments proceed, and to whom they must return, shall not, as we are told, be promulged or made known; for to publish the murders of a Colonel's sword, the extortion of a Bishop, or the injustice of a Judge, is a wicked scandal; and so it is, according to modern interpretation, for the greater the truth the greater the offence in letting that truth be known; since if truth be divulged and rendered familiar to the ignorant, the corrupt may fall into contempt, and lose their authority: which is to say, it were better mankind should be governed by church tyranny confederated with blood and rapine, than that honest men should question the integrity, or even the talents, of those who would discipline them out of their feelings, and persuade them they have none. What demolished at a blow the throne of France, and erected on its ruins the most formidable government that ever "perplexed Monarchs?" Not the sudden fury of a mob, but the commanding power of the Press, before whose voice the Bastile fell, like the walls of Jericho at the sound of the trumpet. Let those who, by restraining the Press, would keep the multitude in ignorance, and then abuse them for their want of knewledge, say that the people of France have neither virtue nor understanding! Let them cast their eyes on their own unworthiness, and confess how limited is *their* virtue, how humble (*humbled*, I should say) *their* pride of talents and wisdom to govern! Her *Press* alone has made France what she is; it has made her free, it has made her great, while the despots of ignorance tremble at the roaring of its voice, and stoop in their littleness to its awful authority. It is not *France* that terrifies the nations; it is her *Press*, whose sound has gone out into all lands, and shaken the thrones of darkness. No wonder that corruption stands appalled, and would stifle the expression of truth, when the detection of guilt would but lead to knowledge, and denude the impositions of tyranny. If men be honest, and

pure of offence, what have they to dread? Well indeed may the wicked tremble, for though they are seldom ashamed of their crimes, they yet have cause to deprecate the publication of their guilt. Louis, the fourteenth tyrant of the name, was used to say, he dreaded more the Amsterdam Gazette than the armies of England. For these reasons tyrants have always endeavoured to destroy the Press; and are sure to put it down when they prepare some new tyranny for the slaves of their rule. But if the Press be the herald of public virtue, and the recorder of illustrious actions, then is the silencing of its voice the murder of freedom and glory; if it be the champion of innocence and the guardian of genius, its destruction is the abettor of crime, the nurse of night and ignorance. One maxim will be found universally true, that if laws be good, and the people happy under them, no excesses of the Press can make either the one bad, or the other discontented; but it is observable, that when the people are unhappy under a vicious government, it is then only that the Press becomes licentious, if that may be termed licentious which but utters the miseries of mankind. Then it is, that the laws being violent, and the people clamorous, (for the one is the sure consequence of the other) the restraints of the Press become necessary to the safety of those who framed the oppression; and in that case, the Press will be free to those only who flatter the wicked, and slander the good. What is the result? The Liberty of the Press is put down, and the slavery of it set up. It is this slavery which, like mutes of the East, strangles complaint: but the groan will break forth from the dungeon, and when it shall, dreadful will be its voice, which like the sound of the torrent will be heard afar off, and like that torrent will sweep all before it.

Let us suppose a government free from all abuses, wise, virtuous, merciful, and ever attentive to the prayers of its people. What has such a government to apprehend? To attack it, would betray the impotence and malignity of the assailant; but to display its numerous beauties to the world, the excellence of its laws, the justness of its equity, its lustre in arts and in arms, the extent of its conquests, its spreading reputation, its renown abroad, its respect at home, and above all, *the happiness of those who live under its influence*, would highly redound to the honour of the state, and render it more formidable than the bloodiest act of Parliament. The people would then be made acquainted with the full extent of its virtues, and from understanding them, would learn to admire the Consitution that gave birth to such an assemblance of excellence. Thus the state could lose nothing, but gain every thing, by allowing to the Press the free exercise of its voice. No, says Bishop Horsley, "What have the people to do with laws, but to obey them?" Shall the "Swinish multitude" dare to grunt? Shall they presume to raise their voice, when the knife is at their throat? Keep the herd in ignorance, says Charles Sheridan,

and tyranny will "neither be *known* or *felt* by them:" the people can have no feeling, for they can have no knowledge, and we will take care they *shall* have none; thus will they have no cause to complain.

The Liberty of the Prees not only exposes what is rotten in a government, but will often prevent from taking effect some unsalutary law that may have been preparing. Thus had the Press been unrestrained, it might have stopped in their progress, some of those pernicious bills, which by affecting the individual, have shaken the constitution to its centre. It is a truth which no man of sense will contradict, that it is impossible to frame a law whose principle, be it ever so limited, may not come home to every member of the state, the higher not excepted; and standing as a precedent, lead to the most violent subversion of the best and wisest institution.---Thus the late statute, affecting the life, the liberty, and the property of the subject, by making it a law in certain cases, that an examination shall stand good evidence against the accused, provided the informant be subsequently murdered, is not only most hazardous and unconstitutional, but militates against all legal usage whatever, no precedent of the sort being to be found in any books, or any practice ancient or modern. Such statute, while it unhinges the very first principle of our laws, which supposes every man innocent, till he is *proved* to be guilty, overturns the common law of the land, which, in the worst of dark and arbitrary times, had declared, that in *all* criminal cases the accuser shall give his testimony in open court, and *viva voce*, to the intent that being confronted with the accused, he may be cross-examined, and the truth got out of him; for that should he be perjured, (and God knows we have lately seen but too many instances of the most horrid and bloody perjuries delivered in open court,) the accused may be acquitted, and his accuser be sent back to the gang that employed him, or take the place of him in the dock whom he had accused. A statute so destructive of all law and all justice, of all morality and all truth, I believe was never before devised in any country on which the light of the gospel had shined.---The inquisition itself was freedom to it: for this statute, past in the most enlightened days, not only affects the living, but strikes at unoffending posterity. Whereas the Court of Inquisition, created in times of the blindest ignorance and superstition, is every day *abating* its terrors, as the law calls it, and yielding to that light which the Press has darted upon it. This statute, which now stands at the head of our criminal code, was passed, we are told, to provide against the *undue death* of an accuser. But what death can be more undue than the death of the constitution? Had the Press been free to speak, it might not only have exposed the danger and inadequacy of the bill, in its several stages through the two houses, but have spared the premature deaths of many unhappy men, whose families inquire

in vain, and will for ever inquire in vain, whether they walk upon the earth, or sleep twelve feet under it*.

But the Press sometimes disturbs the public tranquillity, and oversets governments. It may; and better a bad government should fall, than stand; but a good government is its own protection. The waves break at its feet, and the madness of the storm passes over its head. Better the Press should agitate a state, than a cold apathy should freeze the human mind, and nations sleep away their wrongs: better empires should be shaken, than millions should dream themselves into slaves, the slaves of their own baseness. The perpetual Sabbath of the soul is of more danger to a state, than the political struggle of a day.

The rule of right is a rule that in morals should never vary; but in these kingdoms, to preach up royalism is the best rule, and the wisdom of government protects those who embrace this right side of the question; while it punishes with equal rectitude those who maintain, that a republic is the only right form of government. Here then is a rule that cannot err, for wisdom has sanctioned it, and our moral government pronounced it fit and proper. Let us apply this rule to the continent: France is not a nation of fools, and some amongst them have as much sense, (God forgive them!) as .... But no matter; the fools of France tell you, that monarchy is a coat of arms, whose supporters are the church and aristocracy, its crest the bloody hand, and its motto, *odi profanum vulgus*; but that democracy not possessing these *rampant* evils, is the ægis of wisdom, whose *right rule* should govern the world. Now here are two *rules of right*, both operating on opposite principles, both pronounced to be the very best for the government of man, and each declared superior to the other in excellence; yet a man shall be punished alternately for observing this or that, according to the air which he breathes. But laws should be made with a view to morals, and morals cannot fluctuate, or punish on two counter-acting principles. Before then the Liberty of the Press shall be restricted, or writers punished for entertaining political opinions in common with their neighbours, let some moral rule be established to guide the ignorant; for law is a monster, uncontrouled by morality. To punish a man without convincing him that he has done wrong, may be the vengeance, but is not the wisdom of the law. Sure I am, it does no good,

* Whether any convictions have been had under this statute, I am not authorised to say, for I have not inquired; but that it has been the cause of shedding much blood, the devisers of the statute will not deny, when I inform them, that in order to evade the perjury of wicked accusers, and at the same time to evade the law in this case, which requires the undue death of the accuser to be PROVED, before his examination can be read as evidence, the friends of the accused, if they know the informant, and can FIND him, dig a pit, and knocking him up in the dead of night, carry him to his grave. There they dissect his jugulars, and spare his friends the trouble of burying him. Thus the innocent are sometimes saved by the death of the guilty, who literally dig a pit for others, and fall into the midst of it themselves.

but rather brings the laws themselves into contempt, and sets them upon doubting whether laws were made for the good of the community, or for the pleasure which the makers of them take in having them executed. Where no wrong has been committed, there can be no *punishment*, though there may be pains, and penalties inflicted on him who has done something which in itself was innocent, perhaps praise worthy: and when the mind is not convinced that it has done wrong in delivering sentiments it has been taught to reverence, and believes not only inoffensive, but highly meritorious, and even beneficial to the state; it will be in vain by *punishment*, as it is called, to make that mind believe it has broke any moral duty. Thus my reason tells me, I am free to *act*, but the law, which we are told is the perfection of reason, tells me I am not free to *speak*. Where is the morality of this? Shall I be allowed to have a *vote*, but not allowed to have a *voice*? Where is my freedom, if I am abridged of half the Rights of Man? If I publicly send him a representative to the senate, shall I not as publicly tell him the duty of a senator? If a pensioner, that he has sold me? If he betray me, shall I not tell him that he is perfidious? It is preposterous, it is worse, it is wicked to say, that I may *act a lie*, but not *speak the truth*. I act a lie, if I suppress the truth, and spare the knave; then I offend the law! yet a higher law tells me, that I have done no wrong, I have done no more than my duty. The same argument holds, in regard to those who are entrusted with the government of the country. Let them by their talents and integrity, put it beyond the power of the Press to injure them. High in virtue as high in honor, let them solicit public inquiry, let them court the severest scrutiny; invulnerably honest, they will have an opportunity not only of confounding their revilers, but of displaying their own great capacity and virtue, which no calumny can reach, no malevolence defame: and thus the people will be satisfied, that the government is deposited in the *very best hands*, out of which they would be sorry it should be taken. On the other side, should the immaculate servants of the crown, be unable to withstand the assaults of the Press, and feeling the truths that issue from it, acknowledge their *incapacity*, (for their *sins* they will never be brought to confess,) let them retire, and yielding to public opinion, put the government into better hands: for the people, from whom as I said before, all governments proceed, and for whose benefit alone they should be administered, ought not to be held in ignorance. The lamb that laps the stream, is full as harmless as the wolf that swills at the source. But the silencing of the Press will neither make men think better of their governors, nor their governors a whit wiser or more virtuous: it will rather beget in them an indifference to the interests of the state, and by learning them unawed, arm them with new powers of injury. it will neither satisfy the public mind, nor strengthen the authority of the laws: leave the people unin-

formed, and they will distrust the best actions of their rulers: sure I am, their worst will not be applauded by them. The putting down of the Press, that best and surest organ of the public sentiment, creates a suspicion that the servants of the crown dread to hear the popular opinion, that they *wink* at the crimes of office, and attending to their own voice, only *cry out* against the truth, like a nest of Owls, that screech when the light breaks in upon them. Yet, neither prisons nor ropes can stop public opinion, though one of them may stop the breath of him who shall presume to think: but man will think on to the end of the chapter: it is the nature of thought to be free---and freedom of thought will assuredly lead to *freedom of another sort.* As well might governments hope to stop the course of nature, by an act of parliament, as to stop men from thinking, or arrest the torrent of opinion. It is this restriction of the Press, that is the danger of the present government, and would be the undoing of a better; for it may be taken as a safe maxim, that that government is the strongest, which builds its security on public opinion, and whose virtue defies the source of its enemies; for virtue is its own defence, as well as its own reward.

I have been led, Sir, into these reflections, from a due sense of the spirit you have shewn in establishing the only Press that has now either the courage or the virtue to speak truth. Your country, whose honor you defend, while you illustrate its interests, will long acknowledge its obligations to you---and your own liberality, I am sure, will be ready to pay a tribute of applause to the memory of the great cynosure, or *Northern Star*, that for so long a time illumined the nation. Its beams have been extinguished; but to you, Sir, it belongs to renew its lustre; by instructing the age, and teaching it this lesson, that the night of imposture is at an end, and the sun of truth rising fast upon it.

I am, Sir, yours,

MARCUS.

LETTERS FROM THE MOUNTAINS.

LETTER IV.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

NECESSITY is called the tyrant's plea---it must be worse than tyranny, that cannot plead even necessity. Can the present managers of our theatre of calamity plead necessity, as a justification of the horrors into which they have plunged us?---No; three measures---concession to the Catholics---even the shadow of a Parliamentary Reform---some amelioration in the condition of the pea-

santry. These would have fully pacified the country, without impairing the just prerogatives of the Crown, or destroying that vigour of government, of which some among us are such admirers. The Irish people were not prone to insurrection. The peasantry, in general, are an indolent, much-enduring race, submissive to their superiors, even to an excess of servility. The extremity of oppression and misery alone, could destroy the implicit veneration and terror with which they had been taught to view rank and property---and to rouse them to violation of law, and to outrage on their task-masters, who, when they asked for bread, gave them a stone. We shall be apt to think, that the complaints of the people have some good foundation, when we consider the parts of the kingdom which have been pointed out, and punished, as the chief seats of sedition, the fountain head of disaffection. Are they not the most sober, industrious, and enlightened parts of the island? What are the descriptions of people who have been marked out for proscription and persecution?---Not a *Catiline*, or a *Cethegus*---not the libertine populace of luxurious capitals; but the humble peasant, the plain farmer, the frugal manufacturer, the sober rational merchant, and the pious teacher of the Christian faith. These are not the materials, let me tell the world, of which wanton rebellion is composed---they are great and crying grievances alone, that can call from their retirements the sons of sobriety, industry and peace, and lead them to join the bands of disaffection. From these premises, I conclude that the occasions of severity, the pretences for superseding the laws, were courted by our present rulers.

Terror and coercion being introduced, as the principles of government, every part of society is filled with danger and suspicion---the circulation of thought is destroyed---the intercourse of life is poisoned---all expressions of the public wish, the surest guarantee against secret conspiracy, is unwisely prohibited. In one county, the gentry and freeholders, legally convened by the Sheriff to exercise the constitutional right of petitioning their Sovereign, were actually dispersed by an armed force. Meetings for a similar purpose were prevented in other counties, and in the second city of this country, by menaces of military execution. Government has adopted an arbitrary imprisonment of the most peaceable and respectable individuals, for indefinite times, and without knowledge of their accuser, intimation of their offence, or hope of trial. If there can be any plausible reasons alledged, for dispensing with some of the formalities of law, in the arrestment of persons who are supposed to be disaffected---none can, surely, be offered for any wanton delay in the examination, according to course of law, of their guilt or innocence. It is to be feared, that such a conduct may terminate in the rendering of many persons disaffected, who were loyal previous to their commitment. An imprisonment for nine or ten months, on a charge unspecified

and unfounded, through the suggestion of a perjured and villainous accuser, fished up the very sink of the community, with all his impurities reeking on his head, will not improve the loyalty and good temper of the sufferer. Can we wonder if men of warm tempers and strong resentment, who in themselves or their near connexions, are marked out as the objects of severe persecution, should be guilty of some rash and unguarded expressions? Is it not to be feared, that a continuance of rigour may suppress the outward form and expression of discontent by the present influence of terror, but will have a deep rooted disaffection secretly rankling in the mind.

We were led to hope, that the system of expionage and proscription would have been relaxed and mitigated, on a view of the dreadful and detested harvest of perjury it has produced. It has been proved, not in one, or two, or a small number of instances; but with a strange uniformity through every part of the country, at the last and the preceding assizes, that an infamous traffic in blood prevailed. How many innocent and respectable persons, who had been torn from their homes, their honest industry, and their dearest connexions, and languished in dungeons for many months, have been acquitted, on the clearest and most satisfactory evidence---and resigned their places in the dock to the very witnesses against them, who have been convicted of wilful and corrupt perjury---perjury of the blackest die---to destroy the lives and characters of guiltless men, for hire!---What disgraceful scenes have been disclosed! what foul conspiracy! what intemperate thirst of blood! what evidence extorted by the extremity of torture! Ought not the sight of all this to have produced some consideration and compunction? Ought it not to have produced some cessation of that rigour above law, displaying itself in preventive persecution and cautionary cruelty? Should not the bearers of the iron rod have inquired, whether the freight of information and informers, which they had bought or manufactured, with no small pains to themselves, and cost to the public, was not a base and unprofitable kind of merchandize? Ought they not to have supposed it not only possible, but highly probable, that those respectable and virtuous persons, who have been singled out as martyrs in the cause of freedom, and pined weary months in severe captivity, may have been torn from their homes and families, from the enjoyment of domestic comfort, and the pursuit of useful and laudable occupations, on the venal deposition of a forsworn informer, or the vague suggestion of weak credulity? The recorded examples of artificial alarm and cruel folly which were exhibited in England, when a whole nation was the dupe, and so many innocent people were the victims of the infamous Oates and his vile accomplices;---shall these be forgotten, as if they were erased from the page of history? Who that recollects how many perished by their monstrous fictions, equally gross, improbable, and uncircumstantial, could suppose

it possible that such tragedies could be repeated, in a humane enlightened age?---Yet, houses have been forced open in the dead hour of the night, their owners have been hurried away with circumstances of uncommon outrage; they have not been allowed even the poor consolation of bidding farewel to their weeping families: they have been kept in filthy guard-rooms, amidst the noise and ribaldry of common soldiers. Some of the objects of these severities, after many days of suffering, have been wholly discharged, or suffered to depart on their parole---others have been detained whole months, and then reluctantly liberated, though their innocence was apparent. As the imprisonments were without mercy, so the releases were without clemency; and new arrests so closely followed them, that one might suppose the former captives had been discharged, only through want of house-room in the *Bastile* of the country.

I cannot pass unnoticed a singular kind of recognizance, which was lately introduced, in some instances, by which persons were obliged, as the condition of obtaining freedom, to bind themselves in a penal form to quit a certain district or county. The only instance which I can find parallel, or in any degree similar to this curious device, is what was practised in *Scotland* by the wicked and tyrannical *Lauderdale*.---"To engage the gentry on the side of the persecutors, a *bond* or *contract* was, by order of the *Privy Council*, tendered to the land-holders of the West, by which they were to engage for the good behaviour of their tenants. But it was ridiculous (as *Hume* * justly remarks) to give sanction to laws by voluntary obligations.

The reign of *Charles II.* inglorious abroad, and oppressive at home, bears a striking analogy in many particulars, to the present times. Much of the history of what passed in Scotland at that period in particular, would appear with the mere variation of names, to be a faithful picture of what is now passing in Ireland. The Scottish *Covenanters* resembled the *United Irishmen* of the present day, in their union, and their perseverance; and they were, like them, decried, villified, and persecuted. Take (for instance) this extract.---"As it was found difficult to get evidence against these conventicles, however numerous, it was enacted, that whoever, being required by the council, refused to give evidence on oath, should be punished by arbitrary fines, by imprisonment, or by banishment to the plantations. Thus, all persecution naturally, or rather necessarily adopts the iniquities, as well as the rigours of the inquisition. What a considerable part of the society consider as their duty and their honor, and the others are apt to regard with compassion and indulgence, can by no other expedient be subjected to such severe penalties, as the natural sentiments of mankind appropriate only to the greatest crimes *." Here the inqui-

* Vol. 8. page 41.

sitorial power of sending for persons, and compelling them to give information under pain of arbitrary imprisonment, is bestowed in a much more dangerous latitude, on the single magistrate.

To what real cause or motive, are we to ascribe the present system of severity? To the overbearing insolence of conscious strength, exulting over the feelings of the people, and despising their resentment, or to the influence of secret terror? certain it is, that no passion is more cruel and sanguinary, than panic fear; be that as it may, the history of what passed in Scotland, furnishes an example of military coercion, perfectly similar to that which prevails in Ireland at this day. "Military force (says Hume) was let loose by the council. Wherever the people has generally forsaken the churches, the guards were quartered throughout the country. Sir James Turner commanded them, a man whose natural ferocity of temper, was often inflamed by the use of strong liquors. He went about and received from the clergy, lists of those who absented themselves from church, or were supposed to frequent conventicles. Without proof or legal conviction, he demanded a fine from them, and quartered soldiers on the supposed delinquents, till he received payment*." (Now, indeed, instead of the supposed delinquents paying a fine, he is committed to prison, or sent on board a tender. What do I say? this is mercy---his house is burned and he is shot.)---Again---"A multitude not accustomed to discipline, averse to the restraint of laws, trained up in rapine and violence, were let loose amidst a people, whom they were taught to regard as enemies to their prince and to their religion. Nothing escaped their ravenous hands. By hardships, and sometimes by *tortures*, men were obliged to discover their concealed wealth. Neither age, nor sex, nor innocence, afforded protection *." What was the end of all this in Scotland? the long suffering and firmness of the people prevailed. Just *so* it is in Ireland, the soldiery are let loose on the people. What will be the event? * * *---it is said that the *United Irishmen*, though they pretend only to a reform in parliament, are the secret friends of anarchy, and wish to make this country the seat of war. What is the remedy? I will not compare the military with the *United Irishmen*---I will not say that they outrage the persons of his majesty's liege subjects; that they plunder and destroy their dwellings. Far be it from me to say, that some of the Yeomanry assume with the garb and functions of the common soldier, a spirit of unprincipled ferocity; and breathe outrage that would disgrace a Crete or a Tartar. Yet certainly, though we may give government all possible credit for good intentions; the country is in a state of uncommon misery. Every hour brings forward some tale of rapine, murder, and every hostile aggression; sometimes perhaps against the disaffected, too often against the peaceable and unoffending.

* Vol. 8. page 46.

The military having now superseded the civil authority, and being invested with the whole preservation of internal order, and care of the police, in most parts of Ireland, they have thought fit to show themselves worthy of the important charge, by loyal addresses from the *non-commissioned officers* and *privates* of the different regiments. I will not intimate, that government may possibly be deceived by those solicited, or even extorted addresses, that fill the public prints, at the expence of the public, and are, no doubt, accounted for among the army extraordinaries. I will not even hint, that the addresses in question may, in many instances, have been obtained by a certain mixture of menace and blandishment---I will suppose them the spontaneous, untutored declaration of the men themselves. Yet still I am of opinion, that to the obtaining of this loyalty on paper, much of the solid discipline of the army has been sacrificed. I hold it unwise to accustom large bodies of illiterate mercenaries, to debate on political affairs in arms. Britain, rich, ambitious, and luxurious, grasping at conquests beyond her means and population, and at the same time seeking to overawe the discontents of the people, by a military force at home, is obliged to maintain a numerous host of mercenaries. The history of mankind tells us, that every government, every country, that wholly depends an a mercenary force, falls the victim of that which was hired to support it. The navy of England has given an alarming intimation of the dangers of her situation; and I will venture to predict, that the storms in that quarter are not fully oberblown.

It is not by outrageous penalties, and sanguinary law of a new constitutional form, that these perils may be averted. It is by securing the affections of the people, by attention to their wants and complaints, by obtaining peace abroad, and rendering a numerous military force unnecessary, that these perils are to be averted. Believe me, if the military are set above law---are invested with the whole civil authority, and police of the law---if they are, at the same time, freed from the restraints of discipline, and turned at large to scourge the people, they need no corrupters---they corrupt themselves---they are already corrupted;---they will soon turn the power and license, which were given them for the oppression of the people, against their employers, and tyrannize over those who hoped, by their means, to tyrannize over the multitude.

The mention of military force, naturally leads me to the *Yeomanry* of Ireland, which I still wish to consider as distinguished from mere mercenaries. This institution was a favourite of the Viceroy, and the Right Hon. Secretary. Part of the Irish Cabinet, if I am truly informed, apprehended it to be a dangerous experiment, and opposed it in its first concoction; but uperior authority prevailed, and it went forward. What advantages (you will ask me) did the patrons of this measure, in their own pri-

vate thoughts, propose to themselves? Their secret aim, as I apprehend, was twofold. In the first place, they meant to establish a smothered war, originating in a system of coercion, between the opulent and the poor of this country. In the next place, they wished to lay down a line of demarcation, on plausible grounds, to introduce badges and ensigns of party, to raise a standard, round which the adherents of the present Administration might rally---nay more, to attach a degree of disgrace on all those who should refuse to croud around this standard, by exhibiting them as persons disaffected, or cowardly, who were wanting to the defence of their country. There was much cunning and ability in the plan, and in some measure it has succeeded, and contributed, more than any other cause, to strengthen the hands of government, and to embolden it for the terrible aggressions against the people, and the grievous, intolerably grievous system of coercion which has been adopted. I shall pursue this subject in a future letter---meanwhile believe me, your sincere friend,

MONTANUS.

SECOND LETTER

OF

WILLIAM CAXON.

TO THE RULERS, MAGISTRATES, AND MEN OF POWER IN IRELAND.

At tu virtrex Provincia ploras.

JUVENAL.

GENTLEMEN,

PERMIT me, an anonymous writer, to offer myself to your notice; believe me, nothing but an awful consciousness of the impending crisis, could have induced me to demand your most serious attention. Wishing, while I address you, to divest myself of every bad and selfish passion, my sole and anxious object, is to call forth the noble energies of Irishmen, by presenting to their view, important and imperious truths, whose immediate adoption can alone secure the salvation of Ireland.

In your hands, Gentlemen, is deposited every thing that is dear and valuable to man. The happiness or misery of Ireland, its future dignity, importance, nay its very existence, are at your disposal, and the deliberations of this moment involve the future fate of ages. If you yourselves are not conscious of the truth of

this, if you are not aware of your own importance, alas, poor Ireland, miserable indeed is your prospect! May the Ruler of the Storm direct your councils, and may you live to enjoy the future prosperity and free grandeur of Imperial Ireland.

Gentlemen, I do not mean to flatter you; your present lethargic security, and somniferous indolence, are disgraceful and destructive to our country; they would almost incline the philosopher to believe in the blind system of fatality; to nothing else can he attribute that deceitful, treacherous calm, which precedes the storm that will confound the elements.---*Gentlemen, our country is in danger*——It becomes a first and irresistable duty to consider the cause, and with every celerity prevent or remove the effect---From the beginning of the eighteenth century, a new system of religion and politics, of government in church and state, has proceeded in a rapid, uninterrupted career; a *nova rerum ordo* has arose---whether right or wrong, whether founded in the eternal fitness of things, concerns not the present object of my letter; I leave the discussion of this point to the Burkes, the Thackums and the Squares---it is sufficient for me to mark its progress and success; no power of the earth has resisted it; it has levelled the powers, principalities, and dominations of Europe, it has marched from America to Africa and Asia, as a "God who rides on the whirlwind and directs the storm." Kings, Emperors, and Princes, have crumbled into dust before it, and the strong arm of power has withered at its touch. "*Oh sacra libertatis fame, quid non mortalia pectora cogis*"---the powers of the earth met it with force of arm, and they returned with dismay, defeat and destruction; now, alas! their only remaining allies.

This *grand truth* impress carefully, my fellow-countrymen, on your minds---if you cannot resist with success, meet it with resignation. Our country has been since the year eighty-two, in that difficult critical situation, which required in its rulers the highest abilities, and greatest integrity. Immerging from ignorance and slavery, no longer were they to be satisfied with the government of an English task-master. Independent in right, it was cruel, bigotted impolicy to keep them dependant in power---while the honourable sister of a great power, that great power did not bestow the usage of step-daughters; injuries and insults were mere trifling amusements with the shop-keepers of England---and while an Hibernian felt an equality, if not superiority, over the stall-fed Englishman, his heart most assuredly must *warm at the connexion*, while he received only abuse and ill treatment. Yet believe me, most high and mighty Englishmen, "the poor beetle that you tread upon, in corporal sufferance, feels a pang as great as when a giant dies." Whatever may be the separate interest of two great rivals, it surely behoves them to consider their mutual advantage, and guard with the strictest delicacy and honor any

infringement of the same. I appeal to you, my friends and fellow-countrymen, has this been the case?

I feel the delicacy, and cannot see the necessity of dwelling longer on this subject---I mention it only to shew that an English Governor, ignorant of our manners and customs, is at best but a bad judge of the interest, honor, and happiness of the Irish nation. From these circumstances, Ireland found it extremely difficult to assert its rank in the scale of nations---and nothing but its own energies, and the bounty of Nature, could raise it from insignificance to its present importance---and *this* is the very crisis to " raise it to the summit of renown, or sink it to the earth a breathless corse." An English Minister, with blind devotion to the partial interest of his own country, with deep-laid, though crooked policy, seizes every means of aggrandizement, at the expence of devoted Ireland. How he considers it better than as a province, let his best friends tell---with the money of the nation he buys *his* representatives, who again, with *unparalleled generosity*, vote away money not their own, to swell the budget of ways and means, to enable this stale-tinker to cry " any Cornwall ware to sell *."---Thus does corruption spread its gangrene through the land, venality become the order of the day, and every senator have his price.

How different is this, thou *spurious stalk* of an illustrious father, from his wise and glorious administration! *he* imagined, that the only art to gain the love, respect and veneration of a grateful world, consisted in being the faithful, firm friend of the people, and the undaunted monitor of his King; *he* preferred the applause of the nation, and his conscience, to the smiles of a sovereign, and knew too well, the contaminating air of a court, to honor it often with his presence. How worthy of his life was his death, grasping the hand of the great father of your *little* friend, he exclaimed! " my dear Camden, save my country." Such was his death, and such will not be yours. His life like a late general, was long enough for glory, but too short for his country. Had he lived, he would not have lost America. Had he lived, he would have saved Ireland. Would I could say, go and do thou likewise---but here, that I may not appear ungrateful, let me enumerate *some* of the *blessings* you have bestowed on Ireland. When by Englishmens' grateful predilection for the name of William Pitt, and your own hypocritical professions of popular patriotism, you succeeded an execrable North, as Prime Minister of England, your first bounty to Ireland, consisted of a Temple---with a greater degree of sagacity than liberality, you concluded that a clerk or a scrivener, knew sufficient political arithmetic, to conduct the *accounts* of a *dependant*, and that one so conversant in back stairs, would never want a hole to creep out---when he had sufficiently

* Note, Cornwall is as notorious for selling boroughs, as tin.

gained your admiration and applause, by saving for the *nation*, the pence and the fire of the poor worn-out veteran soldier, converted their just asylum into lodgings for his family, caused a reform in the state, by causing a few miserable clerks to hang, drown, or cut their throats, laid a palace for revenue officers, created palaces, pensions and sinecures, to the amount of one hundred thousand pounds. You recalled him, attended with the *shouts* and *acclamations* of a *grateful* people, to enjoy *otium cum dignitati*, and delight the leisure hours of his gracious Sovereign, by the *refinement* of his *taste*, *depth* of his *learning*, *profound genius*, and *universal knowledge of the belles lettres*.

For so great a man, you would find no successors so fit as a Northington, a Rutland, an old Archbishop, an old Chancellor, and a young Speaker---after this triumvirate, you again blessed our eyes, with this before-named *Paragon* of *perfection*. But, as if unwilling to give in the fruits of so much virtue, you replaced it with the *gallant*, *gay Lothario*, that pattern of domestic virtue and public happiness, the friend of a Plunkett, and a S..... the bold rewarder of private services, and who, even in the private circles of female society, omitted not to handle the affairs of the country. As I must despair of being able to bestow higher encomium on so *great a man*, I will pass on to Lord Fitzwilliam, and here indeed I must pause---so extraordinary a contrast between his Lordship, and former Viceroys, excited our admiration, and gave pleasure for its novelty---a nobleman of tried integrity, and ability, the heir of the virtues and honors of a revered Rockingham, no needy adventurer, or political swindler; a man who would serve our country, *even* to serve himself, such a man was indeed a phœnomenon, and we in the streets with mutual curiosity and astonishment, asked each other, what miracle could unite the North and the South, a Pitt and a Fitzwilliam---but this strange hocus pocus of legerdemain, soon explained itself. The generous, unsuspecting, noble nature of a Fitzwilliam, was over-reached, (like most noble natures,) by the artifices of despicable fraud. He was clearly given to understand, that a new system of government would take place in Ireland; that conciliation and emancipation would go hand in hand; that all sects and parties should enjoy the same rights, and unite to make Ireland as free, prosperous, and happy as England.

Such fortunate prospects made every friend to human nature hope for better days; it dilated the heart, and in the intoxication of joy, we voted a supply hitherto unknown. We declared we would stand or fall with that sister, who at last displayed tokens of kindness and of justice. Noble generosity of Irishmen, are you always to be abused!

As soon as this object was attained, the *Premier* threw off the mask---no concession, no liberty, no happiness for Ireland. Not content with insulting, he attempted to injure the victim of his dupli-

city; but as long as honor is preferable to fraud, so long will your efforts be fruitless, and you yourself be the grand victim of your own machinations, fated "*perire sua aerte fraude.*"---The next in the political race was Lord Camden; "*proimus sed longo intervallo.*" As he is but the passive tool of Mr. Pitt's government, for the sake of his father, I would not wish to be severe. But the man who could force himself on the inclinations of a whole nation, possesses a hardihood incompatible with the modest laws of honesty and of honour: but I am willing to judge him by his works; he has proposed Draco for his "*examplar et imitabile vitus*"---like him he has written his laws in blood. Treason and sedition were the bugbears of the state---the tender, the gaol, the gallows, were made the instruments to govern a great nation---every profligate, idle, ignorant and stupid upstart becomes a legislator, and the genius of Ireland may go weep.

Can common feeling, common justice, or common honesty, bear the situation of the peasants of Ireland? See every county in the kingdom---see Young's or Twiss's tour through Ireland---they have no lodging but with the pigs---no food but potatoes---no volume to consult but that of nature, the Sky---are they sick, what is their remedy? they may go to that home from whose bourn no traveller returns---"take physic pomp, shake off the superflux, to feel what wretches feel, when they have no fire to warm the naked side, no coat to cover, or no nourishment to feed exhausted nature." Go prate you big-bellied corporation of gluttons, extol the protestant ascendancy, get drunk with claret, and belch God save the King, damn all reformers, and curse the weaver who humbly begs relief---*thus will ye support the Constitution in Church and State.* Ye magistrates, gentlemen and justices of Ireland, be cautioned before it is too late---ameliorate the condition of your cottagers, raise up these hewers of wood and drawers of water to the rank of men---look not on the peasant as a wild beast of prey, and let him not look on you as a destroying Angel, armed with fire and sword; imitate the wise policy of England; when you renew your leases, make many small farms, and thus constitute an independent enlightened yeomanry,---by so doing you will secure and exalt yourselves.

In what history of human actions, have you found that punishments, menaces, or degradations, secured your power, or conciliated your dependants?

Believe me, you may break, but you cannot bind the human mind---you may reduce man to a brute, but you can never make him a tame brute; chain him as you will, he will seize the opportunity to turn on his keeper, he will assert the wild independence of nature. Try the difference between a slave and a free man, between an obliged and grateful friend, and a cringing, greedy, treacherous slave; make but the experiment, and then farewell the miseries of imperial Ireland. I need not tell you of the threat-

ened invasion of our country; will you be able to resist less effectually for having the people your friends, your obliged and grateful friends; or do you think that the peasantry of Ireland would less boldly resist an invader, for having liberty, property, a country and rights to defend? do, if not for the sake of your country, at least for your own sakes, make the experiment. If I thought you incapable of profiting by advice, I would, with mixed indignation and pity, leave you to your fate; but I know you.---I know you will avenge the injuries of your country; and as Brutus the *fool*, so shall Ireland the low, start into greatness.

In my next letter, my fellow countrymen, I shall presume to address you on the projected *Union*.

WILLIAM CAXON.

Lord Carrington, who has been some time in this country on a visit to the Lord Lieutenant, returned to England on Thursday, and, as we understand, for the express purpose of giving a faithful and exact account of the situation of Ireland to Majesty itself. His Lordship, who is a man of a clear discriminating understanding, sees the great absurdity of any longer suffering the present Administration to pursue their wild scheme of coercion and cruelty, which, even supposing the people unable or unwilling to shake off the galling yoke, would, and that shortly, destroy itself, and exhaust all the resources of both kingdoms, in endeavouring to enforce laws that afford no protection to the people. If Mr. Pitt and his hangers-on are any longer to be suffered to sport with the feelings of Irishmen, we may shortly expect that every second house will be converted into a gaol or a barrack. But we trust that our gracious Sovereign will no longer suffer his people to be oppressed, and himself imposed on by desperate gamesters, who are throwing for the best jewel in his crown, viz. Ireland and the affections of his people.

The County of Kildare Petition---which appeared in our last---would have been presented three months ago, was it not that the High Sheriff refused calling the county. Perhaps he was induced to this, by the Colonelcy of the Kildare Militia, and some other good things, becoming vacant by the resignation of the Duke of Leinster. When the other magistrates convened it by their own authority, Mr. Pelham gave them to understand, that the military had orders to disperse the meeting. We suppose the Right Hon. Gentleman did not like the idea of petitioning for a dismissal of ministers, but we know that if the Petition had been presented and complied with, it would have saved many valuable lives.

Mr. Pelham said, in the last Session of Parliament, that a *line must be drawn* to distinguish the friends from the enemies of

Administration;---Quere, could that mean the Orange oath, which certainly breathes much *loyalty*.

Placemen and pensioners resemble the hind feet of four-footed animals: they go through whatever *dirt* the *leading ones* bring them.

No. 9.---TUESDAY, OCTOBER 17.

NOTWITHSTANDING the extraordinary circumstances which occurred in the case of Mr. Orr, to arrest the arm of the law, and rescue the life of a much-esteemed man from what has the appearance of a most flagitious conspiracy, we learn, with deep regret, that he suffered at Carrickfergus on Saturday last.

Since such has been the inavertable fate of Mr. Orr---since such has been the inexorable determination of those who hold the sword of justice in Ireland, what is become of that most sacred principle of coronary discretion, that brightest gem in the Royal diadem---the sacred and awful duty of executing justice with mercy, that revered and invaluable axiom, so long the boast of our jurisprudence---" that it were better *an hundred guilty persons* should escape punishment, than *one innocent man* should suffer"---or what shall we say of a power so concupiscent of victims, that not even the repentant declaration of abused and prejudiced jurors, not even the remorseful acknowledgments of a perjured witness to the falsehood of *his own* testimony, on which the verdict against Mr. Orr reverted---cannot soothe to temperance, to mercy.

From the tyranny and persecution of proud and unfeeling aristocracy---from military outrage, and magisterial oppression, the Irish subject still consoled himself, in the hope of an asylum under the sacred privilege of trial by Jury, and looked for a sanctuary against prejudice and malevolence, even then in the benign and dispassionate exercise of Royal clemency; but after the lamentable fate of Mr. Orr, who will rest on such hopes? Venerated shade of the immortal Camden, can such baleful fruits grow under the auspices of thine house, from that Constitution and these laws which you have so ably taught us to revere.

The following is the *DYING DECLARATION* of Mr. Orr, as it came to us:

TO THE PUBLIC.

My Friends and Countrymen,

IN the thirty-first year of my life, I have been sentenced to die upon the gallows, and this sentence has been in pursuance of a verdict of twelve men, who should have been indifferently and impartially chosen; how far they have been so, I leave to that

country from which they have been chosen, to determine; and how far they have discharged their duty, I leave to their God and to themselves.---They have, in pronouncing their verdict, thought proper to recommend me as an object of humane mercy; in return, I pray to God, if they have erred, to have mercy upon them. The Judge, who condemned me, humanely shed tears in uttering my sentence; but whether he did wisely, in so highly commending the wretched informer who swore away my life, I leave to his own cool reflection, solemnly assuring him and all the world, with my dying breath, that the informer was forsworn. The law under which I suffer, is surely a severe one; may the makers and promoters of it, be justified in the integrity of their motives and the purity of their own lives---by that law, I am stamped a felon, but my heart disdains the imputation. My comfortable lot and industrious course of life, best refute the charge of being an adventurer for plunder: but if to have loved my country, to have known its wrongs, to have felt the injuries of the persecuted Catholics, and to have united with them and all other religious persuasions, in the most orderly and least sanguinary means of procuring redress :---If those be felonies, I am a felon, but not otherwise. Had my counsel (for whose honorable exertions I am indebted) prevailed in their motion to have me tried for High-treason, rather than under the *Insurrection Law*, I should have been intitled then to a full defence, and my actions and intentions have been better vindicated; but that was refused, and I must now submit to what has passed.

To the generous protection of my country, I leave a beloved wife, who has been constant and true to me, and whose grief for my fate has already nearly occasioned her death. I leave five living children, who have been my delight---may they love their Country as I have done, and die for it, if needful.

Lastly, a false and ungenerous publication having appeared in a newspaper stating, certain alledged confessions of guilt on my part, and thus striking at my reputation, which is dearer to me than life, I take this solemn method of contradicting that calumny: I was applied to by the High-Sheriff, and the Rev. William Bristow, Sovereign of Belfast, to make a confession of guilt, who used entreaties to that effect; this I peremptorily refused; did I think myself guilty, I should be free to confess it, but, on the contrary, I glory in my innocence.

I trust, that all my virtuous countrymen will bear me in their kind remembrance, and continue true and faithful to each other, as I have been to all of them. With this last wish of my heart, not doubting of the success of that cause for which I suffer, and hoping for God's merciful forgiveness of such offences as my frail nature may have at any time betrayed me into, I die in peace and charity with all mankind.

WILLIAM ORR.

Carrickfergus Gaol, October 5, 1797.

Extract of a letter from Carrickfergus, October 14.

"The inhabitants of this town, man, woman and child, quit the place this day, rather than be present at the execution of their hapless countryman, Mr. Orr. Some removed to the distance of many miles---scarce a sentence was interchanged during the day, and every face presented a picture of the deepest melancholy, horror and indignation. The military who attended the execution, consisted of several thousand men, horse and foot, with cannon, and a company of artillery---the whole forming a hollow square. To these Mr. Orr read his dying declaration, with a clear, strong, manly tone of voice---and his deportment was firm, unshaken and impressive, to the last instant of his existence. He was a Dissenter, of exemplary morals, and of most industrious habits; and in the characters of husband, father and neighbour, eminently amiable and respected.---The love he bore his country was pure, ardent, and disinterested---spurning all religious distinctions; and his last accents articulated the prophetic hope that Ireland would soon be emancipated."

The United Irishmen are every where hooted down by the hacks and runners of administration, with all the rancour of political fanaticism---while the Orange men---who have solemnly sworn to exterminate his Majesty's Roman Catholic subjects---are the only persons protected and cherished by the English cabinet.---If then any branch of his Majesty's oppressed subjects in Ireland, are driven to seek foreign protection---who is to blame? the oppressed, or the oppressor?

The union of Irishmen for the common good of their common country, and a brotherly and benevolent resistance to schemes of the British cabinet, to perpetuate animosities and divisions in this ill-fated country---is a sin not to be forgiven by that cabinet.

The United Irishmen recommended to each other temperance---patience---peace---and non-resistance!---heinous crimes!---they do not wish for reform or emancipation, because they never asked for any such thing---no! no! this is a little odd. But what is the conspiracy? a conspiracy of truth against falsehood; a conspiracy of peace and liberty against war and slavery; a conspiracy of love and national union against cruel oppression, inhumanity, and vice! and we will say farther, if the King and his people do not unite or conspire, (call it by what name you please) against the mad, wicked, blood-thirsty ministers, who have conspired against both, God can only tell how soon the people will lose their beloved King---or he his faithful, but wretched people.

We have in a former paper mentioned, that attempts were made by persons high in rank and office in this country, to form societies in this kingdom, under the appellation of Orangemen, the members of which were bound to each other by an atrocious oath. In

this we were contradicted, and the silence of Presses which were once patriotic, gives us up for the assertion. In the cause of our country and truth, we are not ashamed to stand alone. That such societies do exist, we have indubitable proof. The following is a copy of the obligation by which this base brotherhood is joined together:

ORANGEMAN's OATH.

I, A. B. do hereby swear, that I will be true to the King and Government, and that I will *exterminate, as far as I am able, the Catholics of Ireland.*

Let this be contrasted with the United Irishman's oath, as taken from the Report of the Secret Committee, and the People of England will easily see who are the real traitors to their country, although there are no Orangemen hanged or sent to gaol;

T E S T.

In the awful presence of God, I, A. B. do voluntarily declare, that I will persevere in endeavouring to form a brotherhood of affection among Irishmen of *every* religious persuasion; and that I will also persevere in my endeavours to obtain an equal, full and adequate representation of *all* the people of Ireland.

I do further declare, that neither hopes, fears, rewards or punishments, shall ever induce me, directly or indirectly, to inform on or give evidence against any member or members of this or similar societies, for any act or expression of theirs, done or made collectively or individually, in or out of this society, in pursuance of the spirit of this obligation.

No. 10.---THURSDAY, OCTOBER 19.

EXACT STATEMENT

OF THE

TRIAL OF MR. ORR.

Taken down by an eminent Stenographer.

THE public has heard much, for some time past, of the sentence upon Mr. Orr; several detailed accounts have been given of his trial, and of the circumstances attending it, all of them in some respects erroneous. The objections that were made to his condemnation, in point of law, had, in the opinion of many persons, considerable force; it is however certain, that in the opinion of the very able Court that presided at his trial, they had little or no weight. There were also some circumstances, of a very peculiar and extraordinary nature, attending his conviction, which many persons have thought, if they were not of such a nature as to prevent

sentence of death from being passed upon him, ought to have prevented that sentence from being carried into execution. It is, however, now very certain, that the humane and enlightened nobleman who is entrusted with the prerogative of the Crown in this country, has, after much consideration, thought otherwise. It will not, we think, be unacceptable to our readers, to be presented with as faithful a summary as we have been able to collect of that trial, and particularly of the legal objections that were offered to the Court, during the course of it, and in arrest of judgment.

Mr. Orr was indicted upon the statute of the 36th year of the present King, commonly called the Insurrection-act, for having feloniously administered an oath to a man of the name of Wheatly, not to divulge the secrets of a certain society, then and there (that is at a certain time and place specified in the indictment) formed; and also for having feloniously administered an oath to the same Wheatly, not to disclose the secrets of a certain society or brotherhood, formed under the name of United Irishmen, for seditious purposes.

Wheatly was the first witness, and the substance of his evidence was, that he was a soldier in a fencible regiment; that he was conducted to the house of the prisoner; that the prisoner thereupon immediately sent out, and summoned a meeting of persons, who forthwith assembled at his house, and formed a committee, of which the prisoner acted as President; that the prisoner administered an oath to be true to the brotherhood, and to keep their secrets in defiance of hope, or fear, or reward, or even death itself; that the prisoner informed him that the object of the society was, to put an end to religious differences---to restore the liberty of the country---to effect a parliamentary reform, if possible by fair means, if not by force; that the committee proceeded to debate on the resolution of joining the French when they should land---of providing arms for that purpose---some of which arms they shewed to the witness---and of totally subverting by force of arms the Constitution now established; that at the same time they shewed a deep well to the witness, and asked him whether that would not be a nice place for the aristocrats.

One other witness, he also a soldier in the same regiment, swore to the administering the oath by the prisoner; but had no recollection of the substance of it, nor of any thing particular that had passed at that committee. This was the whole substance of the evidence on the part of the prosecution.

The Counsel for the prisoner (Mr. Curran and Mr. Sampson), contended that the Jury should be discharged of the indictment, or that they should be directed to acquit the prisoner. In support of this objection it was said, that the testimony of the informer must be supposed to be true---and if it was true, the guilt which it proved was not a crime of felony under the Insurrection act, but a crime of high treason under the statute of Edward III. To meet deliberately, and resolve upon arming and joining an invading enemy, in the subversion

of the Constitution, might not perhaps be an overt-act of compassing the King's death; but it was clearly an overt-act of levying war within the twenty-fifth of Edward III.---This no lawyer could controvert; the charge was therefore a charge of high treason, for which the prisoner could not legally be tried under this form of indictment. A man charged with high treason in Great Britain, has advantages of defence which makes it almost impossible for an innocent man to fall a victim to the mere malice of persecution; he must have a copy of the indictment---the overt-acts must be expressly charged; the blasted breath of one venal informer cannot destroy him. In that country there must be two witnesses at the least. Even in Ireland, where life does not seem to be of so much value, the man accused of treason has advantages peculiar to his situation; he is entitled to an exact copy of his charge, and a full defence by his Counsel in point of law and in fact. The State must avow itself as the prosecutor---it cannot wage a piratical war against his life, under false colours; and if it prosecutes him maliciously, he is authorized by his Counsel to display every circumstance of his case to his Jury, and of appealing to every sense of their duty, their justice, their humanity, and their danger for his protection. To try him, therefore, under this act, which gave him none of those advantages, was to try him without hearing him, and was an oppression unwarranted by the law of the land. This objection, it was said, might appear at first sight to be novel and hazardous. As to its novelty, it was the first time that such a proceeding was ever attempted, and the objection to it must be therefore new. It might certainly be thought desperate to seek a refuge from a charge of felony, under the law of treason---and it was only to be lamented, that the melancholy state of the country so fully justified such a conduct.

Lord Yelverton and Judge Chamberlain over-ruled the objection; whereupon a man of the name of M'Claverty was called by the prisoner, who contradicted expressly some parts of the evidence which Wheatly had given upon his cross-examination---in order thereby to impeach his credit. Two or three other persons were also examined for the same purpose.

The Court summed up the evidence minutely, and left the consideration of the credit due to the witnesses entirely to the Jury---who retired about six in the evening to consider of their verdict.---About seven the Court adjourned. The Jury sat up all night. About six in the morning the Court was opened by Lord Yelverton solely---and as we are informed, the Jury then required to know whether they might not find some qualified verdict, of the prisoner's having administered an unlawful oath, which should not affect the life of the prisoner.

Lord Yelverton, as we are informed, directed them that they must find a general verdict of guilty or not guilty. We ought to mention in this place, that whether this was the precise answer

which his Lordship gave, or whether he accompanied it with any and what observations, we cannot presume to state with certainty, as there was no gentleman of the law present in court at that early hour. The jury again retired, and in some short time returned with a verdict of guilty, but recommended the prisoner to mercy. Lord Yelverton told them that he would transmit their recommendation to government, but that he could promise nothing as to its success. During the whole of the trial the silence and anxiety of a crowded audience were singularly solemn and striking; the general character of the prisoner, his numerous family, the great beauty and manliness of his person, and the quiet fortitude which he displayed, when contrasted with his accusers, seemed to excite a general interest in his favour.

On the next day Mr. Orr was brought into court to receive sentence, and his counsel then made a motion in arrest of judgment, which he supported upon nearly the following grounds; the indictment he said was utterly vague and uncertain; he cited Hawkins's Pleas of the Crown, second vol. p. 320.

To shew that in all indictments, the special manner of the whole fact ought to be set forth with such certainty, that it may judicially appear to the court, that the indictors have not gone upon insufficient premises, he also cited the following passage from the same book, p. 35. 4. " neither doth it seem to be always sufficient to " pursue the very words of the statute, unless by so doing, you " fully, directly, and expressly alledge the fact, in the doing or " not doing whereof the offence consists, without any the least " uncertainty or ambiguity; for it hath been adjudged, that an " indictment for perjury on 5 Eliz. c. 9. setting forth, that the " defendant *tacto per se sacro Evangelio falso deposuit, &c.* is not " good, without directly shewing that he was sworn. Also it hath " been adjudged, that an information on the 18 Hen. 6. c. 17. for " not abating so much of the price of wine sold, as the vessels " wanted of the statute measure, is insufficient, if it do not ex- " pressly shew how much they wanted. Also it is said that an in- " dictment on the statute of usury, setting forth that the defen- " dant took more than five in the hundred, is not good, without " shewing in particular how much." He insisted, that another known principle of law was, that a jury, whether grand or petit, could answer only to questions of fact, and that the court was to answer to questions of law; the question therefore he said was, whether within those rules the present indictment was sufficient, and whether if the prisoner had demanded or pleaded guilty, the court could pronounce judgment upon it; to examine this, he said, it was indispensably necessary to consider that the offence within the statute, upon which the present indictment was framed, was a compound offence, consisting of the administering an oath without authority, which is a misdemeanour at common law, and consisting also of the additional circumstance here charged, of its being an

oath not to divulge or discover the secrets of a certain society formed, as the indictment alledges it, for seditious purposes; the former part, namely the mere administering an oath, could not be an offence within this statute, for then the administering the obligation of a friendly brother, or free-mason, would be a capital felony, within this act, which the court had expressly denied, and which no man could be so absurd as to assert; the fact therefore which could alone touch the life of the prisoner, was whether the society in question was a society formed for seditious purposes; what he asked, was a purpose? it might be a design good or bad already executed, or intended to be executed; but what was a seditious purpose? to answer this, it must be asked what is sedition? as a description of an offence he relied upon it, that no lawyer could, in the abstract, answer what it was.

If any man doubted this, let him suppose a person indicted for being a seditious man, for doing a seditious act, or for engaging in a seditious purpose, without stating more; could any court of law know what sentence to pronounce upon him? Now, said he, if to alledge that a man was engaged in a seditious purpose, is void, because of uncertainty, so to alledge that a society was formed for seditious purposes, is equally uncertain; but it might be said, that the indictment pursues the statute; but it might be said, the grand jury found that the purposes were seditious: his answer to that was, whether the purposes were seditious or not, was the very point upon which the life of his client turned, which the grand jury can find only as a matter of fact, that is, by stating what the purposes were, and not as a matter of law, to which they were incompetent to answer; they should have found that it was a society formed for seditious purposes, and should have gone on and stated what those purposes were in point of fact, in order that the court might, according to the language of the book, determine whether the indictors had or had not gone upon sufficient premises; instead of doing so, as they should have done, they had utterly suppressed the fact, and had given their opinion of its legal criminality by a term which no lawyer can understand, as the abstract for sedition may be applicable to words or to acts. Now, continued he, give me leave to ask your lordships, is the purpose stated a seditious one? I will admit that ten thousand purposes may be seditious, and I will require in return, to have it admitted to me, that there may be only one purpose not seditious. I ask how does it appear to the court on the indictment, that the grand jury have not given the epithet of seditious to that one only purpose to which it is not applicable; I say therefore, that you can pronounce no judgment upon this indictment, unless you found your judgment upon a conclusion in matter of law, made by a grand jury, which conclusion it is not competent for them to make; and unless you also make that conclusion a ground upon which

you may intend a matter of fact, which a court of law cannot do in any criminal case whatever.

He then cited the following passage from Hawkins, 2d vol. 320. as an illustration of his reasoning: "An indictment finding that a person hath feloniously broken prison, without shewing the cause of his imprisonment, &c. by which it may appear, that it was of such a nature, that the breaking might amount to felony, is insufficient." This case he insisted was directly in the point; it was a compound offence, first a breach of prison, and next a breach of prison by a person charged with a felony, in which it is not enough that a grand jury shall say it was a felonious breaking, because that would be answering to a question of law, but they must set out the fact, namely what the offence was, in order that the court may see whether they have found upon sufficient premises. So here, he said, he relied upon it, that the grand jury should have found distinctly what the purpose was, in order that the court might judge whether it was seditious or not. Upon a former occasion, he said, he had heard this objection answered, by saying that the grand jury had found, that the oath was maliciously administered, but this answer he said was certainly refuted by the case he had just cited, which shews that a general averment, that a fact was of a particular nature or quality, is not sufficient in an indictment, without the finding of the very fact itself. May I be permitted, said he, having appealed to the written law, to appeal less technically to the common sense and reason of mankind. What is the statute on which you are deciding? An act made on the spur of the occasion, creating crimes and punishments heretofore unknown to our law; should it not therefore be construed with the utmost possible strictness?" But what is the indictment itself? It is a charge made by a grand jury of country gentlemen, who are selected by a sheriff, who is nominated by the crown, which prosecutes, and at a moment when the question of parliamentary reform has shaken the tranquillity of this country to its centre. Is it extravagant to suppose that such a jury might consider any union of men for effecting a reform as seditious? give me leave to ask how it appears from this indictment, that a mere parliamentary reform, was not the seditious purpose which the grand jury has in this case thought proper to present? He next proceeded to submit to the court, that the act itself was not in force; and first, he cited the authority of Hale and Hawkins, to shew that if an offence be committed against a statute, which statute is afterwards repealed, no proceedings can be had against the offender; and he contended that there was no distinction between a statute repealed, and a statute expired; they were equally the existing law, as long as they were in being, and the principle he said was applicable to both cases, namely, that the execution of all laws, is not for the sake of vengeance, but for the sake of prevention and example, which are equally inapplicable to a statute expired, as to a statute

repealed. The mind of the judge, he said, is the repository of the law that does exist, not of the law that did exist; nor does the mercy and justice of our law, know of so disgraceful an office as a judge becoming a sort of administrator to a dead statute, and collecting the debts of blood that were due to it in its lifetime. The single question therefore, he said, was whether the act in question was then actually expired or not, and this question turned upon the construction of the last section of the act, which says, " this act shall be in force until the first day of January, 1797, and to the end of the next session of Parliament, and no longer." This act, said he, was passed in March, 1796, and was avowedly a mere experimental statute, deeply trenching upon the known principles of jurisprudence, and avowedly not intended to be permanent law; the construction therefore that abridges it, is a construction in its own spirit, and I trust I may be allowed to say that the most humane and rational of its provisions is that by which it provides for the shortness of its own duration; the words " next session" therefore have inference to the session in which it was passed, and mean the session which expired with the dissolution of the last parliament; it was clear, he said, that " next session" could not mean the session next after the first of January, 1797; had that been the meaning, it would have been expressed in the ordinary way, by adding the verb of time " then," which would have fixed the relation of the words " next session" to the first of January, 1797; suppose, he said, the legislature had been asked in March 1796, how long is the statute to be in force? would it not have answered, until the end of the session after the present? had it been asked when that next session was likely to begin and to end, would it not have been answered, the parliament for years past has met about the twentieth of January, the next session will therefore begin about that time, and will end early in the summer; it was therefore, he said, clear, that the full term assigned to this act, in the idea of the legislature itself, was expired; but what is it, said he, that gives even a colour for contending that it is yet in force? The extraordinary and unforeseen meeting of our parliament in October last; the question is therefore simply, whether a law of blood is to be kept alive by a construction founded merely upon such an event? Let it be remembered, said he, that I am not arguing in a civil case, in which a Judge may conjecture, this is a criminal case, in which a reasonable doubt ought to stop the Judge and save the prisoner. The court declared, that they did not think the objections valid, and therefore refused to arrest the judgment; shortly after, and before Mr. Orr was remanded, his counsel stated, that a most extraordinary event had just come to their knowledge, and which they thought it their duty to apprize the court of; two of the jurors had made an affidavit, stating, that on the night of the trial, a considerable quantity of spirituous liquor was conveyed into the jury-room, and drank by the jury,

many of whom were greatly intoxicated, and threatened the two jurors who made the affidavit, and who admitted themselves also to have been in a state of intoxication, to prosecute them as *United Irishmen*, if they did not concur in a verdict of *guilty;* and that at length, worn out by fatigue and drink, and subdued by menaces, they did, contrary to their judgment, concur in that verdict:---here the counsel were interrupted by Mr. Justice Chamberlain, who declared that such a statement ought not to be permitted; that it was evidently calculated to throw a discredit upon the verdict, and could not be the foundation of any motion to the court. The counsel said, that they did not mean to make it the ground of a motion; that they did intend, had the court permitted it, to move that the jury should be punished for their misconduct; that as to discrediting the verdict, if such misconduct of the jury could discredit it, it was only justice to the public and to the prisoner that it should be discredited; that as to themselves they had discharged their duty, to the best of their judgment, and submitted. Mr. Orr was then remanded; and on the next day he was again brought up, when Lord Yelverton in a very solemn and pathetic manner pronounced sentence of death upon him; during the latter part of it, his Lordship's voice was scarcely articulate, and at the close of it he burst into tears!---Mr. Orr (immediately after sentence) begged leave to say a few words: My Lord, said he, that jury has convicted me of being a felon; my own heart tells me that their conviction is a falsehood, and that I am not a felon; if they have found me so, improperly, it is worse for them than for me---for I can forgive them. I wish to say only one word more, and that is, to declare upon this awful occasion, and in the presence of God, that the evidence against me was grossly perjured, grossly and wickedly perjured.

FOR THE PRESS.

"*Ours are the plans of* Policy *and* Peace."

I AM not astonished that men of reflection and experience have not, at this momentous period, when the civilized world is convulsed, and likely to be subverted, employed their talents for the improvement and direction of the public mind. Perhaps their supineness or criminal indifference, proceeds from a conviction of the inefficacy of literary efforts. Perhaps they suppose the public mind so degenerated and corrupted, as to be uninfluenced by the dictates of wisdom, or the sentiments of virtue. I entreat them not to confound the public with the interested few. The mind of the middle class of this country is still unadulterated, capable as the wise Creator intended, of relishing the deductions of reason and the impressions of virtue. Pecuniary corruption and the dissolute

refinements of luxury, have not debased their principles or relaxed their energy. They are capable of feeling and acting. Our present Secretary might receive from a shop-keeper or farmer in the *North*, maxims of political wisdom and conventional compact which have received the sanction of Locke and Montesquieu. This distinction should rouse quiescent talent.

The writer of this essay is overpowered with awful reflections. The unexampled predicament of this country, portends a dreadful catastrophe; may God avert it! but may freedom direct a retrogade movement. I wish with the hallowed wish, that dissentions may be composed, and convulsions obviated; I write in the fear of *Him* who knows the springs and latent recesses of the heart; I appeal to the wisdom and integrity of my country; I wish my countrymen to act on principles which have the sanction of God and man; I wish them to be enthusiasts in a generous cause. The exertions that were made during the American war by this country, and the concessions or immunities of England, are well known. Since that time, the administrations of this country have assumed a new mode of government Military establishments have been augmented to an extent that will hereafter be almost incredible. The creations and divisions of offices and sinecures have been multiplied so as to embrace, in their luxurious shades, the oldest and youngest sons of great families. A family of revenue hirelings have been able to defeat the wishes and desires of the great body of the people. The shameful versatility of our House of Commons, is notorious in Europe. Whence these things? I will tell you: we are governed by English influence; an Irish parliament does not convey the sense of the Irish people to the throne---Lord Fitzwilliam had a majority, Lord Camden has a great majority, yet they professedly set out on opposite principles---to concede to the wishes of the people, was the object of the one; to persevere in the old track, the injunction of the other. Are there no fixed principles for the conduct of government? are the people to be dragooned and punished, because their principles will not admit of contrarieties? But let us adhere to close argument, let us canvass the policy, the state necessity, the equity and justice of those objects which are so vehemently desired by the united voice of the people. Catholic emancipation, from its magnitude, claims precedence. It is a melancholy reflection to a philosophical mind, that the perversion of the mild and lenient spirit of Christianity, should occasion greater destruction of society, greater effusion of blood, than the various rites and incompatible attributes of Polytheism; that the disciples of Christ are more intolerant than the votaries of Mars and Apollo, wisdom and ferocity; that more lives should have been sacrificed to ideal distinctions and external observances, by Christians themselves, after the perfect establishment of Christianity, than by Heathen Emperors, who were engaged by prejudice and habit to preserve inviolable the temples, altars and images of their Gods.

Who would not have coincided with the elegant Lactantius, when he assured the great Constantine that the establishment of Christianity would diffuse a social sympathy, subdue our passions, and extinguish dissensions among men who worshipped *one and the same God?* Oh! Lactantius, if you could revisit the Christian world, you would find the very reverse of your predictions---the healing words of the Gospel perverted into badges of distinction and persecution; that very religion made the pretext for political disqualification---(surely the Irish Catholic's native country is his purgatory)---men who call themselves the ministers of Christ, by their paraphrases, explanations and illustrations of certain mysterious parts of Revelation, defeating their moral and practical utility; the proselytes of Christ soliciting temporal dominion, a bishopric courted for its revenue, and a curacy despised for its drudgery---Oh, history! Oh, etymology!

I have been hurried by my feelings into a digression. I shall, in a series of letters, if this be well received, endeavour to exhibit principles, for the practical assertion of which, Irishmen should effuse the last drop of their blood.

AN IRISHMAN.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE PRESS.

SIR,

WHOEVER has paid the least attention to the history of the human mind, must have observed how easily false propositions pass current in the world, through the ignorance, the indolence, the prejudices, and the passions of mankind; and did not every day's experience afford melancholy proof of the powerful effect of these causes, in debasing the understanding and corrupting the heart, every day's experience must excite new astonishment at the confidence with which the grossest errors, essentially affecting the dearest concerns of life, are propagated by men whose interest it is to deceive. This reflection is naturally suggested by the present state of this deeply injured and much calumniated country. When the friend of humanity deplores the dreadful oppressions of a furious and sanguinary government, his feelings are not unfrequently wounded by the observation, that the people have brought all their sufferings on themselves. This monstrous assertion has been impudently advanced, and industriously circulated by our oppressors; and it is every day received without examination, and repeated without remorse, by the thoughtless, the indolent, the weak, and the timid. Knavery invents what credulity believes and propagates; but even credulity must be fed with specious falsehood---and therefore, in support of this calumny against a nation, an appeal is confidently made to recent and partial combinations, and to recent and partial

excesses. Thus the very effect of oppression is audaciously assigned a sa cause for reiterated persecution. This is cruelty torturing its wretched victims to madness, and then justifying the repetition of torment, by the phrensy which it has produced.

While despotism is thus active in diffusing its deceptions, the advocate of liberty and of truth cannot too frequently insist on the real state of facts. Whence have arisen the miseries of Ireland? They have arisen from the perfidy of those who ought to have been the guardians of her happiness; from the perfidy of men who betrayed the most sacred of all trusts, the deposit of a people's rights---exhibiting the most barefaced contradiction, ever displayed in the page of history---a representative assembly professing to derive all its power from the will of the people, and yet evincing a marked contempt for the most unequivocal expressions of that will. This was a refinement in treachery, which formed a new epoch in the annals of deception. The government of imperial Rome openly declared, "*quod principi placuit legis habit vigorem.*" Here was tyranny, but no hypocrisy. The Romans were then slaves, and they were told so. But the men of Ireland were mocked, while they were betrayed. Laws said to be made with their consent, were in fact enacted by an authority, which sacrificed their interest, and despised their sentiments. This was not only an outrage to their rights, but an insult to their understandings. A people said to be represented in a popular assembly, which laughed at the public voice, was a fraud too gross to be endured. The fallacy required only to be stated in order to be exposed.

The people saw at once the disease and the remedy. They wished (the wish was not an unnatural one) to save themselves, and their posterity from the greatest curse, which can afflict the human race---slavery. They ventured to explain the nature of the malady, and humbly to suggest the means of life. Their remonstrances were treated with contempt, and their right to apply the law of self-preservation denied; the right not merely of exercising the prerogative of reason, but of following the instincts of nature. What followed? a system of legislative coercion silencing the voice of truth, and torturing agonized nature into excess---accompanied and supported by a secret hell-bred policy of subtile and malignant influence, poisoning the fountain of benevolence, by whose pure and salutary waters the wounds of religious bigotry were healed: but even laws, the most penal, were found inadequate to chastise the presumption of men, who felt that they were slaves, and who wished to be free. What followed next? A system of arbitrary extermination, of summary proscription, of military execution. A system, which its inventers, for once laying aside the language of dissimulation, have boldly characterised as a vigor beyond law. It is indeed a system, which mocks all law human and divine. A system, which banishes all the charities of life, and dissolves all the sympathies of nature. Which

bursts the ties of society asunder, by giving a license to power to prey upon weakness. It is a system, which has made the rich man's palace the mansion of distrust, and the poor man's hovel the habitation of despair. It is a system, which has confounded all the distinctions of morals, insomuch that the mere absence of cruelty is now celebrated as virtue, and the gratitude of a persecuted people bestows on the want of malignity the praise of beneficence. The definition of humanity has become negative, and the description of a merciful man, that he is not a monster. The barbarities of a soldiery excite not our surprise; blood is their trade; they live by it. But have we not also seen the shepherds of the flock of Christ, transformed into ravenous wolves, spreading terror and desolation. Indeed, we can never sufficiently deplore the effects, which the policy of our rulers has produced on certain descriptions of men in the community. It has addressed itself to some of the worst passions of the human breast, to pride, avarice and fear. The proud man has been taught to tremble for his titles, the avaricious man for his wealth, and the timid man for his life. And thus the most ignoble and relentless passions have been engaged in support of a system of murderous persecution. It is astonishing to think how numbers by this artifice have been abused into the belief that profligate men, in supporting their own aggrandizement, and silencing the justice of a nation, have been only consulting the preservation of social order and public peace. The plain truth is this. A reform in the representation of the people would be to these men a complete revolution. By reform, they must lose the privilege of sacrificing the interests of Ireland to the interests of Britain, and the emoluments annexed to that privilege. By reform, the British minister must lose the privilege of governing as a subject province a country, on the face of which nature with a bold hand has traced the outlines of independence. By reform, Ireland must become free, powerful, and happy.

But the freedom, the power, and the happiness of Ireland demand the sacrifice of the interest of a few, who have risen by her abasement, and who have fattened by her impoverishment. This sacrifice would be to these men a complete Revolution --and to repel this Revolution from themselves they have hazarded a revolution in a kingdom; they have convulsed a people, and they have shaken a throne. There is no animal so savage as the man, who having been long accustomed to indulge bad passions without restraint, feels himself in danger of losing the means of administering to their gratifications. As long as his vices are pampered, without resistance or reproof, he is gross, but he is tame. But when indignant nature rises against the monster, he becomes furious and consuming; he would annihilate a nation, rather than relinquish an indulgence. Such are the men, who in this country abuse their Prince, and persecute his people. Too long has this Prince been deluded by

their artifices, too long have the people been victims of their vengeance; will not the prince and the people unite in punishing their crimes?

ENERGETES.

THE circumstance of *Military gallantry*, which occurred a few days since at Kilcock, where the son and daughter of a respectable family (and what if it had been the family of the poorest peasant!) were dragged from the dwelling of their parents, under a false or pretended charge of sedition, by the doughty authority of a doughty *Subaltern* in a *Scotch regiment*, to the common guard house, where the chastity of an innocent virgin was forcibly violated in the presence of her bound, gagged and agonized brother, is a tolerable specimen of what the people of Ireland are to expect at the hands of their *Scotch protectors*. 'Tis but t'other day---the *Mid-lothian Fencibles* put forth a public advertisement, challenging the country, and threatening mutilation and massacre to all who would dare oppose them.---Alas! poor insulted Ireland, like the enfeebled Lion in the fable, even the dull Ass may fling his heels in your face with impunity.

Several persons of distinction are emigrating to England for the winter, all our great people are afraid of the long nights, few cabins remain to make bonefires of, and their humanity could not bear to see the miserable inhabitants perishing with cold for the preservation of our excellent constitution.

If, after what the country has already seen and woefully experienced, *any enormity* in the ruling system *could* excite popular astonishment, the flagitious persistency of Faulkner's Journal, to *murder* the fair fame of the martyred Mr. Orr, after his life has been taken away---in a manner this country cannot forget---could not fail to astonish.

That a newspaper, bribed with the enormous peculation of *three thousand pounds* a year, fleeced from a cheated country, should attempt to palliate the crimes---varnish the vices---and justify the strides of a profligate junto---is not wonderful. The pay-masters of Faulkner's Journal, the doers of that print, and the daily task it has formerly evinced of libelling the people of Ireland, and seeking to divide them by slanderouly abusing one half, and stimulating against them the fanatical prejudices of the other, are things too notorious and too flagrant to escape public cognizance, and too detestable to meet public credit or public confidence.

On the villainous attack of that Journal upon the posthumous fame of the devoted victim *Orr!* let the last dying declaration of that virtuous man, as published in our last, flash refutation and damning contempt.---Let those who would now endeavour to mitigate the pangs of conscience, by stabbing the character after

they have destroyed the life of a virtuous citizen---read *that* declaration, and deprecate if they will, the vengeance of Heaven due to their crimes. But neither the *crocodile tears* of a ***, nor the corrupt panegyric or flagitious misprisons of a prostitute newspaper, will blot out the sin, or out-plead before "Heaven's chancery," the cries of the widow and the orphans.

The character of *Baron Yelverton* is lugged in amongst the justifications of Mr. *Orr*'s sentence and catastrophe. Baron *Yelverton*, in passing the sentence, immediately after conviction, merely complied with the form of the act of parliament. But what is to contravene the impeachment of a part of the very jury on their own verdict?---or what is to stand against the remorseful declaration of the principal witness against his own testimony? Neither the jury, whose names we have given, nor the evidence, who like another Judas, remorsefully confest his own guilt, have come forward to support the assertions of Faulkner's Journal.

Against the probability of Mr. *Orr*'s guilt, on the charge to which he has fallen a victim, stood his own character and conduct in every relative duty of life.---As a citizen---as a son---as a husband---as a father---as a neighbour---as a friend---universally beloved and respected in his native country. He was a man too of sound understanding and discernment; and that *such* a man, whatever might have been his political principles---after having seen so many lives forfeited to *Military execution* and *Military evidence*, would have been so foolishly unguarded, as to tamper with the *refined loyalty* and *nice honour* of a *common soldier*, is a circumstance not easy of credit with any rational being.

But it is not wonderful, that the eminent respectability of Mr. *Orr's* character, should render him the more eligible as a victim to that junto, with whom liberality of sentiment is a prescribed crime, and love of country the blackest treason.

Extract of a Letter from Carrickfergus.

"While the fate of the unfortunate Mr. Orr was undecided, the public seemed sunk in silent and torpid suspence, but the moment he was no more, an universal sentiment of grief, and horror and execration resounded from every tongue. One would suppose this wretched people had not been sufficiently familiarized to murder, to burning, to rape, to military massacre, to arbitrary captivity, and to arbitrary banishment; one would think they had ceased to feel for their wretched kindred, their fathers, brothers, husbands, sons, who are now rotting in jails, or packed up like cargoes of Negroes---God knows for what market, or how they may be summarily disposed of on the way. Strange as it may appear, the very soldiery from whom they shrunk as a set of Crusaders, sent for the purposes of butchery and rapine, or, as it was well expressed by Lord Ancram's fencibles, who said they

would shew 'that they were not come here to be trifled with,' has acquired a sort of comparative popularity."

We are not at all surprized at the above communication---The very same sensation has reached and is felt in the capital; there is nothing new in it, when tyranny and folly were preparing the way for the Revolution, by shewing that there remained no other hope of salvation---the circuit of Jefferies and his juries, impressed more terror than the ravages of Kirk and his lambs; that *feeling* Judge was observed to *weep* when he passed sentence on Mrs. Lisle---when he returned from his celebrated expedition, he was covered with honors by the gratitude of his Royal Master; he was gratified too with the execution of that unfortunate woman---the good King having made a solemn promise to Jefferies that she should not be spared, and no doubt he would have been rewarded with *titles* and with *reversions*, if the prompter feelings of the populace had not given him a bright reversion in the sky; at this crisis so full of horror, we have a consolation in thinking that certain atrocities can live only till they are understood, they are hideous spectres which vanish with the morning; the mere executions of military force, terrible as they are, go no farther than the branches, and may be endured, but the blow that is levelled at the root of society is a warning to mankind, that if they do not awake they must sleep for ever; there is no alternative between liberty and destruction, and if they are too abject to claim freedom as a right, they must fly to it as a refuge.

ODE TO LIBERTY.

O! parent of the sacred fire,
The ardent thought, the high desire;
Which er'st in earliest Greece could raise
Her sons to deeds of deathless praise,
Deign, though late, on Erin's isle
O! deign, celestial maid, to smile.
Nature, with a lib'ral hand,
For independence form'd the land:
Open'd wide her Western shores
To the Atlantic's various stores;
Gave the river, broad and deep,
Which with bold, majestic sweep,
Urges on his stately course,
And seems to scorn his humble source;
Gave the Mine's exhaustless ore,
And yellow Cere's golden store;
A climate, from whose temp'rate breath
The poisonous reptile draws in death;

And then all other gifts combin'd,
In the deep riches of the mind;
A people hardy, gen'rous, brave,
Could Nature thus disguise the slave?
She, with a bold and lib'ral hand,
For Independence form'd the land;
But, O!——a sister's jealous eye
Soon marked her rising destiny.
Mark'd with an envious sister's pain,
A younger sister's rival reign.
In dark design, and covert ill,
Too long has Erin mourn'd her skill,
Her power too long has Erin known,
O! when shall Erin claim her own,
Assert her rights, and rise confest,
The future mistress of the West?
Deign, tho' late, on Erin's isle
O! deign, celestial maid, to smile;
And her long lost sons inspire
With thy heart-enobling fire.
High, O! high, with sudden heat,
Bid each kindling bosom beat;
Quick thro' all the thrilling frame,
Let the sacred, mystic flame,
With pervading influence fly,
And light the magic of the eye;
Whence, more swift than glancing thought,
The glowing, hallow'd zeal is caught;
Which, with impulse strong, yet fine,
Enkindles energies divine;
Refines the sense, exalts the soul
Beyond self-interest's base controul.
Thro' heated millions swift it flies,
Each Tyrant's heart within him dies.
Nature now vindicates her own,
And despotism's ebon throne,
Smote by the powerful spell,
Sinks to the lowest depths of Hell;
Whence cloath'd in night, it er'st had risen:
Lo! white-robed Peace descends from Heaven;
On Earth she comes, to dwell with thee,
O! friend of man, sweet Liberty.
Hark! I hear a rapturous strain,
I see, I see her Angel train;
The virtues, which exalt the mind,
And the mild charities, which bind
Man to man in Union sweet;
In blest harmony they meet;

No more the deadly war to wage,
Kindled by Tyrant's wanton rage;
No more by bigot fury torn,
That demon dire, of Hell first born,
Which stains Religion's garb with blood,
And murders man to honor God.
Too long, alas! in Erin's land,
Does the fell monster take his stand;
And brother against brother arm.
O! Liberty, put forth thy charm;
Make his impious acts to cease,
Dread enemy of Erin's peace!
O! teach her children to be wise,
Their strength alone in *UNION* lies.

Z.

No. 11.---SATURDAY, OCTOBER 21.

WILLIAM CAXON's THIRD LETTER.
TO THE MEN OF IRELAND.
ON AN UNION.

Nati imperio, servitutem toleratis.

SALLUST.

MY FELLOW COUNTRYMEN,

TO apologize for addressing you, I leave to those who feel apology necessary. I would be a traitor to my country, and an enemy to myself, if I did not endeavour to rouze your attention, when your dearest interests are at stake, and every thing valuable to man in danger of being wrested from you. I do not flatter myself with being able to point out all your danger.---I cannot detect ALL the plots, or unmask ALL the batteries of the enemy. It will be sufficient if I convince you there is danger, and induce you to examine where it lies. I invoke you, by the manes of Swift, who once saved your country from the machinations of an English Minister---I beseech you, by the beloved name of a Lucas, whose memory the gratitude of his fellow-citizens has eternized in the hearts of his country---I call on you, in the sacred name of God, to imitate the conduct of a Swift and a Lucas, and boldly resist the oppression that would grind you to the stone---shew but your will; the cause of the people is the cause of God---exert but your power, and you must prevail. The persecution of a Swift and a Lucas, did not prevent their attaining those rights for which they

so nobly contended; and shall an English Minister, and he too the weakest and wickedest who ever cursed a country by his rule---shall he rob you of your liberties---render you Helots to a Spartan rod of iron---strip you of your imperial independent crown, and make you the poor pillaged province of a Carthage, or a Rome? Forbid it the genius of Ireland, the generous nature of this insulted island.

Ye Yeomen of the land, ye protecting guardians of your country, never forget you are Irishmen, never forget the illustrious Volunteers, who made Ireland a *Country*---while we have life, let us swear on the altar of our country, to hand down to our children, Ireland an independent imperial kingdom. *I denounce an Union.* I need not tell you it is the darling object of an English Government---I need not tell you it was by them attempted in 1787, and that they had a despicable majority of purchased slaves. They durst not, they dared not, with all their power and their wealth, force it on a brave and unbought people. It still continues the *chef d'ouvre* of Pitt's machievalian policy; and if he obtains it, he thinks it the saving clause. He believes it will atone in the eyes of his countrymen, for the millions he has wasted; the thousands he has murdered. I believe he will not dare attempt it until a peace; he knows the attempt during the war, would be holding out a bounty for an invasion. The conclusion of the peace would be the instant moment for the execution of his plan. A horde of foreign troops swarm through the country---the people are disarmed---and what impediment it will meet from the Parliament, let those say who think this Parliament less obsequious than the last. To the two Houses of Parliament, it holds out the strong temptation of enjoying the honours and pleasures of legislation in a more opulent, civilized, and luxurious country; the pleasures of a Court, and the first capital of the world, what man of fortune will resist. We are not ignorant that many of our nobles prefer being members of the Commons in England, to being Lords of Parliament in Ireland. What then is to prevent an Union, so beneficial to England? The Houses of Parliament will agree to it, for their *own sakes*---an *unarmed* people *must* agree to it, unless they prefer death! What then is to prevent it? That eternal God of Liberty and Justice, who never suffers villainy finally to triumph over honour, and who, by his inscrutable providence, is rapidly working the salvation of all.

The land-holders of the kingdom have, by that bugbear alarm, by the fear of Presbyterean, Catholic or Jacobin plots, fallen into such a panic, that they will sacrifice any or every thing, provided they retain their estates, never in any danger; they will believe or pretend to believe the plot of a pop-gun or a warming pan. I happened last winter to be in Maryborough, when the troops there were ordered away---upon which a neighbouring magistrate and lieutenant of yeomen, more famous for hounds than politics, rides

post-haste to Dublin-Castle, declares that defenders (never before or since heard of in that Country) were rising up near the town---now what was the real case?---a journeyman baker and his friend were drinking, the latter when drunk, dropt some words of defenders, on which the baker was immediately clapt into gaol, and remained till next day, when upon a true state of the case he was liberated, and nothing more heard of defenders. For the truth of this, I appeal to every inhabitant of Maryborough, and I appeal to every gentleman and magistrate of the county, if there is a quieter or happier county in the kingdom. Of late it has been too common with magistrates to startle at their shadow; to hang an Horne Tooke, an O'Connor, or a Drenan, would be a *trifle* in comparison to losing a Borough or a Bishopric for *Young Master*.

From the circumstances it is less necessary to enter into minute detail, of the consequences of an Union; but however that the feeling of your hearts may be strengthened by the resolves of your heads, let us consider the certain consequences of an Union, first inquiring why the English Minister so unceasingly attempts to procure it?---no doubt it proceeds from his unbounded affection for Ireland; though some very ungrateful disaffected men, pretend to assign other causes---namely, his hatred to rising Liberty, his better recollection of the contempt with which the Irish Parliament treated his usurpation of the rights of the lawful heir of the crown in 1789, and his firm determination to crush at all events, that Irish energy he finds so *inconvenient* in a Sheridan, Fitzpatrick, Courtney, and *once* in a Burke---he knows too, that Irish Liberty once destroyed, he could bestow his undivided attention to that of England, and what an ally in the execution of his plans, would be the one hundred additional Irish votes. He knows well, that an Irish vote would justly obtain the character of an Irish evidence; what would then prevent his triumphant majorities, annually suspending the Habeas Corpus act, continuing a Mutiny Bill, a Convention Bill, and any other Bill, till Englishmen should forget that they ever had a Magna Charta, a Habeas Corpus, or a FREE PRESS. Here I will be told Englishmen will never resign their Liberties---alas! we behold a melancholy reverse, we see their ablest writers persecuted for their opinions, the lives of their wisest, greatest and best men, attempted on a charge of treason, and any man the minister pleases he may imprison, without bringing him to trial, though every county almost in the kingdom, declared the Commons House not the representatives of the nation, yet do they continue to misrepresent every thing in it.

Once on a time ability, eloquence, and patriotism could exalt to the highest ranks in the state; they raised a Cornet Pitt to govern, I may say, Europe; an Atheist philosopher, Wilkes, to make even Majesty tremble on its throne; they exalted a gallant man of the world, Fox, over the Monarchs of Europe---even that Catholic Scholiast from Douay, or the Player's son, Brinsly Sheridan; and

many thousand instances I could name. They advanced Junius in the rank of the first writers of the age:---tell me, Mr. Pitt, the *Tory*, what would now be his reward? the gallows or the tender; though perhaps you have sufficiently felt the effects of sending scholars and politicians to man his Majesty's fleet.

If the miserable destiny of ill-fated Ireland, aided by the fraud of that prince of cheats, the machievalian minister, the second Wentworth (nick-named Strafford) to Ireland, should, unfortunately for the repose of the world, prevail, what would be the result? every man, great by virtue, talents, rank or fortune, would resort to the capital of the Empire; they would fly an enslaved, ignorant, starving, desolated land; they would quit a second Scotland, where every man of genius and merit deserts the land of poverty and scorn, and asserts in every other quarter of the globe, that superiority of genius which the bigot Johnson could not but own when spleen and hatred made him say, and say truly, "the best prospect from Edinburgh was the road to London."---Great consolation forsooth to a generous native, who sees his beloved country depopulated and laid waste; great comfort to his misery to feel the natural superiority of his countrymen.---When Virgil, the greatest genius of Italy, and in its first noble (I mean natures noble) was driven from his paternal land by *Augustus, the Roman king*'s military cut-throat, he might go sing *Te Deum*, because he could console himself with virtue, being its own reward; but better might he say with the banished Scotch or Irish, *virtus laudatur & alget.*

Having then given a little vent to the irritated state of my feelings, I will try cooly to consider the consequences of an Union---and first, as to the black list of absentees, for every one now, there would then be one hundred; the men of greatest fortune would of consequence represent us in the English house, and there reside; men of independent fortune would prefer the pleasures of the capital; who then would remain here? What man of learning and talents, except the very few who could not pay their passage, to seek their fortunes in a happier land, and even them indignation and grief would soon send to a better world.---What would become of Dublin and its University, which now sends the choicest youths in the kingdom to the capital? it would become a barrack for some future king *James*'s soldiers---who would spend twelve the best years of life in labour and study, when the highest summit of his hopes would be a paltry curacy, or a petty clerkship in a deserted law-court---perhaps even a curacy would be reserved by the Englishman of God, for his butler or his pimp---all our beautiful squares and streets would become an untenanted waste, or the *temporary* residence of a few English traders---our law-courts, instead of resounding the manly eloquence of a Curran, Ponsonby, Duquery, Emmett, Fletcher, or a Smith, would serve for Newgate solicitors to howl in. What causes of

importance would there be, to induce a scholar or a man of genius to enter a profession that would not produce greater emoluments than that of their wig-maker? A lawyer might then better transport himself, like Juvenal's cotemporaries, to Africa, than remain like lawyer Scout in a bad habit---along with our students, divines, college of physicians and lawyers, would perish the liberal education of the officer---no gentleman of property or education would stay on this establishment, where he could meet neither the fashionable nor the rich to associate with---the army would then be officered by corporals and sergeants, who, no doubt, would practice politeness in the fire-works and *fete de champetres* of the United Irishmen, whom they would hang, burn, shoot or drown. We all know how *amusing* it is to these *gemmen* of the army to *hunt* white-boys, hearts of oak, colliers, defenders, United Irishmen; and certainly one gets keener in the *pleasures* of the chace.

What would become of the trade of Dublin, which supplies the pleasures and artificial wants of polished life? along with polished life it would seek another region, or go along with Burke to the family vault of the Capulets; when Dublin was gone, where would the farmer or artist find a mart for their commodities? what would become of the country gentleman? would he stay in a country where he could get no education, or enjoy the pleasure of social life? or what would be the value of land, when the only produce requisite would be food for the peasant and grass for horses, sheep, cows? Look at the counties acknowledged to have most absentees; are they not acknowledged to be most miserable?---the tenants pay more than the value of the land, to supply the extravagant riot of their landlord in a foreign land; they are at rack rents, and there are several divisions of under tenants, till the actual land-holder or under tenant, is nothing but a miserable cottager working with the beasts of the field, with a pig-ftye to cover him, a potatoe to feed him, and perhaps not a brouge to refresh the sole of his feet---will any one say this is exaggeration? will even the petulant, pensioned, and pragmatical Sheridan *dare* to deny it? whoever disbelieves it, let him travel through the counties Meath, Westmeath, Cavan, and the other absentee counties of Ireland, where there are few resident gentlemen; and if he does not then account for the misery and irregularities of those called defenders, I will not envy his feelings, "let him to supper with what appetite he may;" let the same man ask why the counties Cork, Kerry, Tipperary, Limerick, Carlow, Queen's County, Wicklow, &c. &c. are more peaceable than the rest? the answer is clear, there are some resident gentlemen, and they diffuse some of their comforts and happiness around them.

It were devoutly to be wished that some honest man, in the confidence of his sovereign, would acquaint him with the real state of his kingdom of Ireland---what a change would it produce in the

Administration of this country? His Majesty, knowing that the complaints of his people arise from poverty and the internal state of the country, and not from the smallest intention of dethroning his Majesty, or introducing French principles, would instantly redress their grievances, and no longer suffer himself to be surrounded by a herd of lying sycophants, and artful traitors, who deceive him with false accounts, in order to maintain themselves in their odious and unpopular authority. The faction who rule Ireland by a rod of iron, have long been execrated by the whole people. They monopolize all the civil, military, ecclesiastical authorities, and emoluments; they have enriched their own beggarly families, and beggared a rich nation; they have converted the whole representation of Ireland into a family borough, and when the people unite to obtain a reform, they cry out they are traitors who want to overturn the government, and introduce a republic---by such insinuations and artful misrepresentations, they have alienated the affections of our royal sovereign, and made him look on a loyal nation, as a nest of traitors, who are only to be kept in awe by an immense army, by hanging, transportation, and imprisonment---not content with this, they at immense cost, suborned spies, and perjured informers, for prosecuting innocent men, in order to establish the truth of the existence of a treasonable plot.

Their sole object since the first dawn of liberty in 1782, has been to stifle it in its birth, and keep the people in ignorance and disunion. They with all their might and soul conspired to alienate and estrange the different religious sects; first by holding out the Catholics as objects of danger and aversion, as inimical and subversive of a Protestant government; but when the liberal spirit of the Northern Protestants, frustrated this hellish attempt, and united all such in fraternal union, the North was not to be forgiven, but punished for thwarting the machinations of a junto. Since the Catholics were found worthy of protection from the state, the Northern Dissenters were the next object of attack---" they were Deists, Jacobins, and dangerous men," in fact, they had too much sense and information, too much liberality and love of liberty---Oho, " they correspond with the Jacobin club, and with Robertspierre and the Directory, and General Clarke, and with God knows who else."---Out bounces a report of the *secret committee*---" *the North is in arms, they have got cannon, and vast quantities of ammunition, and regular armies, and constitutions, and they are marching to Dublin, to roast and eat the Lord Lieutenant, and the Privy Council, and Paddy Duignan, and the two Houses of Parliament, and all his Majesty's liege and loyal subjects.*"

What a dreadful consternation ensued. The whole city was terrified out of its wits. *It must be true*---the two Houses of Parliament and their Committees *said* it---every man of property believed it, and implicitly threw himself into the *protecting* arms of government. They were entrusted with a *vigour* beyond the law,

to burn houses, take away arms, transport without a trial, and hang without a trial, by *removing a perjured evidence, and giving out that he was murdered.* Troops were poured in, as if the land was in open war---a whole province was declared out of the protection of the law; and that the richest, best informed, most sober, and industrious province in the kingdom; opulent and industrious men were sent by thousands aboard the tender; thousands filled all the jails in the kingdom, and the virtuous, chaste military hero of this tragedy, took shelter behind an act of indemnity; an act of indemnity! *oh! tempora, oh! mores!* Oh! humanity thou art fled to brutish beasts!---who can doubt, cries the *honest, unbribed* Mr. C. F. Sheridan, the existence of treason, when so many are hanged for it---oh! no doubt of it---no doubt Mr. Orr is a traitor, a *military murderer* swears it, and a *drunken jury* declares it.

It is by such arts as these, that our best countrymen are to be murdered---our liberties trampled---our land laid waste---our passions raised---our fears excited---our reason so disordered, that we will be glad to embrace any project that promises the smallest repose; *thus* is the well meaning or wealthy man, to be driven to the desperate extremity of an union, and glad would he be to do any thing for peace and quietness.

With the approach of the session comes new alarms, and new danger. " General Clarke, brother-in-law to that terrible fellow Buonaparte, and an Irish renegade, has come post from Italy, in a *balloon* or a *row-boat;* he has concerted the plan of an invasion, with the United Irishmen; he has escaped the vigilance of our two reconnoitring armies, got back to Italy, and we will be all murdered or burned in our beds---Giffard! Giffard! Giffard! old Croaker was nothing to thee---you outdo him quite---*he* really believed in danger, *he* received dreadful anonymous letters---*you* do not believe in danger, *you compose* dreadful anonymous letters. You are an industrious labourer in the vineyard---the labourer is worth his hire; but all this would only excite my merriment, or a smile of contempt, if the comment in the Dublin Journal, on this forged news of Clarke's arrival, did not very seriously attract my attention, and alarm my suspicions. I beseech you, my countrymen, attend to it particularly---it deserves your utmost attention.

FROM THE DUBLIN JOURNAL, OF SATURDAY, OCTOBER 7.

For the last two days the citizens of Dublin have been occupied by a very extraordinary report, which, upon inquiry, we believe to be fully supported by the fact; the substance of this report we now give:

' That a General in the French service, named Clarke, the brother-in-law and coadjutor of Buonaparte, and by birth an Irishman, had been for forty hours in the last week in this city; had held conferences with the leaders of the United Irishmen, and having

obtained his information, and given his directions, had embarked in a fishing smack from Killiny bay, on Sunday morning last."

A short time, however, will serve to baffle and counteract the projects of treason, and to exhibit to the citizens of Dublin facts, which might now be as incredible as they are horrible, &c. &c.

What is this, but preparing us for new terrors---we are to expect new arrests, fresh prosecutions, new penal statutes---when will all this end? I should not be surprised, if the printer, or conductor of the Press, was implicated in some charge---" this paper is dangerous, we must stop it if possible, it may enlighten the people, we cannot stop it, by a military banditti, as we did the Northern Star---what other means shall we take?---can we implicate them in treason or sedition against our mild and merciful governor? It would much perplex even the practised ingenuity of Crown lawyers to effect this---no---the real traitors are those who libel a loyal and generous people, who call an attempt at reform, an attempt at revolution, and punish it accordingly. I will, my countrymen, trespass no longer on your patience---I will in a future letter pursue this subject, satisfied with believing, what all nature fully and loudly proclaims---that there is a God---and that God will never suffer the *Emerald of the World* to be devoured by swine.

WILLIAM CAXON.

Extract of a Letter from Belfast.

" On Monday last, an intimation having been given to some of the family of Mr. Mat. Smith, of this town, printer, that the military had meditated an attack upon his house and property, in consequence of his having several printed copies of the late Mr. Orr's dying declaration in his possession, Mrs. Smith waited upon General Lake, and represented her fears, which the General listened to, and might (it may be presumed) in consequence have timely prevented any mischief; but we are sorry to state, this application was fruitless, as in some time after a large party of the Monaghan Militia, in the most outrageous manner, forcibly broke into Mr. Smith's house, and destroyed the furniture and printing materials, broke all the windows and doors, and have threatened the like destruction to every house where they can discover any of those papers to be.---This is a new instance of that " *vigour beyond the law*," under which the liberty of a subject, the LIBERTY of the PRESS, the trial by jury, the right of popular assembly, and political discussion, the privilege of appeal to Parliament, and petition to the Throne for the redress of wrongs, have been annihilated to *helots* of *Erin*."

THE LONDON PRIDE AND SHAMROCK.

A FABLE.

Full many a year, close side by side,
A Shamrock grew and London Pride;
Together how they came to grow,
I do not care, nor do I know;
But this I know, that overhead
A Laurel cast a wholesome shade.
The Shamrock was of lovely green,
In early days, as e'er was seen;
And she had many a hardy son
In days of old; but they are gone---
For soon the other's creeping shoots
Did steal themselves round Shamrock's roots.
Then thief-like fasten'd in her soil,
And suck'd the sap of poor Trefoil,
Until in time, pert London Pride
Got up so high, as quite to hide
Poor Shamrock, who could seldom see
The Sun's bright face, nor seen was she,
Save when an adverse blast did blow,
And laid her neighbour's honors low.
Then in the angry lady's spite,
She drank the show'r, she saw the light,
She bath'd her sicklied charms in dew,
And gather'd health and strength anew.
She saw those joys had come from Heaven,
And ne'er were by her neighbour given;
Yet her good-nature aye to prove,
She paid her jealous hate with love;
But when once more kind Zephyrs came,
And rais'd the o'ver-grown storm-bent dame,
The ingrate strove her all to take,
And forced poor Shamrock thus to speak:
" Neighbour, we're born with equal right,
" To feel yon Sun and see his light,
" T'enjoy the blessings of this earth,
" Or, if right follows, prior birth,
" In this still stronger is my claim,
" Long was I known, and great my fame,
" Before the world e'er heard thy name.
" But letting all those strong claims lie,
" Pray tell me is it policy
" To thwart my offspring as they rise,
" To break my heart, to blind their eyes?
" Sure if they spread the earth along,
" Grow handsome, healthy, stout and strong,

" They will, as usual, happy be
" To lend that useful strength to thee;
" Thus would we keep each other warm,
" And guard us from all coming harm;
" Wee'd steady stand when wild winds blow,
" And laugh in spite of frost or snow,
" And guard the root of our lov'd laurel,
" Grown sick and pale to see us quarrel---
" No more"---the vex'd virago cries,
Wild fury flashing from her eyes;
" I'll hear no more---your bounds I'll mark,
" And keep you ever in the dark;
" Here is a circle, look you here,
" One step beyond it if you dare;
" And if I hear you more complain,
" I'll tear thy rising heart in twain;
" I've made thy sons kill one another,
" And soon they shall destroy their mother."
I'll thus---a flash of heavenly fire,
Full fraught with Jove's most deadly ire,
Scatter'd the London Pride around;
The black clouds roar'd with horrid sound;
The vivid lightning flash'd again,
And laid the laurel on the plain:
But soon succeeds a heav'nly calm,
Soft dews descend and shours of balm;
The Sun shoots forth his kindest ray
And Shamrock strengthens every day;
And rais'd by Heaven's assistance bland,
Bids fair to spread o'er all the land;
She guards the blasted laurel's roots;
The nurtured laurel upward shoots,
And grateful wreaths its dark green bows
To grace great Shamrock's aged brows.

MORAL.

Take heed, learn wisdom, hence weak man,
And keep a good friend while you can;
If to your friend you are unkind,
E'en Jove will be against you join'd;
Reflect that every act you do
To strengthen him, doth strengthen you;
To serve you he is---willing---able---
Two twists will make the strongest cable
To bind a friend and keep him steady,
To have him e'er in reach and ready.

TREBOR.

No. 12.---TUESDAY, OCTOBER 24.

THE PRESS TO PHILO-Y.

SIR,

WE have received your long letter. Our sole object is truth, for that only can be the basis of freedom, and we know that truth can be attained only by fair and impartial discussion; we should therefore have gladly your animadversions at length, but that we consider the most sacred fidelity to our correspondents, as one of the first of our duties; we therefore obey your injunction, to consider your letter as a private censure on our conduct, and not to give it to the public---but we cannot at the same time be forgetful or regardless of the duty we owe to ourselves; we shall not therefore submit to that censure.---And as you have not given us the means of repelling your charges by any private communication, we find ourselves compelled to do it in a public address to you; in doing this justice to our principles, we shall, however, sedulously avoid noticing some passages in your letter, which we are conscious would be injurious to the characters you propose to defend---we shall not take advantage of the indiscretion of vindication that flow from the infirmity of a hot temper. Happy should we be if we could prevent those unlucky excesses from being fatal to others. We deeply lament that the fate of the unfortunate Mr. Orr should have been added to the griefs of his country; and knowing as we do, how bitterly and frightfully it has been felt by every man who has an head to think or an heart to feel, we are convinced it would be wise, at least in all those concerned in it, to let it pass with as little notice as may be, and have its chance of yielding the public attention to some succeeding atrocity. The freshness of poor Orr's grave might be soon levelled and defaced by the trampling of the next funeral; and though his widow and his orphans shall have no other object of their tears, yet poor Ireland is too rapidly encreasing a catalogue of havoc and death, to permit her groans or her curses to be engrossed by the catastrophe of a single family. But you, Sir, think otherwise; you equally scorn to respect the privilege of public mourning, or to parley with the fury of public indignation. You boldly come forward and challenge the storm at its wildest height. You accuse us of "audacity in venturing to condemn the just and necessary firmness of his Majesty's government, with respect to that execrable traitor." You arraign us for presuming to censure the conduct or character of Judges of such profound knowledge and such tried constitutional integrity. You go into a long train of arguments to

shew that he was dealt with in a manner strictly legal, and perhaps, blameable if at all, for shewing so much lenity to so great an offence. You next defend the propriety of "executing him in defiance of the petty subterfuges that were used to save him," as an example which you say "the peculiar season required," and you conclude by warning us of the risque we run in defaming those exertions which are made for the real good of the country, and raising what you call "a perverted spirit" among the people, which degrades the law into a murderer, and exalts the traitor into a saint. To each of those topics, we think it necessary to say a word. To your menaces, we say, we knew the danger that must attach at this awful crisis upon the single and only PRESS that dares to speak the truth. The LIBERTY of the PRESS is the last POST of FREEDOM; in every part of Ireland that sacred POST had been forced or betrayed. We felt this general abandonment a call upon us, and we obeyed it. In this death-like silence even a weak voice may be heard. In the stillness of midnight, even the shepherds whistle may be heard; it may scare the thief, and it may by possibility secure the flock. Boldly and honestly we devote ourselves to the interest of Ireland. Well do we know how much more likely we may be to perish for, than to triumph with the object to which we are thus devoted.---Personally we may lose every thing; we can gain nothing; even the reward of literary credit, from the nature of anonymous authorship, can bring us no compensation. We know we are already regarded and predestined by the vindictive malice of power as criminals---to appear in that character has of late been matter more of danger than disgrace. We are not therefore, either ashamed or afraid of standing at the public bar in that *garb* of an accused person which has become almost the ordinary *dress* of an Irishman, and of saying in the language of the prisoner: for the purity of our motives we put ourselves for trial upon God, and for our fate upon our country.

You are pleased, Sir, to talk of our presuming to censure characters; Sir, we thank you for imposing upon us the necessity of self-defence, and thus enabling us, without incurring any imputation of egotism, to explain ourselves upon a very essential point. Private character we shall never meddle with. Forbid it Heaven, that any talent we can command should be so unworthily employed! Mere private frailty, and even mere private vice may sleep secure of any disturbance from the Press; but let it be remembered that every public delinquent may say he has also a private character as an individual, and let the enemies of Ireland know, as they shall certainly feel, that we will not suffer public criminality to skulk behind the disguise of private character. This impudent cant, so usual of late, shall not impose upon us; we are well aware that no crime can be punished abstractedly from the criminal, and that it is no objection to hanging a public malefactor, that the rope may possibly give him some pain in his

private person. In every case where the public is not directly concerned, virtue only shall go by the names of those who may possess her, but depravity shall be anonymous. For example, Sir, if we knew your name and place of abode, we would not publish them; your doctrines we give our reasons for condemning; as to your person we have neither concern or curiosity. It shall ever be our wish, when we can justifiably do so, to separate folly from the fool: to expose the former merely that we may discredit it, without troubling ourselves with the latter, which we should be much more likely to provoke than to correct.

You are pleased, Sir, to assert with much vehemence and length of argument, that *Orr* was dealt with in a manner strictly legal, and you fortify yourself with much parade in an appeal to the great characters of the Judges who tried him. Perhaps, Sir, you are a Lawyer, and as such may be in the habit of defending the wrong side of a case as well as the right. We, Sir, are not Lawyers, nor do we think it becoming in us to pronounce upon points of criminal jurisprudence. We form our judgment in such cases from those of most skill to whom we have access; and we do not understand that the opinions of the profession are in favor of yours. Your points of law therefore we do not answer.---Your argument from the person of the Judges we cannot but think very unlucky both in the fact and the consequence; we do not wish in the smallest degree, to detract from the competency of either of the learned Judges who presided at the trial, but as to their great constitutional integrity, we speak very sincerely, when we confess we never heard of it before; at least if by constitutional integrity you mean what we do, that proud and honest integrity, which upon no occasion will act against public interest or liberty for any private interest or motive.

Now, Sir, let me ask you seriously, if you were gravely to talk of this constitutional integrity to any man carried into Parliament by a common borough-monger, ploughing quietly without kicking or backing for a dozen years among the cattle of Administration, voting uniformly upon every question with every ministry, and at length passing to the bench after that parliamentary quarantine, which shews him pure from all popular blemish, do you think he would not laugh in your face? Upon such a topic we should humbly suggest to you the kindness of sparing the learned Judge, whom we believe to be a very prudent and worthy man. Your appeal to the humanity of his noble assessor has, we fear, been as misplaced as your panegyric upon constitutional integrity. That Lord Y---n is not naturally either cruel or sanguinary, no man disputes, nor would any man dispute, though he had not shed a single tear when he passed sentence upon *Orr*; but if you wish to appeal to that humanity which every good man feels for the wealth of his Country, and which that noble Lord has had so full an opportunity of displaying to this unhappy nation, by oppo-

sing or by supporting the most bloody system of persecution by which a nation has been ever visited, you will find every measure of rigour and every law of blood, even the very statute to which *Orr* was sacrificed, all sanctioned by the decided approbation of that very noble Lord, whom you have the feeling to torture with the bitter sting of praise for "constitutional humanity and integrity." Upon this part of your subject, namely, the legality of the proceedings, you would have done discreetly in saying simply, what we really think, that the learned Judges acted to the best of their judgments, and that if they happened to be wrong, they certainly meant right.

One remark or two upon your defence of the propriety of Mr. Orr's execution. It is notorious that Dr. M'Cartney came most humanely to this city, in order personally to represent the result of his inquiry into the character of the common informer, by whose testimony Mr. Orr was convicted, which he found by the confession of the informer himself, to be most infamous. What is life, in any country, where on such grounds it can be destroyed? but there is a circumstance of horror in this case, unmatched in the blackest periods of judicial annals. Two of the jury who condemned him, swore in open court, that they were drunk when they gave their verdict, and that they were forced, by the most outrageous menaces, to give a verdict contrary to their conscience and judgment. Here an awful question arises; was that affidavit true? if it was, was not the executing a man on such a verdict, an act the most cruel and enormous? suppose on the contrary, (what by the way there is not the least probability for supposing) that those two jurors swore falsely, let us ask upon what grounds of humanity or justice, we can defend the executing a verdict of death pronounced by two men, who were capable of a deliberate perjury in a court of justice? Oh Ireland, to what art thou fallen, when such are the trophies of thy laws and thy judgments! well may thy revilers lament, that to perish by the executioner, is not always to be dishonored! that the agony of a public death, is not always followed by the obliquy of the grave! that the victim of "the season," shall stand undaunted before his country, when he hears the verdict of guilty, and with a noble disdain, fling back upon its authors, the drunken perjury that aspersed him! well may such revilers lament, that from such a concurrence of prodigies, a spirit should go forth, that sees not the distinction between the law and the murderers, nor between its victim and the saint.

THE PRESS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE PRESS.

" Ablatum mediis opus est incudibus istis."

SIR,

THE appearance of a new publication, that promises so much in the cause of Freedom, forms an æra in the present times, highly honourable to the independent principles of those who have contributed to set it on foot, and to the ostensible agent of it, in particular. The atrocious attempts that have been made to extinguish the torch of truth, and the lights of philosophy, though they have in one instance too successfully prevailed, by the suppression of the NORTHERN STAR---now " shorn of its beams," have not intimidated you---nor is there a man in the nation of virtue and independence, who should not come forward to subscribe his name, and exert his talents in support of the PRESS. Similar proceedings may for a time check, but can never prevent the march of human opinions; they will advance in defiance of despotism and military outrage, and finally display the banner of freedom on the ruins of this more than Gothic policy, so hostile to knowledge and the improvement of the mind.---" The issue of the brain," (ays Milton in his address to the Parliament) " should no more be " stifled than the issue of the womb. To prevent men from thinking " and acting for *themselves*, by restraints on the PRESS, is like " the exploits of that man who thought to pound up the crows, by " shutting his Park-gate. This obstructive violence meets, for " the most part, with an event utterly opposite to the end it " drives at; instead of suppressing *publications*, it raises them, " and invests them with a reputation." " The punishment of " wits," saith the Viscount St. Alban's, " enhances their authority, " and a forbidden writing is thought to be a certain spark of " *truth*, that flies up in the face of them that seek to tread it " out." The conduct of Cromwell was more sagacious and politic, when solicited by his daughter to restore the OCEANCE of Harrington. " Let him have his book," said the Protector. " If my government is made to stand, it has nothing to fear from " *paper shot*." Such acts of " obstructive violence," discredit the government, and tend no more to suppress the dissemination of speculative opinions, than the daring manifesto of a *fencible regiment*, to intimidate four millions of men, or break the obligations that form the Union of Irishmen *.

* A most audacious libel that issued from Dundalk, in the month of June last—bestowing the epithets of " infamous and dastardly" upon a large portion of the people; publickly challenging the nation to open violence and hostility, and rashly, and illegally threatening to maltreat and mutilate all such as they should happen to arrest, " before they delivered them up to justice, in order to convince them, that they did not come into this country to be trifled with" !!!

The increasing profligacy of ministerial manners, which obliged me to throw down my pen with disgust, in despair of producing any permanent or forceable effect, would still have amounted to a prohibition, did not a hope present itself, that perseverance might do much, and that frequency might operate like force, as the hardest bodies are softened and reduced by attrition.

"*Gutta cavat saxum, non vi sed sæpe cadendo.*"

The various and varying events which have passed before us, in rapid succession, during the short interval of a few months, and more particularly since March last, render it difficult to arrest the flitting incident, to mould it into form, and add it with due weight and proportion to that immense column, whose foundation was laid on the ruins of the Bastile, and which has risen, story after story, with the new order of things, to so stupendous an height, that the eye is dazzled with the extent of the design, and the magnitude of its proportions---that column, on whose base history has inscribed the names of so many heroes, so many atchievements, so many virtues, and alas! so many vices. In contemplating such a structure, to which every day is adding new materials more precious and interesting, which, though they encrease its height, do not lessen its durability, but rather, by the accession, strengthen and consolidate the whole, the mind, perplexed with the variety, and distracted by so many strange and complicated circumstances, is rendered almost incapable of selection, deprived of the faculty of regular deduction, and unable to conjecture when or where this "regular confusion" may ultimately terminate.

To confine myself merely to the affairs of my own peculiar country, and its grievances, is impossible---connected by so many massy links to the great chain that binds it to the interests of the empire at large, it cannot be broken off or insulted even in discussion.

It is to open the public vision, and enable it to form a just estimate of that detestable and crooked policy of the British cabinet, which has unwisely adopted a system of coercion for one of conciliation, and placed the bayonet in the hands of a sanguinary soldiery, instead of holding forth the olive branch, the emblem of peace and prosperity---that has induced me once more to obtrude my thoughts on the public.

Having heretofore dwelt somewhat at length on the motives assigned for this execrable crusade, in which we have now been five years engaged, and expatiated freely on the imprudence and impolicy of embarking in any war, after the fatal experience we have had, and the failures that have accompanied former ones, particularly Continental wars, I can now only wonder and lament the rashness, or rather insanity which still prompts its continuance. Though little of a bigot, I feel myself inclined to attribute this obstinate perseverance in the present unprofitable contest, to a supernatural intervention, or predestined fiat, at once fatal and irrevoca-

ble, resembling that which denounced the destruction of ancient Carthage.

Pestilence and famine are visitations from above, and have been held as proceeding from the breath of the Deity; but war, in which both are concentrated, we owe to the tender mercies of a few individuals, scattered over the face of the earth, under the denomination of princes and ministers. A sterile rock is at one time the bone of contention between two powerful potentates, and thousands of lives are sacrificed to obtain what, abstractedly considered, is of trivial moment, and which one of the parties shall be forced to deliver up, as the price of a peace dearly purchased, after a second contest, in which victory, as is common in such cases, has changed sides, and declared in favour of the party which had been so lately vanquished. At another time, an island, that produces nothing on which man or beast can subsist, and which Nature has cursed with a climate as inhospitable and deleterious, as its soil is rocky and unprolific, becomes, as it were, the apple of discord; implacable enmities succeed to rivers of blood, and millions of treasure are lavished in the struggle.

Pride, ambition, avarice, and even opulence, sow the seeds of eternal warfare, and sweep from the face of nations the fruits of industry, and the blessings accumulated during a long interval of peace. A great and extensive empire has, after a lapse of centuries, emancipated herself from the sway of a despot, and *twenty-five millions* of men have declared themselves free. This is an alarming crisis---a revolution, as it is called, which threatens the downfall of regal authority in contiguous states.

A coalition is formed by a few neighbouring potentates, in order to reduce this *handfull* of rebellious subjects, and oblige them to reassume their former chains; and as a philosophic writer well expresses it, "they soon cover a small extent of territory, with more *hireling murderers* than Gingis Kan, Tamerlain and Bajazet, at their heels. People at a distance, on hearing that fighting is going forward, and if that they would but take a part, there are five or six pence a day for them, immediately divide into two bands, like reapers, and go sell their services to the first bidder. These multitudes furiously butcher each other, not only without having any concern in the quarrel, but without as much as knowing *what it is about*.

Such is the progress of wars in general, while the flame is kept alive by hireling orators and hireling scribblers; idle speculations, as airy and as empty as dreams, issue from the press, and amuse and deceive the public mind; even the pulpit is turned into a rostrum, from which political aphorisms are promulgated, and the temple of the Most High, converted into a lyceum, is profaned by party rage, pride, petulance and personality. Bordaloue* thou

* Not the Gallic Bordalane—"Qui capit ille facit."

hast preached against *private* prostitution, but not a word hast thou said against *public* profligacy; thou hast given us excellent discourses on education and morals, and enlarged, by the force of thy splendid declamations, the orphan's stores; thou hast lashed the follies of *individuals*, and arraigned the midnight assassin, with the zeal of a devout missionary; but not one word hast thou said against those robberies and murders that have devastated the earth, to maintain political ascendancy---alas! thy tenets have changed with thy creeds, and thou art now the advocate for *passive obedience* and *non-resistance!* When thou hast expatiated on the crimes that assail helpless infancy, that arrest its growth, and thin and unpeople our provinces, why didst thou not advert to this detestable warfare carried on by power, patronage and prerogative, against freedom, toleration, suffering humanity, and the human race? Why didst thou not inveigh with honest freedom and with honest boldness, against that system of devastation that has entailed beggary, famine, slavery and death, upon thy own nation and thy own countrymen? Fie! to bellow for an hour and more against *persons*, and neglect *provinces!* To contrast with studied antithesis, *private* vices, and not raise your voice against the greatest of all *public* enormities! To stand forth the ready champion for sovereignty, but be deaf to the cries of the people: And in a place too, where thy Divine Master bade thee preach "peace and good will towards all!"

Fie! Bordaloue, fie! But if the pulpit has been profaned, the press has not escaped pollution. A wretched pamphleteer, the "*ludibrium soceri*" and the disgrace of literature, has ventured to traduce the name of GRATTAN, and in open violation of truth and historical fact, has burst his folly on the public. On him I shall not condescend to comment, but by stating his own words, as illustrating his own character drawn by *himself*.

"There is in all of it such a ludicrous inconsistency between principle and practice, such a ridiculous mixture of constitutional prudery and political profligacy"* that it would be infamy to contend with him. I shall occasionally trouble you with further observations, and remain, &c. &c.

BOLINGBROKE.

* Vide Sheridan's pamphlet, page 64.

No. 13.---THURSDAY, OCTOBER 26.

TO HIS

EXCELLENCY THE LORD LIEUTENANT.

MY LORD,

I ADDRESS your Excellency on a subject as awful and interesting as any that hath engaged the feelings of this suffering country. The oppression of an individual leads to the oppression of every member in the State, as his death, however speciously palliated by forms, may lead to the death of the Constitution. Your Lordship already anticipates me; and your conscience has told you, that I allude to the circumstance of Mr. Orr, whose case every man has now made his own, by discovering the principle on which Mr. Pitt sent you to *execute* his orders in Ireland.

The death of Mr. Orr, the nation has pronounced one of the most sanguinary and savage acts that had disgraced the laws. In perjury, did you not hear, my Lord, the verdict was given? Perjury, accompanied with terror, as terror has marked every step of your Government; vengeance and desolation were to fall on those who would not plunge themselves in blood. These were not strong enough: against the express law of the land, not only was drink introduced to the Jury, but drunkenness itself, beastly and criminal drunkenness, was employed to procure the murder of a better man than any that now surrounds you. But well may Juries think themselves justified in their drunken verdicts, if debauched and drunken Judges, swilling spirits on the seat of Justice itself, shall set the country so *excellent* an example.

Repentance, which is a slow virtue, hastened, however, to declare the innocence of the victim. The mischief which perjury had done, truth now stept forward to repair; neither was she too late, had humanity formed any part of your counsels. Stung with remorse, on the return of reason, part of his Jury solemnly and soberly made oath that their verdict had been given under the unhappy influence of intimidation and drink; and in the most serious affidavit that ever was made, by acknowledging their crime, endeavoured to atone to God and to their Country for the sin into which they had been seduced.

The informer too, a man, it must be owned, not much famed for veracity, but stung with the like remorse, deposed that all he had formerly sworn was malicious and untrue, and that from compunction alone he was induced to make a full disclosure of his great and enormous guilt. In this confession the wicked man had no temptation to perjury; he was not to be paid for *that;* he had not in view,

like another Judas, the "*thirty pieces of silver*;" if he was to receive his reward, he knew he must not look for it in *this* world.

Those testimonies were followed by the solemn declaration of the dying man himself; and the approach of death is not a moment when men are given to deceive both themselves and the world; good and religious men are not apt, by perjury on their death-beds, to close the gates of Heaven against themselves, like those who have no hope. But if these solemn declarations do not deserve regard, then is there no truth in justice; and though the innocence of the accused had even remained doubtful, it was your duty, my Lord, and you had no exemption from that duty, to have interposed your arm, and saved him from the death that perjury, drunkenness, and reward had prepared for him.

Let not the nation be told that you are a passive instrument in the hands of others; if passive you be, then is your office a shadow indeed; if an active instrument, as you ought to be, you did not perform the duty which the laws required of you---you did not exercise the prerogative of mercy---that mercy which the constitution had entrusted to you for the safety of the subject, by guarding him from the oppression of wicked men. Innocent it appears he was; his blood has been shed, and the precedent indeed is awful.

Had Frazier and Ross been found guilty of the murder committed on a harmless and industrious peasant, lay your hand to your heart, my Lord, and answer without advisers, would you not have pardoned those ruffians? After the proof you have given of your mercy, I must suppose your clemency unbounded. Have no Orangemen, convicted on the purest evidence, been at any time pardoned? Is not their oath of blood connived at? Was not that oath manufactured at the command of power? and does not power itself discipline those brigands? But suppose the evidence of Wheatly had been true, what was the offence of Mr. Orr? Not that he had taken an oath of blood and extermination---for then he had not suffered ---but that he had taken an oath of charity and of union, of humanity and of peace. He has suffered: shall we then be told, that *your* government will conciliate public opinion, or that the people will not continue to look for a better?

Was the unhappy man respited but to torture him, to insult both justice and the nation, to carry persecution into the bosom of his wife and children? Is this the prerogative of mercy? What would your father have said unto you, had he lived to witness this falling-off? "Son," he would have said, "I am a father; I have a *daughter*; I have known misfortune; the world has pitied me, and I am not ungrateful."

Let us explore the causes of this sanguinary destruction of the people. Is it that you are determined to revenge the regret expressed by them at the recal of your predecessor; and well knowing they will not shed tears at the departure of his successor, that you are resolved to make them weep during your stay? Yes, my

Lord, I repeat *during your stay*, for it may not be necessary that a Royal yacht, manned and decorated for the purpose, should waft you from the shores of an angered and insulted country.

Another cause: Is it to be wondered that a successor of Lord *Fitzwilliam* should sign the death-warrant of Mr. *Orr?* Mr. *Pitt* had learned that a merciful Lord Lieutenant was unsuited to a government of violence. It was no compliment to the native clemency of a CAMDEN, that he sent you into Ireland: and what has been our portion under the change, but massacre and rape, military murders, desolation and terror?

Had you spared Mr. Orr, you thought perhaps the numerous families of those whom your administration had devoted, might accuse you of partiality: and thus to prove your consistency, you are content to be suspected of wanting the only quality *this* country wishes you to exercise.

But, my Lord, it will not do---though your guards and your soldiers, and your thousands, and your tens of thousands, should conduct innocence to death, it will not do---a voice has cried in the wilderness; and let the deserted streets of Carrickfergus proclaim to all the world, that good men will not be intimidated, and that they are yet more numerous than your soldiers.

We are not Domitian's people; we are not lopped at a blow; but it looks as if some fate had doomed us to be destroyed one by one, as the Persian tyrant ordered the hairs to be plucked from the tail of his beast. Beasts we have been, the vile carriers of the vilest burdens that the vilest masters could lay upon us. But the yoke is shaken: persecution has provoked to love, and *united* Ireland against foreign despotism.

Feasting in your Castle, in the midst of your myrmidons and bishops, you have little concerned yourself about the expelled and miserable cottager, whose dwelling, at the moment of your mirth, was in flames; his wife and his daughter then under the violation of some commissioned ravager; his son agonizing on the bayonet, and his helpless infants crying in vain for mercy. These are lamentations that stain not the hour of carousal. Under intoxicated counsels the constitution has reeled to its centre: justice herself is not only blind-drunk, but deaf, like Festus, to "the words of soberness and truth."

My Lord, the people of Ireland did hope that mercy would not have been denied to a most worthy and innocent man, when they understood, that one of the worst advisers and most imperious members of your Cabinet, had abandoned the kingdom. Had he been of your late counsels, the odium might have been divided; at present you have the best claim to it. Let, however, the awful execution of Mr. Orr be a lesson to all unthinking Juries; and let them cease to flatter themselves that the soberest recommendation of theirs and of the presiding Judge, can stop the course of carnage

which sanguinary, and I do not fear to say, *unconstitutional laws* have ordered to be loosed: let them remember that, like Macbeth, the servants of the Crown have waded so far in blood, that they find it easier to go on than to go back.

I am, my Lord,

Your Excellency's humble servant,

MARCUS.

TO THE YEOMEN OF IRELAND.

Gentlemen, Countrymen, and lately my Fellow-Soldiers,

To you, as men who proved your spirit by coming forward, and boldly offering your services in the field, in the hour of danger and dismay; as men of true courage and humanity, from which true courage is inseparable, do I appeal. I am calumniated, aspersed, and reviled as a traitor, because I resigned my post in your ranks---not from fear, because the danger was over---not from dislike to you, for I respected and loved you, and served in a corps of liberal and social men; but, because I could not stoop to remove the insolent suspicions of the cowards I was protecting; because I could not insult the generous spirit of my countrymen, nor set them an example of satisfying, by oaths, a murdering faction, that thinks no act too foul or disgraceful for our infatuated countrymen; a faction that engulphs all the wealth and offices of the nation, and will give the people only the poverty and dishonor that have uniformly attended their ruinous measures.

> *"Those dark assassins of another's fame,*
> *"Stand far aloof and take a murd'rous aim."*

In a few words I shall lay before you the reasons which induced me, and so many of my friends, to quit a station; the duties of which we had fulfilled with the spirit of patriots, and the discipline of soldiers. In the last war I had the honour of ranking amongst our glorious Volunteers, who protected our Country from foreign invasion, and asserted our domestic rights. At the first embodying of the Yeomen last autumn, I was shocked at the meanness of ministers, who would not suffer us to arm on the same honorable principle: in the winter, however, in the moment of danger, when our tyrants were afraid to shew their heads, and when we were left to defend ourselves against an enemy who terrified the world, our revenues swallowed up by a British minister, and filthily cast back on the Country to saturate the guardians of the people in the black ocean of general corruption; then, I came forward, hoping that the loyalty which then prevented Ireland

from making peace for herself, with a foe who would have gladly granted her, her own terms, would have induced our beloved Sovereign to accede to the just claims of his oppressed people; but those a corrupt and desperate minister was determined he should not hear.

What has been the consequence to us, as an armed body? For as to the indiscriminate cruelties practised against our countrymen in general, I shall pass them for the present in silence; for I would not inflame your generous and feeling minds---divisions were attempted to be erected between us and our brethren; we were to be made the instruments for insulting and outraging them in their persons and their houses, whilst ministers stood afar off exulting in the suicide of the country, secretly rejoicing in the protestation of national feeling, and solemnly thanking God that they could not be charged with measures that they could not constitutionally defend---we were to be cheated into resolutions to deprive us of our rights as men, basely to separate us from the people, and finally, as if to give the lie to our *acts*, our *oaths*, and our *honors* as soldiers and as Irishmen, we were called on to swear to new, false, and inglorious resolutions, to vilify ourselves and divide our country, which nothing but *disunion* has hitherto prevented from becoming happy, free, and great. Foreign troops have been since quartered over the land, not to watch the enemy and secure us from invasion, but to watch the armed and loyal men of Ireland, and perfect the invasion of all our few remaining rights and liberties; and we are left to the choice of taking the Orange mens' oath or exterminating nine tenths of our countrymen, or barely to have charge of arms, till a seasonable opportunity occurs for rendering us as impotent and contemptible as a nation, as they have endeavoured to make us base and dishonourable as a military body, and to force an *Union* with beggared Britain, by depriving us of the political and physical powers of opposing it. I well know the patriotic principles of our brave militia---but they, like the much injured corps I have the honour to address, are a suspected body of men, and we well know that the same unconstitutional spirit that burns houses, and transports men without a trial of guilt or innocence, may soon convey them to a land where the oppressions of Ireland will not be felt, and where the groans of their native land cannot be heard.

I have so far thought proper to explain the motives of my conduct to my late brethren in arms; that men whom I always loved and respected, may be acquainted with the principles that compelled me to resign a post which I accepted as an honorable one, and which I held, till I was undeceived by the miserable junto I had so long protected. Our Country is dear to us all; how long her patience will endure, God alone knows; she shall always command the life of

GALGACUS.

Clonard, October 25, 1797.

MARTIAL LAW.

We have already seen many instances of the blessings of Scotch *Military progress, in breaking the spirit of Ireland---the following is an instance of* Welch *gallantry for the same purpose.*

TO THE EDITOR OF THE PRESS.

SIR,

HAVING been confined as a prisoner for two nights in the guard-house in the town of Newry, I think it incumbent on me, to avoid any misrepresentation taking place, which might injure my character, and likewise to shew how the inhabitants of that town are abused, to state for what, and by whom, I was confined.

On Tuesday night last, at five minutes past eleven, I was sitting in my mother's house, with a few friends, ladies and gentlemen, after supper, when we were alarmed with the breaking of windows, and instantly on my opening the hall door, to see who the ruffians were, a common informer of the name of Frederick Dutton, with a party of the Ancient British Fencible Cavalry, armed with pistols and swords, entered the house, and Dutton desired one of his party to take hold of me; and I was taken, with a pistol pointed close to my breast, with Mr. Robert Wallace of Newry, (who was one of our party) to the guard-house, and left there, with orders from Dutton, that if either Mr. Wallace or I spoke a word, to send for him and he whuld settle us; he returned to my mother's, and brought with him two of my brothers, and Mr. Patrick M'Cawley of Newry, who was likewise one of our party, and whom he had left behind the time before: I inquired from an officer of the regiment, who came to the guard-house a short time afterwards, to know if he could discharge us; but his answer was, that he had not any thing to do with Mr. Dutton's prisoners; that Mr. Dutton had a guard of his own. Shortly afterwards, W. Beath, Esq. a magistrate for the county Down, came, and was willing to discharge Mr. M'Cawley, (the rest of us did not apply to him) but the corporal dare not obey him. Two officers of the same regiment likewise said, they could not do any thing without the Lieutenant-Colonel's or Mr. Dutton's directions. We remained there until the following day, between three and four o'clock in the afternoon, when we were discharged by an Officer, saying the Lieutenant-Colonel had not any farther business with us.

On Wednesday the news of the defeat of the Dutch fleet having arrived, a bellman went through the streets, ordering the inhabitants, by directions of Acheson Thompson, Esq. Seneschal, to illuminate their windows that evening; and indeed the town was very well lighted, not a house to be seen without candles burning.

About fifteen minutes past nine o'clock, I was surprized at seeing three of the officers of the regiment of Ancient British Fencible Cavalry, breaking the windows of Mr. Joseph Wright's house, opposite mine; and seeing them advancing to break my windows, I began to tell them that I had just had my lights put out, when one of them, of the name of Bargainy, drew his sword, and swore if I spoke another word he would cut off my head. Finding I could not speak to them with safety, I returned into the house, which I had scarcely done, when on watching from the window what they were doing, saw them speaking with George Anderson, Esq. a justice of the peace, and thinking that by his speaking to them they would not attempt to break my windows, I went out to him, and immediately Mr. Bargainy damned me, saying, are you come again to affront an officer by speaking to him; and on my telling him that if he or any other officer thought I had affronted them, they knew where I lived, and would be at home in the morning. They took me prisoner, and one of them, of the name of Jones, sent for the guard, and notwithstanding Mr. Anderson politely told them he would be answerable for me in the morning, I was taken to the guard-house by Mr. Jones; and on the way, when I told him he need not take me to the guard-house, as I would give him any satisfaction he wanted in the morning, he answered, that the only satisfaction he wanted, was to kick me. I was confined till the next day, between one and two o'clock, and then discharged by an officer, saying, Major Wardle had not any farther business with me.

About fifteen minutes after I was in the guard-house, Major Wardle and Mr. Bargainy came, and Major Wardle inquired what prisoners were there; and on being told that I had been left there by Mr. Jones, Mr. Bargainy told me, I might be very thankful he had not cut off my head, which he certainly would have done, for my speaking to him, had it not been in cold blood; and for the future, at my peril, not to dare to speak to one of them---and that no officer of his regiment would give or ask from me any satisfaction.---Major Wardle then told me, he had just come from leaving Mr. Jones in confinement, for being drunk, but that he would go and inquire from him what charge was against me, and return shortly; which he did about half an hour afterwards, and then told me I had been confined for insulting an officer, by speaking to him---but, that I was not to consider myself any longer confined by Mr. Jones, but by him, that I sat there with great audacity, because I knew I had saved my neck from the gallows, by taking the oath of allegiance under the proclamation; and on my telling him he was mistaken, as I had not taken any such oath, said he was glad of it---for that there he had me, that I was one of the greatest United villains in the town, and that my father (although he has been dead these sixteen years) was a leader of them; and that all my name with many others, (mentioning the names of

the most respectable families in the town,) were so---but that I was the worst of all: and on my attempting to speak to him, told me, if I spoke another word, he would twist my neck, and that he would take me the following morning to his guard-house (alluding to a dungeon which he is preparing in an under ground-floor of an house in the low ground) and that as the Lieutenant-Colonel was going away in a few days, he would have the entire command; and, if I should attempt to get out, by any of my ATTORNEY'S TRICKS, or that I or any friend for me, should attempt to take any proceedings against him, he would keep me in the dungeon on bread and water till I should rot, and would bring me some of my friends to keep me company, and work us every morning; that he did not care about any law, nor would he know any but his own will; that he would make the inhabitants of the town obey him and put out their lights when he pleased---and any house a light was in, after his orders for putting them out, should not come off so easy as my mothers had done; and if any person was found in the street after eleven o'clock, without the counter-sign, the troopers should not take him prisoner, but dispose of him in a shorter manner.---He then desired the corporal of the guard not to allow me any thing but bread and water, nor pen, ink, or paper, nor any person to speak to me, not even a magistrate.

Finding I could not get any personal satisfaction from these officers, on Saturday I applied to three magistrates in Newry, to swear examinations against them, for an assault and false imprisonment, and likewise against Dutton, for breaking the windows and assaulting and falsely imprisoning me, but they would not receive them; I shall therefore take another mode of proceeding, and hope the Court of King's-Bench will teach these Magistrates their duty; and having now, Sir, done my duty, so far as concerns me individually, shall inform you of a few of the acts of this Mr. Dutton, which came within my knowledge---the first night I was confined, about half past eleven, he brought in two men, who had just come with a car from Newtown-hamilton, and unfortunately for them were rather late coming into town, owing to the car having broken on the road, and who I believe still remain in a place adjoining the guard-room, quite open to wind and rain, without fire or candle, or even a wisp of straw to lie down on; and about three o'clock in the morning of which I was first confined, he broke the windows of the house of Mr. Munroe of Canal-street, and took him out of his bed and brought him to the guard-house; the night the town was illuminated, he broke all the windows and cut the sashes in the under part of the house of Mr. Patrick M'Cawley of Newry, notwithstanding it was one of the best lighted houses in the town; and had the insolence to tell me in the guard-house, if I spoke, he would put me in irons; but these are only a few of his wicked doings, which, I am sorry to say, he seems sanctioned

in, by being allowed a guard, and not any person daring to take any proceedings against him, for fear of being worse treated.

A number of the most respectable inhabitants have left, and are now preparing to leave that unhappy town, one of the largest and most respectable in the kingdom; and I assure you, if Government does not interfere and put a stop to such acts, no one will remain there that can possibly remove.

Before I take leave of you, I beg leave to mention the case of an unfortunate man, who has been confined these fifteen days, and was in the guard-house while I was there; his crime, mentioned in the report handed by one officer to another, when they relieved guard, is being suspected of being united, and committed by Savage Hall, Esq. a magistrate for the county of Down. I should think if there is any charge against any person, that the Magistrate should send him to the county gaol, and not to a dungeon. Hoping to see better times, and that people will get leave to follow their business, and live quietly at home, without being in danger every moment of losing their lives, and that such acts will not go unpunished, I remain, Sir,

Your humble servant,

GEORGE OGLE.

Note---This infamous Dutton, who has now the command of a guard, and does as he pleases---lived servant with some families in Newry, and was discharged for various mal-practices.

At a time when all possible frugality should be practised by the state, it is to be regretted that government do not see the great advantage of shooting instead of hanging *all* the United Irishmen. In order to conceive the expence of the latter mode, allowing only two executions to each circuit, perhaps the following estimate of what may be called hanging extraordinaries, may not be far from exact:

	l.	*s.*	*d.*
Attorney General	1000	0	0
Mr. Kemmis	800	0	0
Mr. Kemmis's four clerks	200	0	0
Six under, working attornies,	120	0	0
Six do. barristers,	60	0	0
Five principal informers	500	0	0
Two hangmen	10	0	0
A tragedy-hankerchief for the Judge	0	7	6
	2690	7	6

In this estimate we have not included any thing extra to informers, nor to witnesses to their characters, nor to jussices to pump the convicts in prisons for discoveries, nor for whiskey for the juries, nor journals for the publishing of libels, false confessions, statements by sheriffs, compurgations by trading justices, &c. because we think the loyalty of the country may defray these charges, without any actual interference by the state. Let us compare this with the expences of shooting the same two men: to do this it must be considered, that a Scotch Fencible will not hit more than one out of six shots, at least for some time; we therefore say for each man to be shot, six cartridges, the amount about one shilling and six pence; in point of expence, therefore the difference is 2,690l. 6s. The importance of this saving cannot be understood without considering, that the number of these political vermin is supposed to have encreased to about half a million, and that prosperity and personal liberty in Ireland, cannot be secured, until that number shall be destroyed; to a humane government, like the present, we are sure it will be an argument for shooting, that it is a much less painful death; it saves also to the criminal, the tediousness of imprisonment, the uncertainties of trials, and of respites, as well as the torture and shame of public execution; to government it saves the unpleasant sound of dying declarations, the noisy lamentations of widows, and the curses of the people, who are often foolishly excited by these exhibitions; neither should it be forgotten, that this practice is of a military nature, and must considerably improve the expertness, as well as courage of the soldiery; we can scarcely suppose that an army, after destroying five or six hundred thousand of our natural enemies, the Irish, would have any fear of encountering one hundred thousand of our natural enemies, the French.

The expedient of transporting without Judge or Jury the refractory Irish, who would not pull quietly in the trammels of British thraldom, or prostrate their necks under the feet of tyranny, is not *new* in this country---for that *British worthy*, OLIVER CROMWELL, after having killed them by thousands in cold blood, and hunted them with his British blood hounds into rocks and caverns, where they sought to hide from his fury---transported no less than FORTY THOUSAND of them to the West-Indies.

The laconic sentence of banishment lately put in force against them by the *Orange-men*, in the North, viz.

"*To Hell or Connaught*,"

was a copy after the same *worthy hero*'s example; after driving from their estates and possessions, all the remaining Catholic gentry of Ireland, he banished them into a barren corner of Connaught, and made them to live by their own labour, in tilling the hungry soil, without ploughs to cultivate land to sow, or cattle to stock their scanty possessions, and forbade them under pain of death, ever to appear outside the boundary allotted them, or to

build an house within four miles of it, or to approach *Galway*, the principal town of it. In short, there can be no doubt but the people of this kingdom, even from their earliest ancestry to the present time, have been indebted for so many *signal blessings* and *acts* of *kindness* to Great-Britain, that we are ever bound to *love* and *cherish* the connexion.

ODE TO BENEVOLENCE

Celestial maid, in snowy vest,
With tearful eye, and throbbing breast,
O friend of man, indulgent pow'r,
Conduct me to thy sacred bow'r---
Where the pure Loves thy influence share,
Ambrosial sweets perfume the air;
And melting strains of music wild,
Thro' the deep stillness gliding mild,
On the ear enraptur'd steal,
And nameless ecstasies reveal;
Waking the harmonies of mind,
Which man to man so sweetly bind;
Those fine accords, misterious ties,
The feeling heart's blest sympathies---
Tell me the place, enchantres tell,
Where chief thou tak'st delight to dwell.
In vain I search the dark retreat,
Where Superstition rears her seat;
Sunk in the Convent's dismal cell,
Where asceties sluggish dwell---
Amid whose damp and cheerless glooms,
Its victims ruthless pride entombs,
With breaking heart and streaming eyes,
Where each sad night some vestal sighs.
Torn from the youth her soul held dear,
Can Nature's God condemn the tear.
In vain I search the lonely shade,
Where Anchorite his cave hath made;
And solitude, in cypress vest,
Consumes the hours in selfish rest.
Thou, O! social Nymph, I ween,
In busy life art oft'nest seen;
And yet in vain on thee I call,
In giddy pleasure's festive hall.
More vainly still I hail thy name,
Thro' the crowded courts of fame;
Where Ambition's fiery eye
Ne'er drops a tear on misery;
But Tyranny, in blood-stained vest,
While fiercer torments rack his breast,

Than those his wretched victims feel,
Stretch'd on the tort'ring bed of steel,
Proclaims aloud the horrid war.
See, how the monster snuffs afar
The smoaking blood of slaughter'd heaps;
And as the frantic widow weeps,
With savage joy he drinks her tears---
Her cries are music in his ears.
Where war his bloody standard rears,
In vain thy gentle form appears.
Then from the palace let me hie,
And swift, with thee, sweet virgin, fly
To some lone cot, where poverty
Despairing sits with hopeless eye.
O! Goddess, haste to Erin's land,
There deign to take thy hallow'd stand.
O! let thy soothing spirit heal
The mis'ries which her people feel.
Lo! from his helpless children torn,
Their sole support, their father borne
Far, far from his native land;
Forced by oppression's iron hand,
To wander on the wintry wave;
His crime?---He would not be a slave.
Hold, O! hold that ruffian hand!
See, it prepares the horrid brand
Alas! the flames already spread,
And, O! consume the humble shed---
Where misery alone could find
A shelter from the piercing wind;
And he, whose labor fed that pride,
Which now his suff'rings can deride;
Forlorn, and destitute must roam,
Without a friend, without a home---
His all destroyed! what! nothing save?
O! no!---He could not be a slave.
Ha! whence comes that dying moan;
O! whence that agonizing groan!
'Tis Nature's parting pang---he dies---
A mangled, lifeless corse he lies---
An aged parent's fost'ring hope,
An aged parent's only prop.
Naked, defenceless, he was slain
By armed soldiers! O! foul stain!
Oppression mark'd him for the grave---
His crime?---He could not be a slave.
O! Goddess, haste to Erin's land,
There deign to take thy hallow'd stand.
O! let thy soothing spirit heal
The mis'ries which her people feel.

Z.

No. 14.---SATURDAY, OCTOBER 28.

BOLINGBROKE'S SECOND LETTER.

" At tu Catulle, obstinatus, obdura !"

SIR,

HAVING dwelt too long, perhaps, in my former letters, on the general effect and operation of the present unprecedented war, as connected with the interests of the empire at large, and arraigned the misconduct of Ministers, in the management of it, without any particular reference to the manyfold crimes and transgressions they have committed against this ill-starred country---I shall endeavour, as briefly as possible, to bring each specific charge more immediately home to them in the future progress of these letters.

But before I begin to particularize each petty offender, let me, once for all, dismiss from my paper the few remaining observations I mean to make, upon the great culprit himself, whom I thus solemnly arraign before the tribunal of the public. That scourge of suffering humanity, whose rise and declension like that of the Dog-star, has inundated the earth with blood, and inflicted every plague in the litany, on the before peaceful inhabitants of Europe. Sufficient blood has been shed---millions enough have been expended---the measure of human affliction is full, brimfull! of tears and anguish---the *" cause of Kings,"* as it is called, has been fully vindicated---hecatombs enough have been slaughtered, to appease the manes of the unfortunate Louis.---Let the work of death then cease; but cease it never will, while Pitt is the Minister.

That one man should have atchieved all this, is astonishing; yet still must it appear more incredible, that mens' minds should be so perverted from the truth, by the gloss of false appearances presented to them by this corrupt Minister---so estranged from their real interests, by a too implicit and criminal reliance on his plausible assurances---so plunged in morbid apathy, that though their senses are assailed by the most obvious and palpable failures of all his schemes, though " steeped in poverty to the very lips"---they seem incapable of common or rational deduction, and are dead to every intellectual exertion that might mitigate their sufferings, or free them from the miserable thraldom in which his crude and ill-digested plans, have involved them and their posterity perhaps for ever.

Enfeebled by almost preternatural exertions---drenched in blood---drunk with fictitious hopes, and elevated by ideal successes, England reclines, after a five years struggle, in which all her resources have been called forth, and all her energies exerted

on that restless couch which Pitt has planted with thorns. Feeble and delirious she groans and struggles under the pressure of an enormous debt, which, like a frightful and mishapen Incubus, her corrupt system has engendered, and from which she is incapable of freeing herself, unless rouzed from her stupor by some convulsive shock, and restored to a more healthful tone by new and powerful remedies.

Such is the real state of Great Britain at this moment---a prey to every domestic evil from within, and exposed to every hostile invasion from without.

> " *Hostis adest dextra, levaque ex parte timendus,*
> " *Vicinoque malo terret utrumque latus.*"

Her navy, the firm bulwark on which her pride and pre-eminence rested, through neglect the most criminal, or contempt the most contumelious, had been reduced to a state of insubordination, and organized into a great maritime Republic by that drop which had been infused into it. Before that period it appeared a mighty mass, which, though inert to independence, was flexible to discipline---then, first self-informed, and self-directed by the operation of that subtle and active spirit, which growing abuses had engendered. I do not mean to justify such modes of seeking redress. I merely allude to it here, in order to shew that a fastidious contempt of real grievances may awaken a spirit of inquiry, and kindle a flame not easy to be extinguished. The *British navy* has justly acquired the character of invincible, and has gallantly sustained the empire of the ocean. The recent victory adds to the well-earned laurels of the seamen and officers, and contrasted with our losses and defeats on shore, tends most strongly to inculcate this truth---that England should have confined herself to that peculiar element, over which Providence had assigned her dominion, and, protected by her rocky cliffs and wooden walls, contemned the threats of external hostility---nor weakened her internal security and the existence of the empire, by a crusade more bloody and expensive than we know of, from history or tradition. But though I join in applauding the gallantry of the late naval action between Admiral Duncan and the Dutch fleet, I do not see any decisive object it can produce either towards obtaining a permanent and honourable peace, or assuaging the wounds that have been inflicted on our commerce during this most disastrous war. By this victory Holland is debilitated as a maritime state---but she is also deprived of all means of asserting her independence, and lies prostrate at the feet of France. Nor is it very probable that it will tend to induce ministers to lower their tone or fall in their demands. On the contrary, Pitt is likely to be more obstinate and pertinacious than before, and the "*uti possidatis*" will still stand a stumbling block in the way of reconcilement. France knows the policy of the Premier, she has *plucked out the heart of*

his mystery." She knows he is perfidious and insincere, and that the truth is not in him; besides, Buonaparte is approaching towards Vienna, and the Hannibal of the South is at her gates.

The situation of *Ireland* affords no brighter prospect---*Ireland* abused, insulted, and enslaved for centuries---*Ireland*, the patient, the passive, the pregnant vassal, from whose prolific womb and bounteous bosom, England has augmented her armies and manned her fleets, condemned from the reign of the second Henry, to suffer and endure all the miseries of neglect, contumely, oppression, and dereliction by turns, and to have her fertility made the instrument of her subjugation.

Her peasantry reduced to the hard heritage of poverty and rack-rents, and the merciless exactions of tythe-proctors and tax-gatherers:---Abandoned by the proud and pampered lord of the soil, and consigned to the rapacity of a land steward, or the needy extortion of a ter-tenant:---Stemming for a time, by the exertions of bodily strength and indefatigable industry, the stronger tide of adversity; and forcing, by the labour of their hands and the sweat of their brows, the almost exhausted soil, to render up its last scanty product.

But on the most trivial mis-hap or most trifling variation in the seasons, the wretched cottager is obliged to abandon his roofless hovel, rendered dear to him by the miseries he had endured in it, to plough the waves of the Atlantic, and encounter storms and tempests, less merciless than those with which he had been assailed in this his native Country.

This is no high-coloured picture, embellished by an over-ardent imagination. It is a representation of the truth.---It is these miseries, I have but faintly delineated, that have heretofore assisted to depopulate Ireland. These are the real sources of her discontents---'Tis these that have engendered long and lasting enmities; that have goaded her inhabitants into acts of partial insurrection, and too often, alas! into atrocious and ruthless barbarities! to be mourned over, no doubt, by every sincere lover of his Country, but not to be *put down*, by penal, and military mandates; neither by the axe of the civil, nor the bayonet of the military executioner!!

CONCILIATION, I repeat it---CONCILIATION alone can atchieve what neither proclamation heaped on proclamation, nor penalty piled upon penalty---no! nor THIRTY THOUSAND foreign mercenaries added to the establishment, has or can atchieve.---Present ills may be sustained under colour of future advantages; but hopeless and insulted wretchedness, finds no consolation but in the last fatal remedy dictated by despair.

Remedies, it is true, have been proposed, but they have been also rejected; and the penal code stands like the laws of Draco, written in blood. A tax levied on *absentee landlords* was proposed, but rejected. A tax on placemen and pensioners was also proposed, but rejected---for foreigners had overrun the country, monopolized the best sinecures in the land, and each succeeding

Viceroy had to provide for his pimp or his parasite---his hireling or his harlot! The people felt these abuses---they petitioned for a *Reform in the Commons House*, as the only antidote that could resist this deadly poison in the state They felt, too, that *four-fifths* of their countrymen were excluded from their share in the benefits they were entitled to in the common-wealth, and they claimed for their Catholic brethren *emancipation* from political incapacities. They were told "the time was not ripe," and they were told so while they were shedding their best blood, and expending their last shilling in support of a war of *extermination!*---a war waged against freedom and toleration---against principles and opinions---to protect power and prerogative; to maintain and uphold placemen and pensioners! that nest of venal vermin, which the rays of ministerial favors quickens into life, and who employ the first efforts of their political existence, to goad with their stings, and pollute with their breaths, the great body of the PEOPLE, from which they rose, and of which they form the most unworthy portion.---Men! who for a place or for a pension---nay, for a promise, would sell their vote, to enslave You, my beloved Countrymen! and many of them be ready at a call, and *some* of them officiously, without one, to force you at the point of the bayonet, into a surrender of your dearest privileges.

Those *merciful* myrmidons of ill directed power, who proclaim their wishes, incontinently, "that one half of the people might rise in rebellion, in order that the other half might go forth against them," and extinguish rival animosities in blood!---For I am sorry to say, that there are men in the country, sanguinary enough to imagine the deaths of thousands, that they might keep up the *great family compact* of mutual and reciprocal emolument among themselves:---men, who can *make* and *unmake* viceroys, and whose whisper can reach the royal ear sooner, and speak to it more emphatically---aye, and more operatively too, than the cries and beseechings of 4,000,000 of subjects.---men, who have borrowed in the constitution of the state, till they have reduced it to a mass of rottenness; who have created for themselves a *monopoly* of the first offices in church and state. Such men will ever be clamorous against any change or any measure, however wholesome, that might curtail or weaken their power and patronage. But let me ask, in the language of Mr. Fox, that political Messiah, who was born, to warn and instruct, and I trust, to save and redeem from arbitrary thraldom these distracted kingdoms---"*Is that miserable, monopolizing minority, to be put in the balance with the preservation of the empire, and the happiness of a whole people*"? A *whole* people must reply, with one accord, in the negative.

I remain, &c.

BOLINGBROKE.

TO THE PRINTER OF THE PRESS.

A PEOPLE, though tortured by the most cruel grievances that arbitrary power can inflict, should not despair; for though most nations have suffered great extremities, yet few have been completely exterminated under the tyrant's scourge; manly exertions having, in many instances, rekindled the active flame of Freedom, and produced Redemption. Therefore, when the sanctions of society and laws are found insufficient to restrain the violence and corruption of Despotism, such exertions constitute the criterion of Patriotism. Forbearance then becomes a national vice, and resistance a national virtue, justifiable upon a principle, common not only to the human species, but to the whole animal creation. The timid Deer, like the courageous Lion, will turn on its pursuers, and hold them at bay when hunted to the last extremity; and the most diminutive reptile or insect, under the afflictions of pain, or certainty of danger, will attempt a defence of life, and retaliate for its sufferings. Shall man, then, the noblest work of creation---shall man, whom nature has formed naked and defenceless, be found more pusillanimous than a brute, an adder, or a worm; shall he not, when oppressed, bring into action those means of self-preservation, which his reason, the gift of the Almighty God, in whose image he is formed, has enabled him to procure for the defence of his property, his liberty, and his life.

To arm against unlawful power, and to repel force by force, is a natural right, admitted by every politician who has considered the origin of governments.

Every society is in possession of primary rights, indefeasible, inalienable, and which never can be extinguished; and these consist in the free enjoyment and security of personal liberty and private property. In the examination of those rights, Blackstone, in his Commentaries on the law of England, says, "so long as these remain inviolate, the subject is perfectly free, for every species of compulsive tyranny and oppression, must act in opposition to one or other of those rights, having no other object upon which it can possibly be employed. To preserve these from violation, it is necessary that the constitution of Parliaments be supported in its full vigour; that limits certainly known, be set to the prerogative; and lastly, to vindicate these rights, when actually violated or attacked, the subjects of England are entitled, in the first place, to *the regular administration* and *free course of justice* in the courts of law; next, to the right of petitioning the King and Parliament for the redress of grievances; and lastly to the right of having arms for self-preservation and defence." On this principle of self-defence, the learned seldom being asked what law authorised the people of England to arm when oppressed, answered in the trite style of a legal antiquarian, "the common law, for common law

is custom, and the people of England, time immemorially, have had a custom to arm, when oppressed."

Arms, however, are not the only means by which a subjugated people may expel tyranny, and regain liberty. Human nature shrinks from a prospect of blood and rapine; and, as experience has proved, will submit to the last extremity of forbearance, rather than bring the question of civil right to the arbitration of the sword. The most salutary means of re-establishing a people's rights is the PRESS, which on many great occasions has been found not less effectual than the bayonet, were tyranny seated on the throne, surrounded and guarded by hosts of foreign mercenaries and domestic assasins; and was that throne, raised upon the fragments of an overturned constitution, a FREE PRESS, directed by men even of moderate abilities, would be equal to pull down the one, and restore the other. Those writers who with their pens defended the privileges of the people of England, when violated by the execution of general warrants, in the person of John Wilkes, defeated the Scotch soldiers in their exertions by force of arms, to keep down the spirit of the people, extorted from the Chief Justice of England, as legal decision, that dissolved an authority usurped by secretaries of state, though the practice was sanctioned by a series of precedents, that had stood unquestioned, in the courts of law, for nearly a century.

Presuming, Sir, that *your* PRESS steps forward as a volunteer, in the cause of the people; and that, with the intrepidity, caution and zeal of a true soldier, it will mount guard upon the bastions of the constitution, without feeling, or neglect of duty, but ever watchful, and ever ready to give the alarm, and to defend, I shall occasionally, address to *you* my thoughts on the bold, as well as insidious attempts, which have been made, not only to destroy by force, but to undermine by sap, those great out-works which fortify the liberties of my country, *common law principles*.

In the exertion of this duty to my country, I shall *first* slightly touch on the conduct of those men, who exercised the judicial authority, previous to the thirteenth year of the reign of King William the third, when an act was passed, by the legislature, which emancipated the judges from the trammels of royal influence and restraint, by rendering them independent of the crown.

I will, *secondly*, state the statute of William, which in the present reign was also enacted in Ireland, with reasonings thereon.

Thirdly, I shall point out a *subterfuge* by which, in Ireland, the intention of the legislature, to render the judges independent of the crown, has, in trials upon prosecutions for crimes, been superceded; whereby the people have been deprived of that "*regular administration, and free course of justice*," to which, Blackstone says, they are intitled, as a primeval right.

Fourthly, I shall conclude with observations on the conduct of a Commission of Oyer and Terminer, and general gaol delivery,

accompanied by an inquiry into the legality of appointing at this day, law officers who are dependant on the crown, to execute the duties of a judge.

In doing this, candor and plainness shall mark the discussion; and those who feel affected, will acknowledge, that, though I shall nothing extenuate, there shall be nought set down in malice.

As to the *first* point---the generous and feeling mind reviews with horror, disgust and indignation---the judicial turpitude of many men who have filled the highest situation of the law; their proceedings are to be found in the state trials of England, which fill seven folio volumes, and which from the illegal doctrines and convictions they contain, have been styled "records of legal murders."---The punishments which those monsters, in poluted ermine, have pronounced upon the unhappy objects of their rancour, are marked with the most rigorous cruelty; and those outrages on society, have not been confined to ignorant ferocity: No, extraordinary talents, professional learning, or extensive knowledge, have proved subservient to royal influence; even the philosopher has suffered debasement by corruption, and steeled by ambition against the impulse of honor and the stings of conscience, has sunk into the sycophant, and become a traitor to the liberties of the people.

Tresilian we abhor, Jefferies we hate, and Coke we despise. But when we take into contemplation, the judicial conduct of Bacon, we blush for the errors, and are shocked at those vices under which, as great mental abilities as ever illumined the human mind, sunk into filthy debasement.---The letters of this unfortunate man, this moralist without virtue, this scholar without honor, this jurist without conscience, affords a melancholy lesson to man, and shews that the most brilliant and extensive genius placed in the most elevated situation, is not exempt from corruption; and that therefore, man should not be trusted with the administration of public justice, until rendered so far independent as human prudence can place him.

By the confession of Bacon in his confidential communications, it appears that, when Attorney General to *James* the first, he was frequently influenced by the king to act against law, honor, and conscience. The case of Owen, executed for speaking treasonable words; the proceedings against Mr. Oliver St. John, touching the benevolence; the dispute between the King's-bench and Chancery, in the case of *premunire*, and the prosecution of the Earl and Countess of Somerset, justly stamp him with having been the "greatest and the meanest of mankind." The case of Peachum is equally atrocious; this devoted clergyman was indicted and convicted of high-treason. The evidence produced against him, on the trial, was a manuscript sermon found in his study, never, for aught appearing, preached or published, or intended to be so; yet the court of King's-bench, where he was tried, held this fact an overt act of treason, in compassing and imagining the death of the King; and a slavish jury, bowing with implicit obedience

to the infamous charge of a corrupt Judge, brought in a verdict of Guilty. "But little regard" (says Mr. Justice Foster in his first discourse of high treason) "will be paid to this case, if it be considered that the King, (*James* the first) who appears to have had the *success* of the prosecution much at heart, and took a part in it, unbecoming the MAJESTY of the CROWN, condescended to INSTRUCT the Attorney General (Sir FRANCIS BACON) with regard to the proper measures in the examination of the defendant; that the attorney, at his Majesty's command, submitted to the drudgery of sounding the opinions of the Judges upon the point of law, before it was thought adviseable to risque it at an open trial, and the Judges were to be sifted, separately and soon, before they could have an opportunity of conferring together; and that for this purpose, four gentlemen of the profession, in the service of the Crown, were immediately dispatched, one to each of the Judges, Mr. Attorney General himself, undertaking to practice upon the chief Justice (the great Lord Coke! the oracle of the law!) of whom some doubt was then entertained."

"Is it possible?" (exclaims Judge Foster) "Is it possible, that a gentleman of Bacon's great talents could submit to a service so much below his rank and character! But he did submit to it, and acquitted himself notably in it!"

"Avarice!" (continues Foster) "I think was not his ruling passion. But whenever a *false ambition*, ever restless and carving in the pursuits of honor, which the Crown can alone confer, happeneth to stimulate a heart, otherwise formed for great and noble pursuits, it hath frequently betrayed it into measures full as mean as avarice itself could have suggested to the wretched animals who live and die under its dominion; for these passions, however they may seem to be at variance, have ordurately produced the same effects. Both degrade the new, both contract his views into the little point of self-interest, and equally steel the heart against the rebukes of conscience, or the sense of true honor." Many are the men, indeed, in this country, of high situation and extensive property, to whom this observation applies, with as strong a relation as to the unworthy Sir Francis Bacon.

"Bacon having undertaken the service, informs his Majesty, in a letter addressed to him, that with regard to three of the Judges whom he nameth, he had small doubt of their concurrence. *Neither, saith he, am I totally out of hope that my* LORD COKE *himself when I have, in* SOME DARK MANNER, *put him in* doubt that he shall be left alone, *will not* continue *singular*. These are plain facts, they need no comment, every reader will make his own reflections upon them; I have but one to make in this place"---MARK IT---"This method of *forestalling* the judgment of a court in a case of blood, then depending, and at a time too when the Judges were *removeable at the pleasure of the Crown*, doth no honor to the memory of the persons concerned in a trans-

action so insiduous and unconstitutional, and at the same time is considerably weakened by the authority of the judgment."

These were the Judges of whom Erskine on the late trials for high treason in London, said " their memoirs stink in the nostrils of posterity !"

The case above quoted, and the conduct of Bacon, sufficiently shew, that while the Judges were amoveable *at the pleasure of the Crown*, they were liable to the undue influence and corrupt controul of the Crown. And that the Crown (in Foster's words) did " *insidiously*" and " *unconstitutionally*" influence, bribe, and coerce the Judges, and extort from their decisions contrary to law, and sentences militating with justice, in cases wherein the prerogative was to be extended, or an innocent devoted individual to be sacrificed a victim on the altar of despotism.

If the public wish for a nearer and more interesting example, they will find it in the history of their own revolution. In the words of Curran, on the trial of Hamilton Rowan---" They have the example at that memorable period, when the Monarch found a servile acquiescence in the ministers of his folly; when the *Liberty* of the *Press* was trodden under foot; when venal sheriffs returned packed juries, to carry into effect those fatal conspiracies of the few against the many; when the devoted benches of public justice were filled by some of those foundlings of fortune, who, overwhelmed in the torrent of corruption at an early period, lay at the bottom like drowned bodies, while soundness and sanity remained in them; but, at length, becoming buoyant, by putrefaction, they rose, as they rotted and floated, to the surface of the polluted stream where they were drifted along, the objects of terror, and contagion and abomination."

FORTESQUE.

THE MARTYRED *ORR*.

THE actors in the foul conspiracy against the life and character of this devoted victim, are not content to let the *fatid* fame of their black actions *rot* into oblivion, but by attempting to justify themselves under specious appearances, and surreptitious testimonies---they tempt us to such investigation, as shall make

" *This foul deed to smell above the earth,*
" *Like carrion men groaning for burial.*"

To vilify the veracity of a man, honourable and upright through life, in his last and solemn dying declaration, and implicate him in the guilt of murdering his own character---to weave for his persecutors a mantle of innocence, and cover the stains of his blood indelible from their hands; a bold and flagitious assertion is made in Faulkner's Journal, and the Belfast New's-Letter, " that the devoted Mr. Orr confessed his guilt, and acknowledged the justice

of his sentence," and to bolster this impudent lie, the letter of the Hon. Chichester Skeffington and the Reverend William Bristow, is brought forward, and afterwards backed with their affidavit by way of *codicil*.

But what do these gentlemen assert? that they came abruptly through curiosity into the cell, where Mr. Orr awaited the execution of an ignominious sentence, that was to stamp his memory with disgrace, and tear him for ever from an amiable and affectionate wife, and five darling children---and from family, friends and connections, with whom he lived in long and mutual intercourse of esteem and respect.

They found him, they say, reading a religious book, most probably absorbed in deep and melancholy reflection, struggling to reconcile the feelings of nature to the dictates of religion, and to resign himself with manly calmness to his hard, hard fate.

They protrude upon him abrupt and insulting questions---they talk to him of a paper *signed with his name*, which they saw in the hands of the Sheriff, acknowledging his guilt---they congratulate him on the consoling peace of conscience such a confession must have yielded, and they state a dialogue between Mr. Orr and them, couching however their statement under this cautious SALVO, "*or words to that effect.*"---Now let any man candidly read the answers of Mr. Orr, as stated by them, and ask his judgment whether they do not appear to be rather the discreet and passive responses of a man in his awful situation, displeased with the cruelty and impertinence of such an obtrusion---but wishing to get rid of his visitants as civilly and as speedily as possible, rather than as any thing that could be fairly construed into a confession of guilt?

But Mr. Skeffington---Mr. Bristow, or Mr. Anybody, may state what conversation they please with the unfortunate Mr. Orr? They have not him to confront them; for alas! he is gone "to that Bourn, from whence no traveller returns."---But to his last solemn dying declaration, we will now add the declaration of his brother, as an indelible record against them.---The candid public may then be fairly asked,

"*Utrum horum mavis accipus;*"

for our parts we will, as HAMLET says, "take the Ghost's word for a thousand."

TO THE PUBLIC.

IN consequence of seeing a paragraph in the Belfast news-paper, signed by C. Skeffington, Esq. High Sheriff of the co. of Antrim, and the Rev. William Bristow, Sovereign of Belfast, relative to the Declaration of my late brother, I am therefore induced, in

justice to the character of my brother and myself, to lay the whole of that transaction before the public.---A few days after my brother was found guilty and sentenced to die, I went to Belfast and applied to many gentlemen, for the purpose of using their interest to have the punishment of my brother mitigated, and in the presence of Mr. James Dickey, of Randalstown, and Mr. Thomas L. Stewart, of Belfast, I applied to Mr. Staples, a Member of Parliament for this county, and the Hon. Wm. John Skeffington, for the above purpose, who proposed, if I would get a written Confession of guilt from my brother, that they would sign a memorial for the purpose of obtaining his pardon :---and the Hon. Wm. John Skeffington said " he would go round the gentlemen of the Grand Jury, who were then mostly in Belfast, and get the memorial signed by them." In consequence of which I got a written Confession prepared, before I left Belfast, and produced it to the Hon. Wm. John Skeffington, and asked him if it was full enough? to which he agreed.---I accordingly went to Carrickfergus and applied to my brother to sign the Confession which I produced to him, telling him, " if he would sign it, the above Gentlemen would sign a memorial to obtain his pardon, and get the rest of the Grand Jury to do so."---On his reading the written Confession, he declared, " he never would consent to sign a paper acknowledging his guilt and the justice of his sentence, as he was not guilty of the crime he was charged with."---Not being able to induce him to consent to the above, I left him ; and conceiving it would be of very material use, and be the means of saving his life---for this purpose, and through that view I signed in his name, the confession of guilt, entirely without the privity or consent of my brother, and immediately returned to Belfast, and delivered it to the Hon. Wm. John Skeffington, as the act of my brother, with which I believe he went round to the above Gentlemen, in order to obtain their signatures to the memorial, which they refused. This was the whole transaction, being entirely my act, and not that of my brother, as he utterly refused. This I am ready to verify upon oath.

JAMES ORR.

Ceanfield, October 17.

Here then the black conspiracy comes out. To execute a sentence of death, founded on a verdict impeached on the oaths of two of the jury who found it, as obtained under the influence of drunkenness and terror, and upon the evidence of a witness who, in the bitterness of his remorse, declares his perjury, would have been too unseemly a procedure even in the pursuit of a favorite victim---and therefore an offer of mercy is held out, but the price of that mercy is to be the confeesion of guilt---and a brother, armed with all the force of fraternal affection, and the cries and prayers of a beloved wife and children, is sent as the advocate to

exact that confession to save a brother's life. But we now see, by the testimony of that brother, that the manly and virtuous victim scorned to purchase the boon of mercy at such a price. His brother, distracted between grief and affection, supplies the defect, and subscribes to the confession of guilt, little aware, that instead of thereby saving his brother's life, he was sealing his doom.

And this surreptitious declaration, thus swindled from the fears of an afflicted family, is made an instrument to intercept the stream of mercy, and counteract even the report of the judge who tried him, and the disposition of that executive power who is bound to execute justice with mercy.

Extract of a Letter from Newry, October 27.

"Last night Alexander and Samuel M'Cormick, and Edward Magee, (who was sitting with them) were taken out of their house and lodged in the guard-house, where they now remain; the Lieutenant-Colonel is gone, and Major Wardle and Mr. Dutton (the informer) command. If our representatives do not interfere and get these troops removed, I am afraid not an inhabitant will remain, therefore they will lose their seats the next election, without a new mode of returning members is found out---many families have gone within these few days, and others are preparing to follow them.

"On Saturday last (without any information to the Merchants) the water was run off the level of the Canal, which runs through the town, and troopers stationed along the banks for an extent of three miles, and after a great deal of searching, a gun was found, which belonged to a soldier, who fell in and was drowned some time ago."

The recent outrage of the Monaghan Militia, upon the house and property of Mr. Smyth, for no other crime than having in his *possession* a few copies of the dying declaration of Mr. Orr, is a *tolerable* specimen of what the people have to expect.---The packing of juries, the subordination of witnesses, civil and military, and the solemn mockery of state trials, have by no means produced a proportion of victims, adequate to the odium they have brought on their promoters, or the expence of near *half a million* for proclamations, prosecutions, secret service, and other contingencies, which it has cost the country---therefore, the rulers of the roast have determined to *œconomise*, and appeal to the *sword*, the *musquet*, the *bayonet*, or the *firebrand*, as the most cheap and expeditious instruments of vengeance. It is the advice of an honest and humane *Crown* Lawyer. *Jack Tollerton* has counselled that no more prisoners be taken---*probatum est;* and therefore away with hideous forms, "cry havock, and let slip the dogs of war."

No. 15.---TUESDAY, OCTOBER 31.

LETTERS FROM THE MOUNTAINS.

LETTER V.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I DWELL at some length on the present administration, because like the fifth act of a drama (a tragic drama) it brings with it the denouement or unravelling of the plot, which had been prepared and ripened by preceding governments. The action may be said to commence with the proconsulate of the Marquis of Buckingham; it was carried on under the Duke of Rutland and Lord Westmorland, whose continuance in office may be called the second and third acts of the piece: the fourth act shews us Lord Fitzwilliam invested with power, changing the maxims of government, exciting the hopes of all good men, and producing one of those transient changes of fortune, in which tragedy delights, and which expand a short-lived gleam of sunshine, only to render by contrast the gloomy catastrophe the more deplorable and surprising.

When the establishment of a *Yeomanry*, (as it has been called, by a gross abuse of terms) was first brought forward, as a touchstone of the court propensities, or as it was emphatically called, of the *loyalty* of the people, for no small pains have been taken to confound loyalty with a blind devotion to the present administration, the patriotism and the penetration of the Irish nation perceived the treacherous purpose, and recoiled from the snare; it remained for a profession, which requires, and indeed produces or cultivates professional effrontery in its individuals; it remained for a society considerable in this country, and which ought to be independent from its wealth, to come forward on this occasion, when meaner descriptions of men prudently or honestly held back, yet their's was only a seeming interference to furnish an example, which afterwards became very prevalent. I use the word *seeming*, for the measure originated in the absence of a great part of the learned body to which I allude. A few gentlemen, of whose secret motives I have no right to judge, whose characters as individuals, may be highly respectable, but whose rank among their brethren, with regard to talents and ability, or whose situation in life, did not entitle them to dictate or propound an example to the rest of the community, took upon themselves to answer for the rest of the body, and officiously sent an embassy to the Castle. The gentlemen projectors found themselves, for some time, in an awkward predicament, till by their own uncommon activity in the recruiting service, and the strenuous interference of government, applying hope to one, fear to another, actual emolument to a third, according to the temper and circumstances of the patient, the

generality of the profession, were either driven or led into the armed ranks.

The first avowed motive of association was commendable, the maintenance of good order, and the preservation of private property, while the more effective and regular troops are engaged, in opposing the progress of an invader. Had the *Yeomanry*, without warlike pomp, associated fairly for this avowed purpose, and this alone; had they been permitted to embody themselves without the formality of commissioning their officers; it had been well for the country; but this would not have promoted the secret aims of the cabinet. A military institution, on the principle of the true Volunteers of *Ireland*, would have checked, instead of forwarding the schemes of a vindictive and encroaching government. The expence to the country in the prosecution of this hopeful plan has been enormous---the unavoidable charge for arms, accoutrements, clothing, and pay for these satellites of ministry, has been enhanced, I fear, in many instances, by various forms of peculation, particularly by a system of false musters, which I am told has too frequently crept into practice among the exercising officers of the *Yeomanry*. What might be the force and utility of this body of men in case of invasion, is problematical; I fear they would not be answerable to their cost; if the practice of false musters had prevailed to any considerable extent, their numbers and discipline have been much exaggerated; certain it is, however, that they are sufficiently dreadful to the peasantry of Ireland, and certain it is, that to the Yeomanry we may attribute the loss of Catholic Emancipation, of Parliamentary Reform, and of temper and moderation in the government of the country; to them we are indebted for the reign of terror, for ferocities that might draw tears of pity from a Robespiere. How these gentlemen may protect us from foreign enemies, I know not; but we are bound to thank them, in the next instance, after the *British* Cabinet, for the state of intestine warfare that subsists in this country, for the appearance of hostile invasion, and more than savage devastation, which appals the traveller, and traverses the country in every direction from sea to sea; at the same time, I am ready to acquit the majority of any foresight or intention, that such should be the effect of their association: they have been mere instruments in the hands of designing men.

I am sorry to see, that some of the *Yeomanry* are rapidly sinking into a character, that will not contribute to render them more estimable in the eyes of their fellow-citizens. From a mistaken idea of maintaining the peace of their respective districts, of arresting suspected persons, and of punishing the idle and disorderly---they have been led to oppress the poor, on slight grounds, and sometimes, without any grounds whatsoever; they have also been betrayed into very injurious conduct, in some instances, towards individuals in the respectable walks of life. I would conjure those gentlemen to avoid such acts of indiscreet zeal; to

reflect that they may bring disgrace and odium on the character of a *Yeoman*; and that they do not essentially serve the cause of government, but, on the contrary, alienate the minds of many loyal and well-disposed persons; and that such conduct must have a fatal influence on society, by diffusing a secret inveteracy and rancour between man and man; and disposing the sufferers, their adherents and connections to a fatal retaliation, should matters in this Country be fatally brought to the last extremity.

The gentlemen of the *Yeomanry* corps have strong ideas of a kind of military spirit, or military honour, which, as they think, implicitly binds the armed man to obey, without reserve, the orders of his commander. Such gentlemen wholly lose sight of the first aim and institution of *Yeomanry* associations; and while they vainly fancy themselves to be *soldiers*, forget that they are *citizens*. I would entreat them, in the moment of interference, on actual duty, to put themselves in the place of the persons whom they may be urged by others, or inclined of themselves to maltreat; let them not trespass on the forbearance of a much-enduring people---let them leave to the foreign mercenaries, that breath imprisonment, death and desolation, the task of coercion, and let them not seek to be recorded in history, among the founders of military despotism in their native Country.

It is much to be lamented, that the patrons of the *Yeomanry* institution, in their rage for making the adoption of the cockade and the uniform general, had been led to intrude, with profane step and sacrilegious hand, into the sanctuary of learning. His Majesty, who represents the founders of that venerable institution, had he been timely apprized, would have interfered in the fullness of his paternal care, to preserve the only University of the Country, from a measure so ruinous, so incompatible with literary pursuits and academic discipline. It is not surprizing, that generous and fiery spirits of warm and inexperienced youth, should catch, with eagerness, at the idea of arraying themselves in arms to defend their Country. It is natural, that the neighing steed and the shrill trumpet, the royal banner, and all *the pride, pomp and circumstance of glorious war*, should make a strong impression on juvenile fancies, and lead the student for the moment, to forget that the most important and essential service he can render the public, is to form his mind while he has an opportunity to catch the pure spirit of freedom, from the immortal writings and the glorious models of *Greece* and *Rome*; to learn to know and value his own rights, and to respect the rights of other men; in fine, by a due attention to the attainment of elementary knowledge, to prepare himself for learning and discharging with integrity and ability, the mighty duties of the citizen and the man. It is, indeed, surprizing and deplorable, that the rulers and preceptors of the learned seminary in question; men who ought to consider themselves as trustees for the parents and guardians of

the students under their care, that they, whether possessed with the demon of alarm, or smit with desire of preferment, and eager to conciliate the favour of a court, should sink the literary preceptor in the drill serjeant, and exchange the sober cap and gown of the college fellow, for the light-infantry jacket and the helmet of the common soldier; the drum and fife resound incessantly through the peaceful and retired *pomœria* of the college, and lectures and examinations are postponed to field days and sham battles. The fellows of the college, if I mistake not, take a solemn oath, that they will both observe the statutes themselves, and, to the best of their power, enforce the observance of them in others; how then could they bring themselves to take up arms, and to put weapons into the hands of the students, in direct and open violation of a positive prohibition in the statutes? * If the obligation of an oath is a slight thing with those gentlemen, ought they not to have reflected seriously on the consequence of such a measure? how destructive of subordination---how unfriendly to study---how introductory of dissipation and intemperance---how apt to throw young men into the military profession, in opposition to the wishes of their parents!!

I have dwelt, even to satiety, on the conduct and views of our *Governors;* let us now transfer our attention to the *governed*, and inquire into the temper and disposition of the people. It cannot be denied or concealed, that deep and general discontent prevails. The people have been ill advised, and intemperate, in some instances; and furnished a pretext for the making this country an example of severe chastisement, a lesson of intimidation to the rest of the *British* empire, to quell the movements towards reform, and stifle the mutinous aspirations after freedom. It has been the craft of Government to connect with the *French* revolution those efforts and movements which have been made towards renovating the constitution, and bringing it back to its first principles. The liberal sentiment, the wish for freedom, the censure of the present order of regulated corruption, all are reprobated, and ascribed to the fatal and alarming progress of French principles. I will not presume to deny, that a great nation triumphantly contending for freedom, furnishes an apt subject of criminating comparison, and contumelious reference. I will not venture to insinuate, that the atrocities which disgraced the revolution in France, may all be traced, to their true source, in the wicked and perfidious interference of the coalesced powers. But why resort to France and French principles? Are example and precept necessary to teach men to feel the law which nature has engraven on their hearts? must the faint and bleeding bondman travel to France to

* Porro statuimus & ordinamus, ut nullus predictorum (studentum) armis, aut telis, veluti gladiis, sicis, aut pugnionibus, in Collegio, aut in urbe utatur, sub pena, primo commeatus duarum hebdomadarum, secundo menstrui, tertio perpetue AMATIONI a nostro Collegio. Cap. 2. p. 81.

learn that he is oppressed, when the burden actually galls his shoulder, and the scorpion lash of his tormentor descends on his back? That there is room---room did I say? an urgent and imperious necessity for a reform in our corrupted constitution, and an amendment in the condition of the miserable people, is a truth written in *the blood of the Irish peasant;* and he that runs may read it by *the light of the flames that consume his cottage.*

There are too parties in this country that alike profess themselves friends of the constitution; the adherents of the one, profess an enthusiastic admiration of of our inestimable constitution, not only in its substance, but in all its present forms; and think an attachment to the British constitution may be best manifested by vehement expressions of loyalty to the British Sovereign. The other party would willingly concede something to the changes which efflux of time has wrought in the sentiments and circumstances of men, since various parts of the British constitution were first framed and settled as they now exist. According to the opinions of those men, a true regard to the spirit and substance of the constitution, not by a blind devotion to mere forms, but by a temperate pursuit, through legal means, of the emancipation of the oppressed Catholics of Ireland; and of a solid and effectual, not an aristocratic and illusory reform in Parliament---each of these parties accuses its rival of secret aims, dissembled with cautious art, and far more extensive and alarming than the avowed ostensible objects. The friends of reform suspect their opponents of conspiring to extend the prerogative of the crown, and even of harbouring a covert wish to effectuate an union between Ireland and Britain, as the only sure method of rendering permanent the connection of the two counties. The opposite party charge the friends of reform with what they deem an heinous crime, a secret predilection for a Republican form of Government, and a design to attain this darling object, under the specious pretext of a Parliamentary Reform.

I hold it fair, to judge of men from their professions, as long as their actions are conformable. The secret intentions of the heart, can be known only to the great searcher of hearts; but I believe, in fact, that each of the parties I have mentioned, might be subdivided into two classes. The first into constitutional royalists, or honest alarmists, and the minions of power, the creatures and adherents, without determination or free will of every administration, who thrive on the abuses and corruptions of government:---the latter into constitutional and royalist reformers, and secret republicans. The ministerial royalist abhors all reformers alike, as his natural enemies; for all reformation tends to cut off a gainful traffic in abuses, to remove the disorders in the state, to which these vermin owe their existence and magnitude. On the other hand, the friends of reform, are apt to consider the

persons who dignify themselves, exclusively, with the appellation of the supporters of government, as enemies of the country, in general, and of the reformers in particular; as persons, who thirst for their destruction, and wish to extinguish all free inquiry and public spirit.

Impartiality obliges me to say, that from my observation, (and I converse much with people of both descriptions) the reformers, though violent perhaps in their politics, are moderate in their demeanor, compared with their opponents; and controversy on their parts, (with a few exceptions among the lower order) is free from personal outrage, and has not degenerated into savage ferocity and thirst of blood; what change the conduct of their adversaries may produce, is not easy to conjecture. The other party are actuated by a rage more than human; their teeth are spears and arrows, and their tongue a sharp sword.---They brand those who differ from them in politics, with the most opprobrious epithets---incendiaries---anarchists---traitors and rebels *.---No professions of loyalty or zeal for the *British* constitution can appease their fury; every man who wishes for a Reform in Parliament, or even with the utmost diffidence intimates a doubt of the immaculate purity of Government, both in theory and practice, is a traitor in his heart, and should be cut off from the face of society. They would prefer, as they scruple not to declare, the open rebellion of the reformers to their concealed hostility---they seek to light the torch of civil discord---the sabre thirsts in their hands---they long to immolate thousands and tens of thousands at the *Molock-like* shrine of a Minister, to whom myriads of Hecatombs have been offered.

Such are the parties into which the people of this country seem to be divided at present. The voice of the moderate and wholly unprejudiced few, is too faint to be heard between them, much less to restrain their rage. The number of the moderate diminishes daily; they are like an isthmus, on which the tide perpetually gains---they will soon disappear, in the tumultuous swelling of the parties that surround them.

Let us analyse the parties into which the people of Ireland are divided, and resolve them into their component elements---and first let us see, which are the classes of men that devote themselves without reserve, to the government party. The most striking and the most vehement are the clergy of the established church; nor can it excite our wonder---their numbers in this country are unnecessarily great, in proportion to the numbers of people who are of the same persuasion---and the possessions of the established church in Ireland, are unreasonably, enormously great, whether considered with respect to the numbers of the clergy, or to the aggregate property of the country. The established clergy, there-

* See the government prints.

fore, view the subject of Revolution with eyes of anxious fear and abhorrence. They are sore, and trembling alive, at every thing that tends to innovation.---They see that the property of the church was sacrificed to the genius of Revolution in France; and their experience of this renders them inimical to all *reformation*, lest it should indispensably lead them to *revolution*. The majority of the professors and retainers of the law, are of the same party. This I attribute to the extensive influence of the patronage of the Crown, on a profession which, I fear, is too apt to cherish sentiments of selfish venality. There are unnecessary and necessary places under government, to an incalculable amount in number and value, in this kingdom; the collection of the revenue, in particular, is profuse and expensive in a most culpable degree. By these means, the country is overspread with a host of placemen and expectants. To this we may add the military patronage; and we shall find a third class implicitly devoted to the party of government, and loud and violent in the defence of its very abuses. It is not surprizing, that in a corrupt state of society, the sets of men in question should blindly devote themselves to the court party. They are influenced by a sense of present interest; but it is somewhat extraordinary to find the great body of the aristocracy of the country ranged under the same standard.

To what shall we ascribe this oblivion of their proper character and function, this dereliction of their influence in the community, this base political suicide? To three causes: a corrupt and neglected education in the higher ranks of the community; a degree of luxury and expence vastly beyond their means, rendering them at once proud, unfeeling, necessitous, and dependant; but, above all, to the provincial situation of the country.

It is now time that we should consider the elements of which the other party is composed. Two very different sects of Christians have concurred in ranging themselves under the ensigns of reform: the Catholics of Ireland, and the Protestant Dissenters. Of these, in their order, the Catholics of this country are not what they were in the preceding centuries; we must not judge of them from the violent pastoral letters, breathing the spirit of ancient bigotry and un-christian disunion, of one or two indiscreet and meddling Monks, who have happened to obtain high situations in the Romish Church of Ireland. These unhappy Priests, if they are sincere in what they profess, do indeed, deserve our pity, and perhaps the aid of Dr. Willis; if they write from a desire of fishing in troubled waters, and at the desire of men more important than themselves, to instil, with malice propense, the poison of religious and civil discord, they deserve the severest reprobation, and even . . . . As to the great body of the Catholics of Ireland, the beams of philosophy have not dawned on them in vain; they have revealed to them their true interests, and animated them with the warmth of benevolence and liberality; they are actuated, I am persuaded, with a true love

of freedom. They plainly perceive that religious distinctions have been too long employed for the base purpose of rendering human creatures the dupes of artful and wicked men, and the blind instrument of their own oppression. They stretch forth their arms, with an amity truly fraternal, to embrace their Protestant brethren of all descriptions; they are ready to concur with them, sincerely and vigorously, in the great work of reformation.

The Protestant Dissenters have been at all times disposed to maintain the cause of freedom; but it is a gross error and an high injustice to conclude, that, because their habits and manner of life are, comparatively speaking, simple, and their ecclesiastical government has a republican form, that they are, of course, champions for democracy, in temporal establishments. Many of the Dissenters are persons of large fortune, deeply interested in the continuance of public credit; we cannot rationally suppose that such persons would be the friends of anarchy, or the ring-leaders of innovation; the forms of their religion, it is true, exhibit an example of rational equality---and the precepts of their religion lead them, in common with other Christians, who attend to the spirit and precepts of the Gospel, to a temperate desire of freedom. This is all that can be inferred from the religion of the Dissenters. With respect to their political sentiments, the Dissenters, in common with their Catholic brethren, have learned, by a tedious lesson in the school of adversity, to be friends to civil and religious liberty, even on a principle of selfishness, as requisite to their own perfect emancipation and full enjoyment of civil rights.

To the two great bodies of Catholics and Protestant Dissenters, I will add certain philosophical and speculative minds, that, filled with abstract notions of freedom, and smitten with the charms of theoretical perfection in government, aim at a general participation of the Rights of Man, on the broad principle of the French Revolution. Such are estimable men; but I apprehend that their number in Ireland is not very great---I believe they abound more in England. There are also some ambitious, disappointed, oppressed and injured men, particularly in the army, and in the learned professions, who are disgusted with the impenetrable routine of aristocratic influence, the sweeping vortex of court favour, and seek for the gratification of their cupidity, their vanity or their vengeance, in a new order of things. These two last descriptions of men do not avow their aims; they conceal themselves among the Royalist Reformers, and concur in their measures, as an intermediate step to the object of their wishes. An argument has been drawn from the republican views of some persons, against any concession to the friends of reform. The answer is obvious, and has been often given, that temperate concessions, perfectly consistent with the continuance of royalty, nay, tending to its permanent establishment, would satisfy the major part of the reformers, and detach them effectually and immediately from their more violent associates and fellow-labourers. What shall we say of the government that deliberately

prefers the state of civil outrage, and a government by military force, to the trial of this mild expedient? I conclude this long scroll, with assuring you, through all changes and chances of this mortal state, of the sincere friendship of

MONTANUS.

WILLIAM---AN ELEGY.

Are your springs, Oh! ye Muses, run dry,
  Has horror suspended their source!
That yet nor a tear nor a sigh,
  Oh! William, has hallow'd thy corse.

And didst thou not mercy believe,
  What fate did disclose to thine ear,
That if William no longer must live,
  Thou too wert to find the same bier.

But tho' thou didst find the same tomb,
  Ere William some moments you died,
Ah! you else had averted his doom,
  To save the pale victim had tried.

Ah! to save the pale victim you tried;
  But your suit was passed by with disdain!
From that moment your head did you hide,
  'Till your heart it was broken in twain.

Then, Oh! William, how pale was thy cheek,
  Where beauty so peerless did dwell,
As the breast of thy love thou didst seek,
  To bid her a dismal farewel.

Ah! clay-cold was her brest with despair,
  And clos'd were her eyes from thy view,
While all sense had abandon'd her ear,
  As abhorring to hear thy adieu.

And the pledge of thy love that she bore
  Grew instinctively cold in her womb;
One sigh did it breathe, and no more,
  A tribute to William's hard doom.

Oh! the beauty that bloom'd on his cheek,
  The truth that gave light to his eye---
And ah! cou'd they not favor bespeak,
  Or forbid thee, Oh! William! to die?

But now, Hope! thy delusions are o'er!
  Thy visions with William are fled:
Thou didst promise my love to restore---
  I believ'd thee, until he was dead.

Then be wither'd the barbarous hand
  Did execute such a decree!
And the heart that did give the command,
  A stranger to rest may it be

No. 16---THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 26.

On Tuesday evening, after this paper went to press, Mr. Deputy Town Major *Sirr*, accompanied by an armed constable, came to our office, and arrested Mr. Peter Finerty, the printer of this paper, whom they brought prisoner to the castle guard-house, where Mr. Sirr having searched his pockets, and deprived him of all the papers they contained, he committed him, under the escort of a strong guard, to the prison of Newgate.

Mr. Finerty endeavoured to learn the authority for his arrest, and the nature of the crime charged against him. But, in answer to his inquiries, could only learn from Mr. Sirr, that he was arrested under a Judge's warrant, and that his offence was bailable.

Conscious of no crime that could have subjected him to the treatment of a felon, Mr. Finerty remonstrated against the severity of being dragged through the public streets like a footpad, or a murderer; and requested to be indulged with a coach, at his own expence, which Mr. Deputy Sirr flatly refused, saying, that as he, Mr. F--- had not scrupled to expose the government under which he lived, so he himself should now be exposed." To which Mr. Finerty answered, " that surely the government never affected to conceal itself, but had been toleraby ostentatious of its principles."

When arrived at the prison, Mr. Finerty was cast in amongst the common felons. The necessary steps have been taken to procure his enlargement, which is expected in the course of this evening.

That the printer of a newspaper, devoted to the cause of Ireland, at such a crisis as the present, and pledged to plead the cause with all the energy of constitutional truth, in spite of the frowns of power, or threats of oppression, should speedily become the marked object of Ministerial persecution, cannot, after what we have recently witnessed in a thousand instances, be deemed surprising or extraordinary. The examplary fate of the *Northern Star*, was a pretty striking earnest of the lengths which *Star*-chamber hardihood was prepared to go in attempting to break down the *last bulwark of the People's Liberty* against the designs of corrupt despotism, *the Liberty of the Press*. Of that Liberty, however, this paper stands pledged as the faithful centinel---and so long as a trace of that sacred privilege remains to this persecuted island, it will never betray its post.

Corrupt rulers may illusively fancy themselves safely entrenched against detection and exposure, behind the formidable barriers of *Lettres de Cachet*, *Bastiles* and *Dungeons*---manned by legions of *spies, informers, public accusers, and military executioners*. They may persecute if they will, printer after printer, and they may

thus deter into apathy and criminal silence, the mercenary, timid or time, serving prints of the day; but they will find *this Press* at least made of rougher materials, than to be deterred by the measures of temporary tyranny, from the honest and manly exertion of a privilege which must live or die, stand or fall with the *constitution* itself. Upon the mouldering ramparts of *that venerable fortress*, we shall take our last stand against all the assailant batteries of corruption, in the cause of *Liberty*, and of *Ireland*. That fortress and cause we wish not to survive: we will therefore persevere until we triumph in their success, or perish under their ruins. To those who fear the censures of a constitutional *Free Press*, let this trite motto give sure protection:

Be just and fear not.

About three months ago our military magistrates determined to take up Mr. Armstrong, a respectable inhabitant of Ballynahinch, in the county of Down, who kept a shop in that town. Although Mr. Armstrong was to be seen and found every day at his house, carrying on his business, the mode chosen to take him up was as follows: a party of Fencibles, under the command of Lord --- came in the middle of the night, drew up opposite his house, and without any notice, fired a volley into the house. Armstrong got up, and seeing the military, said from the window that he would open the door, and begged of them not to break it. The answer was another volley. On this, supposing that their intention was to murder him, he went into his back yard; there he met his father and brother, who lived next door, and who came out (the yards communicate) alarmed by the firing. The soldiers soon followed, and fired another volley at them. Mr. Armstrong escaped. His father and brother gave themselves up, but no charges being made good against them, they were, after many insults, liberated. Although these soldiers had not served on the Continent, they seemed as skilful in plunder as any Hessians, or Croats. The house, shop, and the till, were soon ransacked, and almost every thing stolen.

We are informed, that in consequence of a complaint to government on this subject, from a most respectable quarter, one of the general officers of that district was sent to see the state of Mr. Armstrong's house---his report was (as we hear from good authority) that he could not perceive any damage, or mark of outrage. This may at first surprise our readers, until they are told that he (the general) never went into the house; and when they are further told, that the house at this moment remains in the same state in which the military left it---and that no person can go through the street or pass it, unless they shut their eyes, without seeing the broken windows, and the mark of the balls in the ceiling and opposite partition. They will of course (notwithstanding the

support given by certain persons to the many military outrages, be surprised that any general officer could make a false report.

The taking up countrymen, and inflicting five hundred lashes on the slightest pretence, and in defiance of law, by the order of some young military Bashaw of two tails---is no uncommon thing in the North. And so far is such outrage carried, that an officer of a Fencible regiment, quartered in the county Down, lately insulted a magistrate, and talked of flogging him---the latter, however, with becoming spirit, brought the officer to justice; he was tried at the last assizes at Down---found guilty, and sentenced by Judge Chamberlain, to pay a fine, and suffer three months imprisonment in the common gaol. We are not, however, absolutely certain that he is in Down gaol, though in justice to government we understand he has not yet been pardoned; all these circumstances are so notorious, that no man who resides in the county Down, can deny what we have here related, and although the Proclamation Journals may affect to doubt this, we again assert that what we state is every word true.

Notwithstanding all the boasted loans procured in England, to carry on the system of English influence in this country, still the civil and military estsblishments are deeply in arrear---not even the Judges have received their salaries; nor have the Crown agents, for carrying on the Irish persecutions, been yet paid their bills of costs.

"None are so blind as those who will not see," says a trite but true adige, and never was the principle more applicable to any set of men, than to those who at present rule this ill-fated country. A moment's reflection upon the history of this kingdom, would have flashed demonstration on the most stupid and mischievous government, not obstinately blind---that the period of oppression, coercion, proscription and persecution to the people of Ireland; that period in which the country groaned under the blasted code of popery laws, (of which, as a great lawyer once said, in the House of Commons "one would think, hell was the source, and dæmons the framers") was a constant scene of hatred, disunion discontent, insurrection and outrage, at variance with every existing principle of civil government, and civil prosperity; that from the moment those laws ceased to operate, and the people were freed from the galling yoke---liberality, mutual tolerance, industry, prosperity, loyalty and subordination, went hand in hand, and the bonds of connexion between Great Britain and Ireland became doubly fortified.

The persecuting system has been again resumed, and all its former consequences unhappily revived. The people have been first goaded to resistance, then libelled as rebels; every principle of the constitution violated to punish and persecute them, and then comes the sword of a foreign soldiery, to dragoon them into political idolatry, by sabring all who will not fall down and worship

that diabolical monster, which in this country usurps the thone of constitutional liberty.

Millions of the public treasure have been lavished to pay armies of spies and informers, public accusers, and perjured prosecutors; millions exhausted in supporting a system of persecution and coercion---and what has been the consequence, not what was intended; the explosion of all national confidence between Irishmen, the breaking down of all national spirit? No, for the torch of discord, and the brand of persecution have united instead of dividing the people. The great epoch of universal liberty approaches when the eternal principles of truth and justice will prevail; it is in vain that the feeble efforts of silly despots and corrupt ministers attempt to stem the tide---as well might they oppose their feeble mandates to stop the waves of the ocean. Dominion founded upon cruelty and injustice, can no longer withstand the billows of truth and justice, that lash its corrupt base---and, if the British minister would secure, instead of for ever losing the affections of Ireland, he must seek it by the Olive Branch, and not with the rod of iron--- "for Birnham wood is come to Dunsinane."

No. 17.---SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 4.

BOLINGBROKE'S THIRD LETTER.

"*Non ille pro charis amicis,*
"*Aut Patria timidus perire.*"

SIR,

THE black list of new fangled felonies, that swells the statute book to so enormous a magnitude, followed by an host of spies and informers, and an army of executioners *, instead of intimidating, have forced men together to take counsel for their mutual support, and have imposed upon the rude and uninformed multitude, the restraints of moral obligation, an oath of secrecy and a nice sense of honour.

Mankind has been the same in all ages; it is the law of his nature to seek society, to love liberty and to fear death: but the reciprocal advantages he derives from the former, have taught him to despise the latter; and contempt and dereliction become more intolerable than death.

* After the massacre of St. Bartholomew, Charles the X. having sent orders to the governors of the Provinces, to exterminate the Hugonots, was answered by the Viscount Doet, who commanded at Bayonne---"Sire, among your Majesty's Troops in this town, I could not find one EXECUTIONER, they are all brave Soldiers."---OBSERVE THE CONTRAST.

The boy of Sparta feared detection more than pain, and Ireland has afforded examples of heroism, as well as ancient Greece.

This is no hyberbole. The peasant who is to be shot, or the ploughman who is to be hanged, may feel and sustain his fate with fortitude, and leave behind him an example not to deter, but rather inspirit others; his memory will be revered, and his name handed down to posterity, in the village or hamlet where he resided, and he suffered, as a political martyr.

The execution of the late Mr. Orr, has led me to make these reflections, and his dying declaration confirmed me in an opinion, which the firmness and fidelity of many meaner individuals, who have suffered in the same cause, induced me to adopt---" That *political restraints* are but feeble barriers when opposed to *natural feelings*, and the stronger ties of *moral obligations*."

To obtain a something, something must be risked, and a *positive* evil is often endured, for the sake of a *probable* blessing.

Slavery is more grievous and intolerable than pain or death, and can only be endured by those whose abject minds have been broken down by suffering, and who have no choice left of their own.

But no pains and penalties, gaols and gibbets, have been found sufficient to arrest the progress of human opinions; if blood cannot quench the flame of freedom, and that from the ashes of smoaking towns, has arisen the Phenix of Republicanism---if suspension of common law, and dispensation of statute law---if martial ordinances, and military executions---if proscription, imprisonment, transportation and death have failed to appal individuals, what success can be expected from enterprizes planned and undertaken against an entire and united people, goaded to outrage by injury, and by coercion driven to despair? Believe me---believe the testimony of human nature, inculcating her own unchangeable decrees, by human sufferings and human examples---human opinions are not to be changed or obliterated by thousands or tens of thousands of armed mercenaries---they will advance; and as they advance, gain an accession of proselytes, and cover the face of the country, if *impeded* in their march, like a flight of locusts, with famine and sterrility.

Examples are not wanting, if examples could avail, that tyranny has no terrors for a mind resolved, and that confederated multitudes can overpower the best disciplined troops. France has confirmed this new discovered truth, and France has afforded a lesson of moderation to the Sovereigns of Europe. Am I criminal for inculcating the lessons of truth? For *truth* we are told may be a libel; and it has been held criminal to advise. If I have reasoned *right* there is danger in this system of coercion, and it should be changed. If I have reasoned *wrong*, then there is no terror in these forebodings.

I have just learned with indignation, though not with surprise, that a fresh outrage has been committed on the freedom of enquiry, and the liberty of the PRESS, by the arrest and imprisonment of the printer of that paper. I have read somewhere, that " every check on the liberty of the PRESS, is a system of barbarous and *arbitrary policy*, and those *rulers* who adopt it, act with the people as the Scythians did with their *slaves*, put out their eyes that they might turn the mill with less distraction. " Whoever," says the same author, " under pretence of supporting the authority of the sovereign, would stretch it to an arbitrary power---is at the same time a bad father, a bad citizen, and a bad subject; a bad father, because he would load his posterity with chains; and a bad subject, because by changing a lawful for a despotic authority, he is summoning up ambition and *despair* against the government."

This I fear is too much the policy of our present rulers, and must eventually, " like a whale on ground confound itself with working." It was the unjustifiable suppression of the *Northern Star* that gave entity to a new publication; from its expiring ashes arose that paper called the PRESS. Should a similar outrage follow the arrest of Mr. Finerty, the property of the proprietors may be pillaged and confiscated by a lawless soldiery, and the sufferers find no redress.

But in these experiments there is much hazard and uncertainty. The people will begin to perceive that there is no channel through which they can convey their grievances, and despondency and despair must inevitably follow.

Speculative opinions and *general* inferences are to be arraigned as acts of atrocious criminality, and the printer, whose paper has been made the vehicle of observations, however pointed on the conduct of men in power, for pointed they must be, to carry conviction, is to be dragged like a felon to prison, and insulted as such. Hopeless indeed, becomes the prospects of the public. The petty despot may tyrannize with impunity, and without the hazard of censure, over each devoted victim of his wrath, and silence become more emphatical, and perhaps more tragical than the most pointed irony, or most cutting invective that ever issued from the PRESS, during the period of its most unbounded licentiousness.

If men are honest, if men are just, malice must die of its own venom; and rancour must recoil upon those who spue it out.--- If the government, as I have had occasion to observe before, " be made to stand, it has nothing to fear from *paper shot*."--- In short, the more an individual feels hurt at an imputed criminality, the more he establishes a conviction of his guilt; it is therefore most prudent, in such cases to forbear---better have Liberty with a little licentiousness, than no Liberty at all.

The printer of an offensive letter, that has been too captiously adopted, and not very wisely made the subject of a solemn and serious discussion---may be convicted---he may suffer in the cause

as an individual in the discharge of his duty to his employers, and the confidence reposed in him by those who correspond with HIS PRESS; but other printers will supply his place, and the work will advance and gather strength and virulence as it advances.---He may be *acquitted* too---and if I am not much mistaken, he *must* be acquitted on the present indictment, and then "how *discreetly* have the *Government* acted"!!! will be the opinion of the public, as well as of

BOLINGBROKE.

IMPRISONMENT OF OUR PRINTER.

In our last we stated the circumstances relative to the apprehension of Mr. Peter Finerty, printer of this paper, on the evening of the preceding Tuesday, by a brace of State Aiguazils, and his committal to Newgate, under a strong guard.

The following are the occurrences which have since taken place, consequent to that transaction.

On Wednesday, the day after committal, our law agent proceeded in the necessary steps for giving securities for Mr. Finerty's appearance to trial, or abidance of any action instantly against him, on account of this paper, as he had been informed by the persons who had arrested him, that the charge against him was for a bailable offence; but before the lapse of the twenty-four hours usually allowed the opposite attorney for approbation or rejection of any bail tendered, the agents "commissioned *to put down the Press*, by the most prompt and rigorous prosecution of its printer," resolved to make quick work of it; and accordingly on Thursday forenoon, at the hour Mr. Finerty expected to be enlarged upon his bail, he was brought hand-cuffed like a common felon, before the Court of Commission, then sitting, and rammed into the dock amongst the convicts, preparatory to his being arraigned on an indictment for---*a Libel.*

Counsellor M'Nally, on behalf of Mr. Finerty, remonstrated to the Court on the extraordinary and unusual proceeding of putting a traverser, accused only of a misdemeanour, into the common dock, amongst men, some accused, and others convicted of murder, treason, and capital felony. In order to his mere arraignments (a circumstance still the more extraordinary contrasted with that of *three artillery officers*, tried and convicted a day or two before of a most violent breach of the King's peace, and a most outrageous assault upon a respectable citizen, yet indulged both before and after trial and conviction, with a *seat* in the *Sheriff's box*---and with another circumstance in the case of *Simpson*, one of the common turnkeys of Newgate, tried the very day before for outrageous assault and false imprisonment upon one of the most *loyal* and *laudable* friends of Government, *Mr. Hanly*,

the *approver*, yet indulged with a seat in the outer bar amongst the junior council during his arraignment, trial, conviction, and sentence.

Mr. F. himself ventured (which was, it seems, a most flagrant and flagitious piece of contumacy) to represent to the Court the *felonious* sort of treatment he had received, alledging that he had been brought up *hand-cuffed*, and that every indignity which the despotism of his keepers could inflict on the commonest felon had been used towards him, and intreated he might be suffered to remain at the side bar.

The King's Counsel, Mr. *Jameson*, who presided as Judge, said "such language as had been used by the traverser did not become a man against whom a Grand Jury of his country had found such a charge," and ordered him "to be put into the dock."

The Clerk of the Crown now read in arraignment of the traverser, an indictment for publishing in the PRESS of the 26th ult. a false and scandalous libel, tending to bring into disrepute and scandal, a verdict, &c. passed on WILLIAM ORR, and charging his Excellency with incapacity, cruelty, &c. in the administration of justice, particularly for not extending the mercy of the Crown to the said William Orr after his conviction. The indictment set out the greater part of the letter signed "*Marcus*," in the PRESS of the 26th ult.

The prisoner traversed the indictment, and was instantly called on to answer whether he was ready for his trial?

Though such a question, put to a man who had not till that moment learned the substance of the charge against him, and consequently could not have been prepared with *Agent, Counsel*, or *Witness* for his defence, could not fail to excite some astonishment; yet, as a man unconscious of any wilful or flagitious guilt, and feeling as such a man should, an honest confidence in *any impartial* jury of his fellow citizens---Mr. Finerty answered, "he was ready."---The Court however thought fit to postpone the trial until next Commission.

The Court, with respect to the indictment, observed that it contained the strongest possible proof of the superiority of the happy and unparalleled constitution of *this country* over that of *another*, to which certain persons wished to reduce ours. If in that country a person was charged with such an offence as that now charged on the prisoner, he would not have the benefit of a trial by a grand and petty jury of his countrymen; but would have been hurried off like an assassin to summary punishment.

The prisoner ventured again, with great humility, to express an hope that the Court would make some distinction between a charge for *speculative error*, and a *positive crime*, and not feel it necessary he should be treated as a *felon*.

The learned and humane Judge gave a brief descant upon speculative errors, without any answer to the request of the prisoner,

and remanded him for trial---and the prisoner had the additional comfort of being assured by Mr. *Gregg*, the *head gaoler*, "that he should be *double-bolted*, as well as *hand-cuffed*, if he was any way refractory.

Upon the substance of the charge in the indictment we shall make no comment---that charge is now *pendente lite*, and must await the decision of a *jury*, we trust of honest men, who are to be judges of *law* and *fact*; and when the day shall arrive for submitting the cause to their opinions, we shall be ready to abide the issue.

No. 18.---TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 7.

TO THE PRINTER OF THE PRESS.

SIR,

BEFORE I proceed, let me call the attention of the public to a report industriously, though I hope, falsely disseminated, that your PRESS, like the Northern Star, if it cannot be bought, must be suppressed by prosecutions, or torn down by military force.---This is a serious object to the ministers of the Crown---but on them I do not call---they have read the law, and heard the prophets---they have despised both; but in the words of as great a man as ever stood forth the advocate of society, of peace, and of national liberty, I call upon those who compose the juries of this country, "to guard the liberty of the PRESS, that great centinel "of the state, that great detector of public imposture"---I call upon them to guard it, because, "when it sinks, there sinks with "it, in one common grave, the liberty of the subject, and the se-"curity of the Crown."---I say the PRESS being extinguished, the people will become enslaved, and the slavery of the people is the inevitable ruin of the prince.

Now to my subject---

Two things I shall proceed to point out:

First. Having shewn in my former letter, the corrupt, base, and cruel conduct of Judges, while they were dependant on the Crown, and subject to its influence, I will now point out the means applied by Parliament to remedy these evils, and

Secondly, I will make known a subterfuge by which those who exercise the powers of government in Ireland have, on many occasions, superceded that remedy.

As to the first point---In the thirteenth year of King William the Third, the legislature of England, taking into consideration the persecutions and cruelties by which many innocent persons had been afflicted, during the tyrannic reigns of the Tudors and Stuarts, and in order to give efficacy to the *bill of rights*, by which unu-

sual and severe punishments are prohibited, resolved upon remedying, as far as possible, such evils, by raising the Judges to a state of independence, that would enable them, without apprehension of dismissal from office, to spurn at any insidious or unconstitutional attack, which the monarch or his dependants might attempt against their honour and integrity. For this purpose it was enacted, that the Commissions of the Judges should be made, not as formerly, *durante bene placito*, but *quamdiu bene segeserint*, that their salaries should be ascertained and established, and that they could not be removed, except on addresses to the King from both houses of parliament.

His present Majesty in the second year of his reign, with an apparent zeal for the freedom of the people, which, as it held forth a generous regard for their properties, their liberties, and their lives, justly obtained for him a *nouvel* title, paramount to all others he, or any of his predecessors ever held---*A* PATRIOT *King* sent a message to the English house of Commons, that breathed the pure spirit of his then youthful heart, and which surprized all who recollected that his Majesty had been educated under a Scotch tutor, the Earl of Bute, and had received his nursery instruction and cabinet admonitions from a German mother, the late princess dowager of Wales.---In that message the King's minister informed the representatives of the people of England, in the name of their sovereign, " that his Majesty looked upon the *independence and uprightness of the Judges as essential*, and as one of the best *securities* of the *rights* and *liberties* of his subjects, *and as most conducive to the honour of the Crown*."

This message, as it ought, was received with gratitude.---It was considered a royal harbinger to future happiness, and in consequence thereof a bill passed both houses of parliament, and was of course, assented to by the crown, whereby it is enacted, that Judges are to be continued in their office during good behaviour, notwithstanding any demise of the Crown, (which was formerly held to vacate their seats) and their full salaries are absolutely secured to them during the continuance of their commissions.

Thus was the statute of William the Third considerably improved, the administration of justice, as far as law could create assurance, secured to the PEOPLE of---ENGLAND.

I say secured to the people of *England;* for many years elapsed before the PEOPLE OF IRELAND could obtain from her parliament such a security for the impartial administration of justice, even though his Majesty, as by his royal message to the English Commons considered the independence of the English Judges most conducive to the honour of the English Crown.

This gross and manifest neglect of securing an impartial administration of justice in the *Irish* Courts of law, this contempt of the honour of the *Irish* Crown, shew that those Englishmen, who come over to Ireland deputized by English ministers to rule this ill-

treated and oppressed nation, never considered the *People of Ireland* as entitled to those rights and privileges which the people of England enjoy.---A conquered country---a colonized country---a cantoned country, as Ireland has been called, and as Ireland has been governed, or rather tyrannized over, by English sojourners, birds of passage---could in their opinion have no claim to the possession of primary rights, one of which is the *impartial administration of justice in the Courts of law.*

Every legal privilege exercised by Ireland---every immunity demanded by America, were estimated heretofore, by English ministers, and subjugated English parliaments as concessions and benevolences from England; that affectionate sister, that indulgent mother country!---But Ireland and America were denied all claim to original rights.---The Americans, after having been anathematized and interdicted by proclamations as traitors and rebels, after having been put out of the King's peace---justified her demands and vindicated her wrongs, by establishing freedom and commerce, upon those fundamental and inherent rights with which God invested man, when he breathed into him an immortal soul, rights which cannot be exclusively possessed by any nation, (the axiom is as old as society) for by whatever title any one nation possesses liberty, by the same title every other nation may claim, urge, pursue and obtain it.

Pardon this digression, an indignant and full heart must overflow, or burst.

One word more extraneous of the subject---To this monopolizing and oppressive conduct of *Anglo-Erin* ministers, is to be imputed the long withholding of the *Habeas Corpus Act* from the people of Ireland---By this Act, all persons from the Judge to the gaoler, protracting the benefit of the Common-law writ of Habeas Corpus, are liable to punishment. The English Jurists describe this act as a second Magna Charta, as the great bulwark of liberty---The present Lord Chief Justice of Ireland, on a recent occasion, called it "an hallowed act."---Yet the people of Ireland were not indulged with this second *Magna Charta*, this bulwark, this hallowed act, until the twenty-second year of the present King, though it was enacted in England in the twelfth year of Charles the Second, and on the instant that its salutary purposes became necessary to the liberty of the people, it was suspended.

To whom, it may be inquired, are the people of England obliged for these acts---Must it not be to English ministers who advised the royal assent?---No, neither the independence of Irish Judges, nor the security of personal liberty, by statute, originated with an English or an Irish administration, they sprung from the resolutions entered into by that dignified, free, and independent convention, who so nobly congregated to save their country at Dungannon!

From what I have stated, it may be observed at this day, the independence of the Judges, and the liberty of the people, are as strongly secured in Ireland from the influence of the Crown or its ministers, as in England. Should the long confinement of Arthur O'Connor, of Nelson, of Doctor Musgrave, or the other persons f om the Northern counties, be mentioned:---the close imprisonment of Horne Tooke, Thelwell, and others in England, may be set off against it; for they, too, were confined and denied bail, or mainprize; and in both countries the duress was sanctioned by a parliamentary suspension of the *Habeas Corpus Act.* But observe the difference of proceeding: in England, the prisoners were brought to trial, and grand juries having found bills of indictment against them, it appears that, though they were acquitted, there was sufficient grounds to put them on their country for deliverance; whereas in Ireland, no grand inquest has been impanelled, no trial has taken place, and the unhappy men of the North remain incarcerated, by authority of the secretary's warrant, from which arises a strong presumption, that there is no information upon oath, no grounds whatever to bring these men before a jury.

I come now to the principal point. The means adopted by ministers in repeated instances, to supercede, what the statutes cited, were enacted to preserve; that is "the impartial administration of justice in the Courts of law," by appointing as Commissioners of *Oyer* and *Terminer* and general gaol delivery, any officers of the Crown, such as Prime Serjeant, a Solicitor General, or a King's Counsel.

I say that such men, who hold their offices merely at the arbitrary will of the Prince, are not qualified within the letter, or intention of the statute, of the twenty-second year of the King, to preside as Judges on the trial of men's lives, liberties, or properties. I say that the appointment of such men to try capital offences, or even questions of *meum* and *tuum*, is unconstitutional, they not being members of that separate body who only ought to exercise the judicial power, and in whose separation from the legislative and executive authority "consists," says the learned commentator on the laws of England, "one main preservation of the public liberty---for" says the same writer, "were it not separated, the administration of common justice could not subsist; were it joined with the legislative, the life, the liberty, and the property of the subject would be in the hands of *arbitrary judges*, whose decisions would be then regulated by their *own opinions*, and not by any fundamental principles of law, which, though Legislators may depart from, Judges are bound to observe---were it joined with the executive this union might soon be an overbalance for the legislative---For which reason, by statute, 16 Charles II. chap. 10, which abolished the court of Star-chamber---(of *infamous* and *detested memory*)---care is taken to remove all

judicial power out of the King's Privy Council, who, as then was evident from recent instances, might soon be inclined to pronounce that for law, which was most agreeable to the prince and his officers; nothing therefore is more to be avoided in a free constitution than uniting the province of a Judge with a Minister of State."---Let me add, that the danger to the constitution of such a state, is even greater, where a Judge is candidate for promotion into offices of that state. Satisfied ambition may lie at rest, having no motive to stimulate its exertions---but the unsatisfied mind, when called upon by that passion, or by avarice, will pursue, with vigour and atrocity, every end proposed by a wicked and corrupt administration; will overleap the barriers of justice, and, from counsel for the prisoner, which he is by law, become his public accuser; and blend the office of prosecutor with that of the judge.

In order perfectly to view the impropriety, if not the illegality of such appointments, let us turn the mind's eye retrospectively to the injustice, oppressions, and cruelties of Judges, while they were dependent on the crown.---Let us recollect the animadversions of Foster, or Sir Francis Bacon, and Sir Edward Coke, the Commentary of Sir William Blackstone, on the statute of William the Third, the message of his present Majesty to the Commons of England, and the statute of Charles the First, abolishing the star-chamber and juridical power of the Privy Council---all of which have been slightly touched on, and then let us ask, is it consistent with the intention of the Legislature, and it does not militate with those principles on which the Judges were rendered independent of the Crown, for a Viceroy of Ireland, with or without the advice of the Privy Council, to vest a Prime Sergeant, a Solicitor General, or any other of his Majesty's specially appointed Counsel, whether learned or unlearned in the law, with authority to sit in the judgment seat, to hear and determine on charges affecting the properties, the liberties, and lives of the people.

Has mankind so improved in morals and in virtue, that the conscience of a King's Counsel, of the eighteenth century, will be found more impregnable to the assaults of corruption, of ambition, and of undue influence, than the conscience of a King's Counsel of the fifteenth or sixteenth century? I apprehend not---I am inclined to think that the characters of these great law officers will be found of similar features in every age.

Should a Solicitor General preside as a Judge? Let us look to the nature of his office. It is a principal part of his duty that he shall prosecute for the King, and without special licence he cannot defend the subject. In all cases of disability in the Attorney General, by absence from the realm, by sickness or other events, the whole business and authority of the Attorney General devolves on the Solicitor---and in criminal causes, he is co-adjutor and constant assistant to the Attorney. From the nature of the Attorney General's office, it has always been held odious by the people.

In some very old books, he is on that account stiled *Diabolus Regis*. Is it proper that a secondary King's *Devil* should sit as a Judge?

A Solicitor General is a servant of implicit obedience to the King and his Ministers---his mere creature, created and annihilated by his breath. If course in an Irish Solicitor General accepts a Commission of *Oyer* and *Terminer*, and general gaol delivery, and on Circuit should hesitate to obey the order sent him by a Lord Lieutenant, his Secretary, or even under-Secretary, respecting the trials of persons indicted at the special instance of the Crown, or its confidential servants, he may experience a message, as laconic and pointed as that sent by Queen Elizabeth to a Bishop---"If you disobey my orders, I will unfrock you by G---d!"

From what has been said, it must appear that a Solicitor General, or any other King's counsel, though sanctioned by the King's commission to hear and determine on prosecutions, is not a Judge within the statute of 22d George the Third---for like Judges, previous to the passing of that statute, he doth not hold his office *quam diu bene dese geseunt*, but *durante bene placito*, and therefore when sent upon Circuit to try, as the King's commission directs him, all treasons, misprisions, seditions, &c. he does not preside as a Judge independent of the Crown, "*whose sallery is absolutely secured to him*"---nor is he such a Judge as his gracious Majesty had in contemplation when by his Minister he told the English Commons, "*that he looked upon the* INDEPENDENCE *and* UPRIGHTNESS *of the Judges as* ESSENTIAL *to the impartial administration of justice, as one of the best securities of the* RIGHTS *and* LIBERTIES *of his subjects, and most conducive to the honour of his Crown.*"

But on the contrary, a Solicitor General, or any other King's Counsel, raised by his appointment to the Justice seat, while he continues there, unites the judicial with the executive power, making the commission under which he acts a temporary itinerant star-chamber---and during the continuance of his appointment, revives in the King's Privy Council, under whose influence he is influenced, that unconstitutional power which Blackstone observes, "might pronounce for law, what was most agreeable to the *Prince* and his *officers*."

FORTESQUE.

TO THE PEOPLE.

AFTER the innumerable proofs you have afforded of your tameness under insult, and your patience under oppression; after having seen you suffer *such* a Minister as Mr. PITT, and *such* a war as *this*, it *may* seem a desperate undertaking to endeavour

to make any impression upon your feelings, and to rouse your patriotism, dormant, if not dead. But there are instances in the worst times of the Roman history: in those times when the people were sunk into such servility as to caress the tyrants who oppressed them; when the Emperors acquired as much popularity by their luxury and their excellence in music and the chace, as the most disinterested lovers of liberty by the sublimest efforts of public spirit; there are instances even in those times, when the voice of the patriot has on a sudden awakened the people from the sloth of slavery, revived all the Roman in their breasts, and re-kindled the latent, and almost last spark of liberty and virtue. Are you dead to all sense of shame, and deaf to the voice of admonition? Look around you: a destructive War and a devouring Administration; an encroaching Aristocracy, and an encreasing Military, these are the objects that for years have been laying regular siege to your Rights, and so surround you now as to have reduced you almost to the necessity of surrendering your Liberties at discretion. Free men scorn you, brave men despise you, wise men wonder at you, and good men can hardly pity you. If you wish to save yourselves from perdition, lose not an instant. Be watchful of the Government both Legislative and Executive. The Constitution tells you to love the King, but to be jealous of the Crown. Who have more reason to be jealous of it than you have? Who have more right to suspect its Ministers? Has the Crown answered one of your petitions, or complied with one of your requests? Has peace been made? Have capable men been raised to the Administration of your affairs? Have Ministers done any thing to deserve your confidence? Have they not spilt your blood, and spent your wealth! bowed you to the earth with Taxes, abridged your Liberties, and oppressed you in every way, and by every means? Have they not attempted the lives of many of you, by unjust prosecutions? Have they not accused you of Treason to that Constitution which they were themselves gradually invading and undermining? Dare you canvas public affairs, without being harassed by spies? Dare you assemble without permission from the Magistrates and the Military, whom you pay? For shame! for shame! What are you afraid of? The Minister is as timid as he is insolent: your patience has made him proud; your humility has made him haughty; your firmness will make him fearful. But if the time for recovering your Liberties is gone by, if your doom of servitude is sealed, if you are to be slaves, at least forge not your own fetters, nor fit them with your own hands. Let them be forced upon you, and let Europe see that you do not wear them with willingness and ease. Remember that though life is precious, Liberty is the gem that gives life its lustre. Assert your rights; demand the constitution of your forefathers---let not the blood of HAMPDEN, SIDNEY and RUSSEL have flowed in vain. Recommend yourselves to God; and if necessary, in defence of Liberty, *die in the last ditch.*

Accounts from various parts of the country abound with shocking instances of popular outrage on the persons and property of men notoriously employed as spies of the Orange party, and leagued in plots against the liberties and lives of the people.

Open assassinations at noon-day, and the houghing of innocent cattle, and burning of haggards by night, are instances which every humane man in this nation must deprecate and deplore; but in applying a remedy to the evil, it will become a wise Legislature rather to extirpate the *roots* of criminality, than attempt to check it by cropping the *branches*---to remove the *cause*, rather than confine themselves to the *effects*.

If the inhabitants of this insulted country are to be emphatically told by the first authority, that they *never shall* be admitted to a free and equal share in the blessings of the Constitution; that they *never shall* have in the shape of PARLIAMENTARY REFORM, though repeatedly implored by the expression of the general will---even the *chance* of fair representation; that to promote a *brotherhood of affection amongst Irishmen of all religious sects*, is HIGH TREASON, and punishable with death; that the very suspicion of such a principle existing in any parish, barony, county, or other district, is a sufficient ground to proscribe such district as out of the protection of the civil law, and deliver over its inhabitants to the dominion of *fire* and *sword*, under the summary jurisdiction of a soldiery, bribed by *double pay*, at the expence of the people, for the purpose of dragooning that people.

If industrious peasants are to be at the beck of any *spy*, *informer*, or *perjured approver*, dragged from their habitations and the embraces of their wives and children, parents or relatives, at the dead hour of night, and *hanged* or *shot* at their own thresholds, without the semblance of trial, or even time to implore the mercy of Heaven in their last moments. If the cottage of the husbandman is, upon similar grounds, to be consigned to conflagration, and its miserable inhabitants *shot* or *stabbed*, for endeavouring to escape from the flames. If the peaceable Catholics of an whole district, nay of whole counties, are to be banished their country, their little property and means of livelihood, by the *edict* of a paid, protected, and nefarious banditti called *Orange-men*, and their houses burnt about their ears for non-compliance. If the only road to the favour of the *Cabinet of British clerks*, and the leading qualification for official honours and emoluments, be *persecution to the peasantry of Ireland*, is it matter of surprize that those men are provoked to outrage.

The *distinguished* eloquence of Crown lawyers may display itself in panegyric on the Constitution, encomium upon our *mild* Government, eulogium on the Legislature, and declaration against the seditious, treasonable, and insurrectionary spirit of the People, their sanguinary temper, and assassinating propensities. It is for them a *lucrative* theme; for Ireland it is a lamentable one. But will those worthy gentlemen suppose themselves for a moment

circumstanced like those they are seen to abuse, and ask their hearts what would be their conduct?

The *lex talionis* is the first statute of natural law; and if proscribed and persecuted men are debarred of all *fair* and *open* sources of redress, is it wonderful if they adopt treacherous and desperate ones?

From men destitute of education, barbarized and goaded on, by repeated oppressions, to *outrage*, refined modes of resentment are not very naturally to be expected; indeed their persecutors have taught them the most barbarous lessons they could practice---burglary, plunder, conflagration, and murder.

No. 19---THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 9.

FOR THE PRESS.

IT is impossible not to feel a certain kind of pity, a sort of contemptuous compassion, at the low, querulous, plaintive style of a late declaration. Were it indeed the genuine language of the person in whose name it is uttered, the sentiments excited by it would be of a very different nature. Were we assured that he was the real, instead of the nominal author of that performance, we should look upon it with respect and with reverence; not because he is a King---a King we know may be contemptible as well as odious---he may be weak as well as wicked; but because we know the general character of our King to be gracious, mild, benevolent and humane---his intentions pure, his morals blameless, his disposition merciful, his affections kind and charitable. If this composition was the spontaneous effusion of his own honest and benign nature, we should read it with the partiality that would naturally be inspired by the conviction that the piety and the humanity it professes were sincere; and whilst we lamented with the deepest regret, that so good a man, bound by the principles of our Constitution to act by the advice of others, should have been so fatally advised to his own and his people's humiliation, we should hail with a fond and grateful acknowledgement the dictates of his own better reason, and feel with a kindred sympathy, in his solicitude for peace, the pangs that must have torn his bosom during the five years that he has been persuaded or compelled to the prosecution of the most cruel and destructive war that ever disgraced the human character, and desolated the works of God; but knowing, as every one knows, that this miserable composition, exhibited to the public under the ostentatious title of a State Paper, is nothing more than the formal homily of a proud, cold, unfeeling, hypocritical Ministry, to whose accursed counsels, we owe the slaughter of our country-

men, and the despair of the empire---whose infamous policy it has been to beggar, to corrupt and to enslave us, and who are now only temporizing for their places, till that system shall be compleated. When we compare the dwindled and puny language of the present day, with the swashing, hectoring bravadoes of the beginning of the war, and see the former empty and tumid phrase now burst and sunk into placidity, we know not how to restrain the expression of that scorn which is ever provoked by the contemplation of debased arrogance. We look not into Court manifestoes for information---the flimsy artifice of their fallacy is too well understood now to impose a fact upon the soundest understanding. One thing, however, and perhaps one thing only, is to be learned from them, and that is the state of the spirits of the Court from whence they issue---if then we are to judge from the lowness of this barometer, God knows the weather at St. James's is bad indeed! Where now do we find the haughty pretension, the contumelious scoff, the insolent menace, the vain and pompous prediction? Where now is the demand of indemnity for the past, and security for the future? Where now the condescension to treat with an half-formed, instable, unacknowledged Government? All melted into the ignominious intimation, that if our Ambassador had not been kicked out of France; if the Directory would have deigned to allow the Court of London the decorum of hesitation, their demands, however injurious to the trade of Britain, might have been acceded to as the price of peace; all former boast of vigour and of prowess changed into the piteous complaint that nothing will satisfy the resentment of the enemies of England, but an alteration in the form of its Government---and the proud defiance of an Irish Patriot to an English menace, echoed in a tone of supplication from the enfeebled Monarchy of Britain to the imperious Republic of France.---"Perish our commerce, but let our Constitution live." Foolish men! Do those at the head of that Republic care about the form of your Government? When they have reduced you to utter insignificance, they will leave you your King, never fear, as they have left Sardinia hers; but they will leave him a King with a kingdom not worth his having; or if elated with the possession of unexampled success, of incalcuable resources, and invincible strength, they have devoted to destruction a Constitution under which, but for your frantic folly and heady pride, you and your children might have lived happy, and peaceful, and powerful, know that the abuses you cherish are their best auxiliaries; they are in the very heart of your country and of your court, secretly, but rapidly proceeding to sap and undermine those bulwarks, which your foreign enemy may afterwards, if he pleases, have the glory, without the danger of carrying by storm. But what shall we say to the appeal to Europe? What to the invocation of the ancient valour and renown of the English nation? To what part of Europe, in the name of God, is this appeal directed? Is it to Republican Europe?

Or is it to that shadow of an Emperor, the better half of whose Empire has been the price of his dear-bought alliance with Britain, and who is now suffered, by the clemency or the policy of his enemy, to strut a crowned head, upon the portion of earth alloted him by Buonaparte, and to exhibit, in the imbecility of Despotism, a striking and a useful contrast to the vigour of Freedom, or hopeless from any thing that is or that was great in Europe? Is our Monarch now made to appeal to those minor powers who must owe whatever consequence they can expect in Europe, to the ruin of Great Britain: To Spain, forced from its alliance; or to Portugal, just escaped from it? To the tried fidelity of Prussia, the wise neutrality of Denmark, or the sullen contempt of Russia? And what is expected, or what is sought by this appeal? New alliances for England? Alliance with the weak, after the strong have been discomfited under her banners! Or is it commisseration that she is appealing for in a Manifesto addressed to all Europe! Her moderation in prosperity doubtless entitles her to the compassion of her neighbours in her adversity; her former allies, however, have food enough for their regret, in their own calamity and their own disgrace; and those who have wisely shunned the conflict are in too good humour with themselves to be very melancholy at her distress; yet if a little charitable bewailing is all the comfort she asks, she may perhaps be gratified by the sympathy and the prayers of the Pope; but effectual relief it seems (and so she is now told) she is only to look for in the magnanimity of her own bosom, and in the providential interposition of Heaven. Rouse *yourselves* Englishmen; think of your ancestors, your gallant ancestors! So said the Stadholder to the Dutch, just before he ran away from Holland; so said the Emperor to the Germans just before he capitulated with his conqueror: yes, Englishmen, think of your ancestors; they fought and they bled for freedom; for ages they were at war with their own, or with foreign monarchs; they killed one tyrant, and they discarded another; and having, without a view to conquest or dominion, raised a spirit of liberty in their land, they gaind by it a power which enabled them to shake the enslaved world to its center; but you, what have you fought for, and whfit have you atchieved? You fought for the subjugation of the Americans; you sent an army to plunder and to butcher them, and a navy to blockade them; your army and your navy gained battles, but you were conquered; the spirit of liberty conquered you.

Your next attempt has been to re-establish the fallen throne of France; for this purpose you rejected, with disdain, the alliance that was offered you, and you haughtily refused to grant the peace that was sued from you; you insulted the ambassador that was sent to sue for it, and you drove him with contumely and with contempt, from your shores; you, in your turn, have sued for peace in vain; the scorn, and the contempt, and the contumely,

have all been visited back upon yourselves. To conquer the spirit of liberty in France, you confederated the forces of all the warlike world; you blockaded her ports, you infested her trade; you insulted her courts, you descended into the little war of famishing and of forging; those confederated forces, the military pride and security of all the royalty in Europe, the *decus et tutamen* of Emperors and Kings, where are they scattered, and dispersed, and dissipated, by the whirlwind of republican energy? Your trade too has been infested, your coasts insulted; even in your little war of famishing and forging you have been foiled, and while you were rejoicing in the famine of France, and predicting her bankruptcy, you heard the clamours of your own poor for bread, and your own bank stopped payment. Your navies have gained battles, but you have been conquered; the spirit of liberty has again conquered you. What are you now fighting for, and who are you now fighting with? For the support of a vile system of corruption that has been the ruin of yourselves. You have sent a part of your army into our country, to fight the battles of a few petty peculating clerks and jobbers, to besiege poor mens' houses, to burn defenceless villages, and to triumph over disarmed cottagers, in order to subdue our people to the will of a junto among yourselves, and of a junto among us, to reduce us to the terms of your own degradation; to make us the slaves of your own slavery, you are now madly spilling the best blood (for the blood of the peasant is the best blood) of a nation, whose affection, whose population, and whose fertility could alone succour and sustain you; yet in this abominable warfare you will be conqured, the spirit of liberty will again conquer you. Yes, Englishmen, confide in your strength when you have dared to be free, and expect the favor of Heaven when you have learned to be just.

SIDNEY.

The greater part of the county of Carlow, and the adjoining parts of Wicklow and Wexford, are now scoured every night by the military in search of United Irishmen; but alas! the smothered flame spreads by compression, and that brotherhood of affection amongst Irishmen of all sects, so odious in the eyes of the Orange faction, hourly gains ground in spite of persecution and terrorism.

A few days since a man was shot by the military in the county Down, for refusing to carry in firs to burn *his own house.*

There are at present in this kingdom, 3061 prisoners in the different jails, barracks, black-holes, magistrate pig-styes, noblemens' private dungeons, and rotten tenders; *only* 1000 short of the number confined in Paris, during the reign of Robespierre.

The delegated Englishmen who at present exercise the powers of government in this country, should remember that the influence of mercy forms a stronger tie between the governor and the governed, than the terror of power. A government which has gained the affections of the people, exists in perfect security; but hatred and contempt, are natural consequences of arbitrary rule and unremitting rigour.

Kennedy, who was executed at Athy (though the jury considered his case doubtful for twelve hours; the time they were considering on his verdict,) died without any symptoms of pain. This was probably owing to the previous *half hanging* he suffered on the *walking gallows*.

The Irish peasant, whose corps swings on a gibbet in Derry, was shot by a military party, dragged into the town at a car's tail, and stuck up dead in a pillory before he was hung.---His offence has never been made known.

Tracy, who suffered at Trim for High Treason, upon the legal definition of "*inevitable necessity*," had his head severed from his body. It is now stuck on a stick near that of Trayner, on the goal.

No. 20.---SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 11.

THE fate of GREAT Britain seems at last at its crisis.---A fate of which her ministers have been long and repeatedly forewarned in vain.

To what a pitch of misfortune have they at last reduced *poor old* England---once the Queen of nations, the soil of Liberty, the emporium of successful commerce, and the envy of admiring Europe.

Year after year, since the commencement, and during the continuance of this ever to be detested and disastrous war, defeat and disgrace have successively attended their plans and operations, illustrating the most complicated ignorance, inconsistency, extravagance and imbecility.

Duped, deserted, and despised by those allies in whose cause she has lavished her best blood, and richest treasures; her revenues exhausted; her commerce and manufactures ruined; her people taxed beyond their bearing; disheartened by disasters; sore vexed with oppressions, and hopeless of retrieval or redress---and to compleat the measure of misfortune, her shores now threatened with immediate invasion from the united and victorious armies of all France, led by a conqueror, whose very name and character are synonimous with victory and fame.

Where are now those vain boasts and swaggers, by which the British Minister buoyed up the confidence of the people---and, like a cunning juggler, amused their eyes and ears, while he picked their pockets?

Where are now the armies of Spain, of Holland, of Austria, of Prussia, and of Russia; where the Emperors, Kings, petty Princes, Electors, and Grand Dukes, that were wont to swell the proud detail of British alliance? Alas! all gone, and if not all against her, not one of them will now venture to assist her in the hour of calamity, against a formidable, victorious, and justly exasperated foe, whose friendship she spurned, whose destruction she laboured to effect, and who now comes with concentred force, to finish his rapid career of conquest, and complete the humiliation of royalty in Europe, by attempting (pray Heaven it may not be successful!) the ruin of the British Empire.

What has she to oppose this formidable assilant? Are the people of England united to support the man who has swindled them out of their Liberty, and plundered them of their property? Will they unanimously bleed for the support of that patched, mutilated, and mouldering system, called by the name of the British Constitution, and set up in the place of that venerated palladium, to excite terror, instead of admiration?

Are the people of Ireland united?---Alas! it has been the policy of government and the leading object of its jurisprudence, to divide them. Will they, jointly or separately, be prompt to lay down their lives in support of those measures, under which they have groaned for the last five years, and of the men who have brought upon them all the calamities of fire, sword, and persecution?---Let nature and justice answer the question; but if the Scriptures speak truth, in the axiom that "a kingdom divided against itself cannot stand," there is reason to tremble at this moment for the fate of Britain.

No. 21---TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 14.

LETTERS FROM THE MOUNTAINS.

LETTER VI.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I HAVE not yet adverted to those who form the great mass and majority of the friends of reform; I mean the lower classes of the people, the artizans and peasants. They are interested more deeply in the success of parliamentary reform, than the higher classes of the community, because there is no part of the world, where the persons of the poor are held in greater contempt, or where their interests are more frequently or more grossly neglected, and even sacrificed by the legislature. We have been told, that the doctrine of parliamentary reform is obtruse and metaphysical; that the multitude cannot understand it, and are, in fact, little interested in the attainment of the measure. Without entering into the subtleties of religious dispute, or the nice distinctions

of party; without entering into abstract reasonings on the inequality of representation; even the rude, the thoughtless and unlettered must perceive, that should a system of legislation prevail, contradictory to the clearest principles of natural law; destructive of every right and enjoyment that man has been taught to value, and repugnant to every feeling that God has implanted in his heart; some change is necessary.---That, if the possessions and the lives of the people are voted away, with unfeeling profusion; while corruption, public prodigality, and peculation are screened from enquiry; some change is necessary.---That if the complaints of the people engender only coercion; and the tears of the peasant, that moistens the soil, return to him no other crop, than a plentiful encrease of pains and penalties; some change is necessary.---The truth is, that every day's miserable experience impresses on the aching hearts of our peasantry, the nesessity of a reform in parliament. To the want of parliamentary reform the people attribute the commencement and continuance of the present porpentous war, which has overwhelmed the land with wretchedness beyond example;---the perpetuated abuse; the prescriptive grievance; and the code written in blood, dictated by the exterminating spirit of an avenging demon.

The lower classes of people in this country have long groaned under well-founded causes peculiarly of heavy complaint; and these were such as pointed out the necessity of parliamentary reform: because they were such, that it was the especial province of parliament to remove them. They were oppressive laws, pernicious customs, or unwise regulations.---Tithes existed to an uncommon extent, and with unusual rigour, operate as a tax on industry, and discourage all improvement of the soil. The custom of canting lands, and setting them at the highest penny, without any regard to the antient possessors, generally prevails. A most pernicious class of people, land-jobbers, or middle men as they are called, contribute to the depression of the poor, and the encrease of idleness, luxury, and vice. Half a million yearly is paid to absentees, who commit the management of their estates, and with it the fate and very existence of their tenantry, to mercenary, and often merciless agents; and far from studying the welfare of the land, that supports them in pride and luxury, they consider it as a foreign or even a hostile country; or scorn to remember, that it has any civil or political existence; except when the stated return of the day, when they may drain it of its wealth and substance, renews their recollection of *Ireland*. Add to this, overgrown establishments, ecclesiastical, civil, and mili ary; and, with them an enormous overplus of unproductive consumers, in proportion to the means of the country; and you will find sufficient causes to which you may refer the discontents of the people; without resorting to the prevalence of *French opinions*. You will easily comprehend, why the peasantry of *Ireland* should

have no great confidence in the legislature of the country, as it is now constituted and elected, which has, for ages, been a passive, but not an ignorant spectator, of these gigantic evils, and the misery they occasioned, nay, on many occasions, an active cause of their continuance and encrease.

The causes I have enumerated, have for centuries wrought, like the covered materials of the volcano, the desire of redress, and the despair of obtaining it have fomented, in the minds of the lower classes. During the last forty years they have become impatient of oppression. The encrease of information and improvement of intellect among the poor, not being accompanied by a proportionable amendment of their condition, they have become fully sensible of the wretchedness of their state. They have long and loudly complained, to no purpose; goaded by misery, and irritated by contempt, they have proceeded to tumultuary risings, and local outrage, from time to time, under the various denominations of *white-boys*, *right-boys*, *oak-boys*, *hearts-of-steel*, and *defenders*. The high price of lands---the low price of labour, the exactness of tithe-farmers, stood foremost in their catalogue of grievances. I am not an advocate for disorder and popular commotions; but surely, it ought to have occurred to the legislature of *Ireland*, that an uniform, inextinguishable spirit of discontent, smouldring in all peoples' minds, and perpetually breaking out into acts of insurrection, notwithstanding the severity of the laws, and the vigilance of government, could not exist and continue to work, without some powerful cause. Short and temporary risings may be excited on slight surmises, but such a permanent spirit of tumult and insurrection, perpetually reviving, and appearing in one place, when they are suppressed at another, could not exist and operate under persecution and restraint, without an efficient cause equally permanent.

What has been the conduct of the Government and the Legislature, during the period I have mentioned? Have they endeavoured to cure the disorders of the people, by the only rational and effectual mode of cure---the removal of their cause? Have they even deigned to enquire into the grounds of their complaints, or to consider whether those complaints are well or ill founded? No; they have endeavoured to silence them, by sanguinary laws. The people asked for bread, and they have given them a stone. Oppression, it is said, *makes a wise man mad*---how much more the simple and ignorant vulgar? What mode of treament have the rulers of this country applied to this frenzy of the poor? The streight-waistcoat, the whip, spare diet, the bed of straw, the influence of terror, and the dungeon. They could not altogether shut their eyes to the sufferings of the poor, they could not deny the existence of grievances, or say that the complaints of the poor are unfounded; but they entrench themselves in expediency; this, they tell us, is not a time. They object to the tone and conduct

of men whom famine and misery have maddened. Their tone is disrespectful, their conduct turbulent, and relief is to be suspended, till the starving peasant shall be taught by penal laws, and military magistrates, the mildness of a martyr, and urbanity of a courtier. *Rusticus expectas dum defluat amnis, at ille labitur, et labetur, in omne volubilis ævum.*

There is in this a marked uniformity of acting, a proceeding on principle. It is perfectly consistent, to negative all inquiry into the state of the peasantry, in that assembly that negatived a tax on absentees, that negatived a fleet for the defence of our coasts, that negatived a moderate tax on the manufactures of *Britain*, while they taxed salt and leather, while benevolence, strained and tortured to the utmost, was unable to prevent the poor manufacturers of the country from perishing by myriads; a non-importation agreement, for a limited period, with respect to the productions of foreign looms, was proposed, not as a measure of hostility, but as some palliation of his sufferings, if not radical assistance to the manufacturer, in this his hour of unexampled distress. It is much to be deplored, that his excellency earl Camden's opinions, respecting the interests of *British* commerce, made him think it his duty, to discountenance this salutary measure; as the expression of disapprobation, must fall with great weight into the minds of the people, from an authority so high. Such is the condition of the lower classes in *Ireland*.---And now, I think, I have laid before you a description of the persons that compose the phalanx of reformers.

For a justification of the motives of the friends to reform, I would refer you to the statute book. See the commerce of the country sacrificed---read the illiberal restrictions, the penalties reproachful to humanity, recount the multitude of sanguinary laws that stain the pages of a voluminous code. I would refer you to the administration of the public revenues and resources of the country;---behold an authorised and systematic peculation, amidst national poverty; a gross and uncontrolled prodigality, amidst the decline of trade, the ruin of manufactures, and the universal and unutterable distress and calamity of a despairing people. I would then direct your glance to the administration of the executive power. I will not say that you shall behold a glaring perversion of the forms of justice; a flagrant violation of every legal and constitutional principle; and a total privation of every legal defence for property, freedom, and life; all sanctioned by the co-operation of the legislature.---No---I will charge you (whatever you may chance to see) to lay your fingers on your lips, to discipline your countenance, and marshal your features, lest some sound or look of discontent should expose you to danger. To complete your knowledge of this subject, travel through the country;---you will find the gibbets loaded with victims, the fields drenched in blood, and strewed with slain; the flames of rural

habitations dispelling the night, or their smoak, obscuring the day. See the wretched famishing remnant of a family; the widow and the orphans assembled near the unextinguished ruins of their demolished cottage, exposed to all the inclemency of heaven, shivering at once with cold and terror, lamenting over the lifeless body of him, whose labour used to supply their scanty meal, and fearful, in the midst of their anguish, lest their sorrow for the dead should be treason, their cries and groans the signal for butchery. Having viewed all this, and considered that no part of it has wanted a legislative sanction, you will readily allow, that it is necessary to shorten the period of time, during which a venal, corrupt, or foolish legislature shall have it in its power to surrender the rights, and to betray the interests of his constituents; that it is necessary to give more weight and influence in the community, to the peasant and the artizan, by an extension of the elective franchise, as the sure means of giving force to public opinion in the elections, and of producing in the representative, a greater deference to the judgment, and attention to the interests of the people. It is easy to see, that *the poor and ignorant Irish peasant*, and *the equally poor and ignorant country artizan*, may understand this, without understanding the constitution, as well as a venal pensioner, a court pamphleteer, whose pen and conscience are at war, and may desire a reform, without being *actuated by the daring spirit of innovation*, or *excited by the insidious pains taken by the votaries of France* *.

The Reformers, though differing widely, as I have shown you in their views and sentiments, are all confounded together, by the ministerial writers and talkers, and stigmatised in common, with the name of UNITED IRISHMEN: a name which, according to them, denotes sowers of sedition, preachers of anarchy, and foes of social order. I am not an *United Irishman*, but this much I will venture to assert, that however the obligation of an *United Irishman* may have been abused, and perverted by weak, and ill-advised, or wicked people, yet if it be conceived in the terms stated, by the report of the secret committee, it cannot fairly be inferred, from the words of this test, that the views of those, who have associated as *United Irishmen*, extend beyond the attainment of a reform in parliament by peaceable and constitutional means.

It is said, violent disturbances have existed, and many acts of outrage been committed by persons calling themselves *United Irishmen*. The account of these transactions has been grossly exaggerated, by ministerial writers and talkers, for the purpose of casting obloquy and odium, on the cause of reform; and as a pretext for introducing the reign of terror. But, supposing those tales true in their utmost latitude, two observations naturally

* Sheridan's pamphlet.

occur on this subject;---first, it has appeared at the trial of *Watt*, who suffered in *Scotland*, at the trials of *Hardy* and others, who were acquitted of high treason, by the good sense and virtue of *English Juries;* and in the course of innumerable trials of persons, who have been condemned or absolved, since the commencement of the present persecutions in *Ireland*, that it is the uniform practice of Government, to send spies and emissaries, who try to insinuate themselves into all the meetings of the Reformers. These miscreants endeavour to avert suspicion, and even to win the confidence of those among whom they intrude, by a boisterous affectation of superior zeal and energy. Not satisfied with performing the character of mere spies and informers, they have acted the part of *Satan*, and first tempted, in order to destroy. In fact, either to render the perdition of their victims more certain, or to secure to themselves a greater reward, by producing a plan of mischief, worth the sums which they expect to draw from the treasury, and fit to countenance the fiction of the alarmists, they declaim, with heat, they rouse the passions of the unguarded men who consort with them; they instigate them to acts of violence, absurdity and outrage, disgraceful to their cause, and destructive to themselves. It should ever be remembered, that the man of true principle is calm, cautious, patient, and determined. The spy and the informer is loud, clamorous, and boastive; he breathes fire and sword; he suggests the most criminal, rash, and dangerous measures.---Secondly, if a perturbed spirit, an agitated demon, stalks abroad through the land, how has he been raised?---By the spells and incantations of *United Irishmen?* No---the mistalked measures of the cabinet, encreasing the disorders which they profess to eradicate, and concurring with the dreadful consequences of an ill-omened war, would have provoked the fatal visitation, had the name and obligation of an *United Irishman* been unknown; if the *United Irishmen* are as numerous as they are stated to be, in the report of the Secret Committee, it is manifest, that a perseverance in the present violent measures of persecution will consolidate the mass, by oppression! and render the association more and more formidable daily, by the numbers, the zeal, and union of its adherents.

It has been asserted, that a system of insurrection is organized, and already in much forwardness. Whom then are we to thank, if there has been a revolution in the minds of men since last winter, when a foreign armament appeared on our coasts? If many among the people should be disposed to welcome those, whom they before regarded as objects of terror; the change must be ascribed to the ill-judged and unhappy exertions of administration.

The people have not sought insurrection---they will not seek it, but it may be forced upon them. Should they reluctantly be driven into this awful situation, the government which shall have urged on the momentous crisis, will have hoarded for itself a most

dreadful responsibility, against the day of reckoning, which assuredly must arrive.

The present state of the country is not a natural one. It is under the reign of terror. The tree is warped from its natural growth, and heaven-ward tendency, and bowed to the earth by the application of immense force and irresistible pressure; remove the force and pressure, it will return, with a tremendous elasticity; it will resume the bias which God and nature connected with its first germ, and spread its branches to the sky. An immense military force, too seldom restrained by discipline or law, overspreads the country; and is intrusted to officers frequently deficient in prudence and experience, and studiously exasperated against the people. Under the auspices of a military government, the digging of potatoes has become high treason, the reaping of corn a felony of death. An inquisition has been established in the country, with all its host of spies and familiars, scrutinizing not only the avowed actions, but the domestic life, the private confidence, the secret sentiments, the very looks of men. Domiciliary visits are frequent as they were in *France* under the terrific rule of *Robespierre*, and equally fatal to the objects of them. An arbitrary caprice, on the slightest surmise, inflicts imprisonment or exile, and calls it wise precaution. The greatest part of Ireland groans under military execution. *Rapine*, *conflagration*, and *butchery*, rage without compassion or controul.

We are told, by the apologists of terror, "that the turbulence of the people has provoked a mild and long-suffering government, to raise the strong arm of coercion; that blood-letting was the sole cure for the fever of the times; a strong military force the only corrective of the rage for innovation. Even the excesses and outrages of an ungovernable soldiery, are to be invited and encouraged, as the sure means of breaking down and taming arestive people. It is said, that free employment of severity, by way of punishment for the past, or prevention of the future, has produced the most salutary effects. The public prints have been filled with resolutions of non-commissioned officers and privates, composed in strains of eloquence, which would not disgrace our senate, and breathing such sentiments, as are supposed to actuate the majority of that virtuous body; the people have been charmed with the example, or overpowered by the arguments, of the military apostles of good order. They see that half the cabins in their neighbourhoods have been burned, and their owners shot, beheaded, cut in pieces, or secluded from light and air, in floating dungeons. They see the folly of their past conduct. They press in crowds to take the oath of allegiance, they deprecate, in the most submissive terms, the vengeance of the aristocracy, and the wrath of the soldiery; and, to shew a complete change in the sentiments of *Irishmen*, the partizans of government, with very few excep-

tions indeed, have been returned, throughout the country, to *serve* in parliament."

The foregoing is, no doubt, a delightful picture of the calm and happy state of blessed peace and security which has been the offspring of martial law. It is improbable, that, should the impressions of the present plan of wise intimidation prove lasting, an attempt may be made to realize the secret, inveterate wish of the *British* cabinet, and perpetuate an Union of this country with *Britain*. I shall not question the humanity of the armed conservators of the peace, who have superceded all legal and constitutional authorities; I must suppose the common soldier burns houses, and shoots the inhabitants in cold blood, from honest motives---the love of good order, or obedience to the commands of his superior. A *Scotch* or an *English* peasant, drest in a red uniform, can feel no natural antipathy to an *Irish* peasant, merely because the latter is clad in grey friize. The common soldier is as much a machine, as the muſket with which he kills the peasant, or the torch which he employs to fire his habitation. I will say, however, to our governors, who have found or created the necessity of restoring peace by extermination; of marking their steps with blood and desolation; and of lighting themselves, by the flames of houses, to the destruction of the people; PAUSE.

The people muſt bend under the pressure of the times, and submit to the will of their masters, with a passive fortitude. Government has preserved its dignity. It has prostrated the multitude at its feet. It might now be wise and expedient to consider, is there no alternative, no mitigation of the prevailing horrors? Recollect, that the Christian religion was an innovation; that it was persecuted with a strong hand, and spread and grew under persecution, its growth was nurtured with blood, its triumph sealed with the suffering of martyrs: but the progress of Christianity was aided by miracles---well then---let the managers of strong measures turn to the history of the United Provinces: they will see that in a small extent of territory, and out of a population less than that of *Ireland*, eighteen thousand persons perished by the hands of the common executioner alone, in the course of the struggle for freedom, many of them in exquisite tortures. What was the event? many sovereigns may emulate the obstinacy of a *Philip;* many viceroys may reach, perhaps surpass the gloomy and deliberate barbarity of an *Alva;* but *remember*, that it is not easy to find an heroic Prince of *Parma*, whose valour and ability may defer the fall of tyranny.

Farewel, my friend; preserve your courage and your hope in the worst of times, and believe me,

Your's, sincerely,

MONTANUS.

Extract of a Letter from Mullingar.

" You are probably tired by the length of my observations on the humanity and good policy which appear to direct the military proscriptions of this miserable country; (Westmeath), but as matters of fact are sometimes sufficiently strong to preclude the necessity of reflection. I can assure you, on a veracity for which you have heretofore given me credit, that in the course of my peregrinations through different parts of this county, that I counted more than FOUR HUNDRED houses burned; and this enumeration I have had most amply confirmed by the testimony of several officers commanding the troops in this quarter, who made the number exceed FOUR HUNDRED AND EIGHTY! This communication did not proceed from any sentiment which could lead to a suppression of the truth, for certain corps in the kingdom are so familiarized to deeds of slaughter and devastation, that they recite them with the same *non chalance* that other men do the common and ordinary occurrences of life---and which the following " good joke," (as they call it in telling the story), will sufficiently illustrate: a Scotch serjeant attached to one of these active parties, whenever he discovered a house which he *suspected to be suspicious*, immediately set it on fire, and taking the male inhabitants, placed them on their knees, and directed them *to offer up a short prayer for the king*---after which he shot them. This *pious* mode of proceeding being observed one day by a superior officer, he called out to know the reason of such dilatory execution, and damned him for not *shooting the scoundrel at once;* when the honest serjeant answered, that as *the fellow had lived a rebel in this world, he was determined he should be loyal on going into the other!*

" Instances without end could be recited of the most atrocious, cruel, and unmerited deeds, perpetrated by the military on the persons and dwellings of the unprotected peasantry of this county, and these too generally not only with the connivance of men, whose rank and education should have inspired with sentiments of humanity, but in many instances under their very direction. This fact you will feel sufficiently corroborated by the extraordinary, and unprecedented circumstance of the grand jury of the county, having assessed by presentment the sum of two hundred and fifty guineas at the last assizes for the purchase of plate and gold medals for the officers, and silver medals for the soldiers of the Wicklow militia, for their zeal and activity in the murder of so many poor Irishmen, and burning their habitations, and loosing on the wilderness, their houseless wives and children!---That a grand jury could legally assess such a sum for such a purpose may be doubted, but it has been reserved for this particular and unhappy country, and for the present age, to produce so extraordinary a fact. A fact that will stamp eternal disgrace on a nation

that could give birth to twenty four such men, professing the christian religion, humanized by its mild and merciful precepts, enlightened by education and civilized intercourse, and feeling that they are but fellow men, with the lowest peasant whom their common parent has created."

No. 19---THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 9.

BOLINGBROKE'S FOURTH LETTER.

" ——— *bellum, O! terra hospita, portas,*"
" *Bello armantur equi, bellum hæc armenta minantur.*"

SIR,

Though the abuses heaped on Ireland since the memorable period of 1688, " have grown with her growth, and strengthened with her strength," sufficient to exasperate to any aggression; yet at all times antecedent to the present, comparatively, a small military establishment was found sufficient to keep her sturdy Kearns in subjection. Though invasion was often threatened, and one ill-concerted expedition, conducted by Thurot, was undertaken against this unhappy country, which ended in the discomfiture of the invaders; yet England did not at any former period, think it necessary to diminish her own internal strength, or hazard her own security, for the protection of her colonies; for Ireland can only be considered in the light of a colony, while England lords it over with her imperial privileges.

A spirit of loyalty still reigned in the hearts of the people, the domestic deities were not even then driven from the hovels they protected, nor had the affections of the natives been forcibly alienated from their altars and fire-sides. His *native country*, and *native home*, was dear to every man; and the foreign enemy who dared to advance one hostile step, had been driven with united energy from the coast. Wars then were waged for the protection of our commerce or the recovery of our lost territory, and not against the unalienable *rights of man*, and the free exercise of principles and opinions; though in one instance, (the American war), these privileges had been violated, and a large portion of our oppressed countrymen who had sought an asylum in the new world, had been branded as rebels, and invaded as such.

The people had been pressed, no doubt by a long and expensive struggle with the trans-Atlantic colonies, but they had not as yet been pillaged at the discretion of the minister, by the votes of a corrupt and venal parliament; nor had their villages been burned by the hands of a merciless soldiery, nor their towns laid waste by ruthless ruffians. Experiments of such a nature were reserved for the *sagacious policy* of Pitt; and the present century may not

expire, before all Europe shall have witnessed the *success* of that policy.

During the administration of Buckingham, the public purse had been so effectually employed, that majorities in parliament had grown rank and irresistible. *Secret-service* money was lavished profusely on each coy convert; and he whom argument could not persuade, gold, potent gold! confirmed and enlightened. In short, the senate of the nation was converted into a public mart, where conscience with votes, were sold to the first bidder. His successors have *wisely* adopted a principle whose practice was of so *conciliatory* a nature, and happily for their repose and that of the nation; unavailing contests was thereby banished from both houses, and a restless and dissatisfied opposition effectually silenced!---The Minister spoon-fed with majorities, contemned the toilsome task of debating a question; and a small minority jaded and broken down, by fruitless though reiterated resistance, waxed feebler every day, and melted before the rays of ministerial favour; and patriotism, like wine in an alembic, flew off and evaporated, leaving nothing but a small portion of very PURE and SUBTLE spirit, which kindled, blazed, and *went out.*

The government was reduced to a government of CLERKS, contrasted with undignified striplings or unprincipled profligates, where he who arrived at the first rudiments in the sciences of seduction, was sure to reach the summit of preferment; without any of those *tedious* and *toilsome* approaches, which learning and ability are forced to ascend by. As among the Greeks; "from the oar to the rostrum," was a proverbial expression, to signify a sudden elevation from a servile state, to a senatorial dignity: So, we find innumerable instances at home, of Scotch pedlars made secretaries and comptrollers; and attorneys clerks, ministerial and departmental officers!---No wonder then, that virtue fled indignant from so disgusting a scene of pillage and pollution; and retired in despair to seclusion, resolving as she could no longer stem the torrent, not to be overborne by the current.

In my mind, this recent resolution, "not to interfere either in a representative or electorial capacity, as long as the representation continued thus impure and defective, was well-timed and judicious.

It has been stigmatized as vain and desperate, and an abandonment of duty. But what prudent mariner will continue on board a vessel, which the winds, the waves, and the pilot direct with such contrary views.

"——— *in tam diversa, magister,*
"*ventus et unda trahunt.*"

and which is on the eve of sinking, through ignorance or *something worse?* Besides, such is the temper of the times and the prevailing apathy, that abuses must be glaring to be obvious, else

this "*besotted nation*" will not see them.---The corruption must be rank, and the offences loud and crying, else this "*besotted nation*" will not hear them; and peradventure it may turn out in politics as it frequently does in physics,---that corruption may be most effectually destroyed, by its own putrescency.

It was a conviction similar to this, which induced the independent interests, no doubt, to withdraw during this season of venality; hoping, that thereby the people would sooner perceive the misery of their situation, and feel at length, that the parliament, instead of being as it should be, the legitimate organ of the public will, has been made, as it was most daringly avowed by a British Mufti---*The King's Parliament*, to all intents and purposes!

"Heretofore the public ear has been like unto that of the deaf adder,---"dead to the voice of the charmer, charm he ever so wisely." But when the parliament becomes *ipso facto* the King's Parliament, and is returned by the King's Ministers, the public should recover from its paralysis, and be roused to vindicate its violated privileges, with firmness, but with moderation; with perseverance, but with dignity; "Men," says the sage Montaigne, "should proceed contrary to the reed, which at its first springing "produces a long straight stalk, but afterwards as if tired and out "of breath, it runs up into thick and frequent knots, as so "many *pauses*; which demonstrates, that it has no more of its "former *vigour* and *constancy*. *It is better therefore to begin fair "and softly, and to keep a man's breath and strength for the height "and stress of the business.*"

This undue influence in parliament, is the disease with which this country has long languished, and is now sinking under. It must follow as an inevitable consequence, that the vital principle must decay, when the members are attacked with gangrene, if you do not amputate the rotten parts; as it is the opinion of an historian not inclined to democracy, that "the principles of a free constitution are *irrecoverably* lost, when the legislative power is appointed by the executive." I wish to see my country liberated from this impending storm, by a full, free, and adequate representation of the people; by the downfal of boroughs and borough interests, and the cleansing of the Commons house, from the filth and rubbish with which it has been filled and polluted.

This requires the strength of a Hercules, no doubt, and time must intervene to strengthen and invigorate the popular muscle; but when we see the first city in the kingdom, and the second in the empire, *so* represented, and the servile and adulatory addresses that have been vomitted forth on its *sapient* representatives, by so many corporate bodies, with the antient and loyal society of *Aldermen of Skinner's-alley* at their head! what can we think of the *freedom* of election, and the *independence* of Parliament?

It is the encreasing enormity of this evil, and the weight of this influence, that has filled the nation with Barracks and Bastiles---called forth a legion of spies and informers---given to Ireland the appearance of a country in a state of civil war, from the military outrages that have been committed on its defenceless inhabitants; and by the inundation of mercenaries poured into it, convinced the natives that they are considered but as slaves---in short, taught the people to believe that the oligarchy here had taken the same absurd and inhuman oath, as we are told by Aristotle was taken by the nobles at Cridus---" We will do the multitude all the evil in our power."

But if *four-fifths* of the inhabitants of Ireland be in bondage, they retain the feelings of men; nor will a system of coercion and aggravated outrage tend to lessen the poignancy of those feelings.

Let the Government pursue the wise maxim of jurisprudence, which dreaded to discriminate the slaves by a peculiar habit, lest thereby they might become acquainted with their own strength and numbers.

" *Quantum periculum imminaret si servi,*
" *Nostris numerare nos cæpissent:*"

Says the prudent Seneca. Such should be at least the policy of a prudent administration; and not, by a system of coercion and proscription, lead the people to consider themselves in a similar situation with those under the Monarchies of Asia, as described by Gibbon; * where " Despotism appeared in the centre, and weakness in the extremities, and the collection of the revenue, or the administration, was enforced by the presence of an army; hostile barbarians established in the heart of the country, and hereditary satraps and subjects usurping the dominion of the provinces."

It is not for me to determine whether this be a true picture or not of this country; but it is to be wished that it may not appear to the people a striking resemblance.

I remain, &c. BOLINGBROKE.

The sword of civil war, and the sword of extermination, which for some time past spread destruction in the county of Westmeath, are now brandished as high in the county of Carlow. Our letters of yesterday, from Correspondents in the vicinity of Loughlinbridge, mention, that at the moment of writing, several cottages were blazing within view. The soldiers had received strict instructions to hold no conversation or intercourse whatever with the

* We have the authority of both Houses of Parliament, for estimating the number of Irish Helots, not six months ago, to have been upwards of 99,000 !!—Vide Report of Secret Committee.——" Dieu et Croyez."

country people. Colonel Henniker, who commands in that quarter with a party of the fifth dragoon guards, is a native of London, the son of a respectable banker, and brother-in-law to Lord Aldborough, and saving the prejudices which Englishmen in general hold against this country, is a sensible and humane man; he has been lately appointed a magistrate for the county of Carlow, and, we understand, is to be equipped with a flying camp and a *pacifying* commission, like that exercised by Lord Blaney, for giving a *summary quietus* to the Irish *grey-coats*. How far a humane and honourable man, and a polished scholar, can stifle his own feelings, in compliance with the bloody dictates of such a commission, is for military philosophy to decide.

The picture given in our last of the horrible oppressions under which the peasantry of the county Westmeath at present groan, is a picture for the general contemplation of Ireland; and seems only the prelude to a general extension of fire and sword over this devoted country. Well may the Irish say to the sanguinary Minister who directs those persecutions against them---

"*Quosque tandem abutere catilina, patientia postra.*"

The native Irish are regarded by the English Cabinet as a stubborn, refractory, ungovernable, rebellious race; but they have certainly evinced the contrary, by the tame and passive manner in which they have stood, for the last twelve months, to have their houses burnt, their wives and daughters violated, and themselves shot or hanged, without even the *show* of resistance, not only by a British, Scotch, and Welch soldiery, but even by Irish regiments of militia. Such loyal and passive submission amply fits them for the *yoke* to which they seem to have been born, and entitles them to the contempt rather than the pity of their butchers and persecutors.

No. 23.---SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 18.

A CHALLENGE.

WE are abused for exaggerating and misrepresenting the military and legal murders and enormities. We defy our enemies to the field. Let them institute a public inquiry; let witnesses be protected, so as to venture to come forward; let the hundreds and thousands driven or dragged from their homes, and scattered through the world, be collected, and if ever history did present any thing so hideous, we shall drop our pens, and own ourselves to blame; but why was the motion in Parliament for such an inquiry scouted? For this---that the independent papers might be overawed or *wrecked*, and the paid papers of the Treasury continue to inflame the country with malicious lies.

WRECKING AND BURNING LOYALTY.

Extract of a letter from a Scotch gentleman who recently travelled through the North of Ireland.

" I arrived at Newtownards a few days after the account came of Admiral Duncan's valour over the Dutch fleet. I observed there was scarcely a house in the town, the windows of which were not broken; on inquiry, my astonishment was great, at being informed, that on the night of illumination for the victory, every house being lighted, was insufficient to ensure the peaceful inhabitants from the insults of the soldiery; a number of *officers* issued from their mess-room, and in the enthusiasm of loyalty, caused the appearance that attracted my attention on entering the town. During the whole of the evening they behaved with the most undaunted resolution, and one of them, with an intrepidity much less than that with which he would storm a fort, or mount a parapet, gallantly thrust his sword through a window, where a young lady was standing, though there was a candle in every pane. I was also told, that a gentleman, whose connection with the principal landlord of the place, and whose professional character, should have pointed out to him the imprudence and indecency of being one of such a party, accompanied the military mob through the whole of their perambulation, and seemed to think the rattling of glass a much more agreeable sound, than that of the parish-bell on a Sunday morning. A house in the town seemed to me from its appearance, that it must have been uninhabited for a series of years; but I was undeceived, on finding it had been five months before tenanted by a decent family, and was only an example of roused energy, and vigour beyond the law."

Extract of a letter from Keady, 11th Nov. 1797.

" For several days past, the neighbourhood has been kept in a state of alarm, by a party of the North Britons, from Newry, commanded by a magistrate for this county. After having burned two houses, and ill treated almost every person they met with, in search of arms, they arrived here on Wednesday morning, and was met by their informer, Serjeant Maxwell, and his party of the Keady yeomanry. They proceeded to tell those persons whom they had information against for having arms, that if they did not produce them immediately, their houses should be burned; this was a hard sentence: the people had already given up their arms to Lord Blaney, and shewed his receipts to Mr. S---; but he said they were insufficient, as there were no magistrates in the county but himself and J--- V---. They then seemed to fix all their attention on the house of Mr. John Kidd, which, with all his offices and gardens, they searched several times, and at length one of the party *discovered*

a small paper of ammunition at his foot (which it was evident belonged to some of the party)---in consequence, the house was immediately *pillaged and fired*; when the roof was ready to fall in, they set out for the Man of War, and burned the houses of Edward and Bryan Callaghan; some of the party declaring it was not for arms or ammunition they were burned, but at the *request* of the informer. They next proceeded to the house of Pat. Feighan, who is a miner, and works for Lord Farnham; they took the powder from him that is used in blasting, beat him most unmercifully, and fired his house; but did not stay to guard it, so that it was easily extinguished; they left a great many houses fired in this manner. An instance of unparalleled barbarity they used on Arthur Feighan, an industrious farmer: they put a rope about his neck, and pulled him over the principal beam of the house, until he was almost dead; they then let him down, swearing the Devil would not hang him, and fired his house and departed. In short, it would be extremely tedious to enumerate the instances of their murderous, incendiary barbarity; but several of the inhabitants have deserted their houses, as Mr. S. is to return next week, and burn the remainder of the houses informed against, which, I assure you, are the most respectable.

" If such acts are thus continued, they will *force* good subjects to become *rebels*, as the word is now understood."

Extract of a letter from Armagh.

" This morning, about one o'clock, the house of one Keegan (brother to a man of that name, whose house was some time ago burned by Verner, Clarke, and Co.) was attacked by six or eight ruffians, who broke in a window, and damning him for a United rascal, and charging him not to make the least resistance, or they would put him to death, two of them entered the house; one of them he knocked down with a hatchet, and attacked the second, whom he wounded, and obliged to retreat, as did the remainder of the party. During his scuffle with the second, the one he knocked down was taken such good care of by his apprentice and daughter, as disabled him from escaping, and he was to-day committed to jail, where he died this evening of his wounds. Two of the party were seen this morning near Calladan, one of them with his arm nearly cut off. The one who died (named Green) was tried last assizes both here and at Armagh, as an Orange wrecker, and acquitted. A few such examples of resolution would have a better effect than twice as many executions, in restoring safety to the country; besides it would not oblige the Magistrates, Sheriffs, &c. to come forward with their *impartial* exertions."

Last week, Mr. Charles O'Hara of this city, was confined in the Castle two days and nights, charged with high treason---he was examined by the Commander in Chief Earl Carhampton, and discharged.

No. 24---TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 21.

LETTERS FROM THE MOUNTAINS.

LETTER VII.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I HAVE now finished my review of the present situation of Irish affairs; a situation which must highly gratify the foes of the Irish name; a situation which now demands, and may in future, yet more imperiously demand the patience, the fortitude, the circumspection, perhaps the daring of every patriotic Irishman, and will deserve the severe rebrobation of impartial history, and the indignant curse of a just posterity. This country offers to her suffering children a course of fiery trial, and Spartan discipline in every passive and active virtue. I have dwelt on the painful detail of calamity and grievance, with some prolixity, because the deep consideration of this subject affords a key to the secrets of the British Cabinet; explains the motives and maxims of the partisans of an English interest, and a Protestant Ascendancy; and may teach the people to moderate their sanguine hopes of redress from our present rulers, and to---submit, with quietness to their destiny, while the reigning order of things prevails.

You question me, as to the probable continuance of the system of terror; after so much artifice and design employed for its introduction, I cannot think it is meant to be speedily relinquished. The architect would not have employed his utmost care and industry to lay the foundations of a structure; he would not have composed the building of the most durable materials, had he designed to prostrate it the next day. I must point out to your notice a similitude, which could not be casual, in the mode of proceeding in the two islands; but which, on the contrary, shews a deep contrivance and refined reach in policy, to introduce an abrogation of the most important parts of the Constitution.---The outrageous and horrid attack on the King's person, in his way to Parliament, was made the ground and pretext for issuing a proclamation of an alarming nature, and for proposing and passing the most violent and oppressive laws, that subvert the dearest rights of a British subject. The statutes in question were brought forward, as if they had been framed on the spur of the occasion, and were merely intended to prevent a repetition of such atrocious attempts: yet it appeared by the unguarded confession of Mr. Secretary *Dundas*, that they had not only been projected, but actually prepared, some time before even the outrage, their pretended ground and occasion, took place. Now compare this artful and perfidious transaction, so disrespectful to the sacred person of

of our Sovereign, with what has been committed in Ireland. The outrages of *Defenders*, for sometime past unnoticed; the outrages of *Orangemen* were even encouraged. When the managers of this iniquitous machinery perceived that a sufficient quantity of irritation was infused into the people, to render them impatient, and a sufficient quantity of disorder and apparent disaffection disseminated through the country, to furnish some pretext for the suspension of the *Habeas Corpus*---the insurrection act---the proclamation of districts---martial law---the reign of terror---then the slumbring Government arose like a giant refreshed, or rather intoxicated with wine; it sprung forward like a tyger, which had couched in seeming repose, to watch and seize his prey with the greater certainty. From these premises I infer, that the reign of terror thus artfully introduced, will not cease by a voluntary surrender.

Let us consider the causes, which may enforce a reluctant abdication of the terrific system. I know not whether foreign invasion would have that effect; nor what are the probabilities of such an event. Powerful motives exist, which must dispose the French people to strenuous exertions, for the humiliation of the British empire. The astonishing efforts which the English government has employed, to conjure up enemies to France. England has been the life and soul of the confederacy against her, by intrigue, by treaty, by subsidy, by persuasion, by threats, by force of arms. She has endeavoured to encrease and consolidate the coalesced mass, that threatened to strangle in the birth the new liberty of France. The ministry of England conceived the grand majestic project, a project worthy of the author of all evil, of visiting with famine twenty-five millions of people, who dared to think for themselves. To England alone France attributes the long continuance of the calamities and horrors of a war, destructive beyond all example. In fine, England has aspired to the universal empire of the sea, and has displayed on that element an irresistible power and energy, more justly alarming to the rest of Europe, than the domineering pride and ruthless ambition of the great Lewis, as he has been most improperly called, by the flattery of poets and historians, and the folly of his subjects. Such are the causes which may excite the fear, the hatred, the jealousy of France, at the same time she may perceive, that should the present opportune crisis be suffered to escape, she may never find such another occasion, of abating the pride, and confounding the devices of her inveterate rival. But the sea---the sea---is the protection of *Ireland*.

I lay aside the attack of a foreign enemy, other causes may overwhelm the reign of terror. It is not a circumstance peculiar to this country, that the treasury is exhausted, and loans are negotiated by the state, on terms more extravagantly usurious than were heretofore offered by young spendthrifts; that specie has disappeared, and Bank paper is depreciated, and in danger of sinking, to the degraded condition of assignats; and that the

civil list is in arrear to a vast amount. But, it is a circumstance peculiar to this country, or at least peculiar to this administration, that prodigality and profusion should prevail in the midst of distress and bankruptcy. While the learned judges, the various law officers, and different ministers of justice in the various courts and tribunals throughout the country; men who render essential, unequivocal, and honourable services to the public, and whose stipends ought to be held sacred, and paid with a religious punctuality in the most difficult times, because their labours and exertions are indispensably requisite to the well-being, nay, to the very existence of the community. While these men, whose functions are thus important, experience an unfeeling, unblushing insolvency, which repels their just demands, with stern effrontery; while the base instruments employed in secret service of doubtful utility, find their way to the public coffers, and return burdened, but satisfied; and large sums are clandestinely lavished to purchase perjury, and reward treachery and falsehood; but these are minor considerations; the care of satisfying the army, the arbiter of our fates, supersedes all other claims, however well-founded and urgent, and must be the grand and favourite object of a military government. The judge and the magistrate may be as awful to the community as the soldier; but the former are men of peace; if they are hardly treated, they must acquiesce; the latter is conscious of his own strength, the sword is in his hand; he will take justice, if it is not freely rendered to him; he is in a condition to give law to his superiors.

Every friend of government exults no doubt, in the present loyal dispositions, and imposing countenance of the military force. Yet I would beg leave to suggest, that an engine has been set in motion against the people, powerful, it is true, but of nice and difficult management. The *pretorian* guards of old, the janisaries of later times, have often overset the governments that employed them. The late mutiny of the British navy shook the empire to its very centre. The land forces also showed symptoms of discontent; and it became necessary to ensure their peaceable demeanour by an encrease of pay; the army of Ireland, with the importance and ferocity of Turkish janisaries, may imbibe their formidable spirit. Taught to debate, to agitate, to give law, invested with the whole executive authority of the country, and rendered the sovereign masters of our property, our freedom, and our lives, they may learn to know their own importance, and demand rewards proportioned to their mighty services. But should the people, contrary to the humane wishes of some persons, high in station, persevere in their passive system, it is possible that the troops may become discontented.

I am not afraid of the arts of *Jacobins* and *United Irishmen*, though the secret committees of parliament announce in their reports, plans of seduction, and committees of insurrection. We

are guarded against the arts of such men, by new and unprecedented laws hanging over the individual, who shall dare to tamper with the soldiery, severe and monstrous penalties, of vague and undefined charges, difficult of denial or disproof. It is in a different quarter that the storm begins to lower. Government is already sore pinched for money. The civil list, as I have said, is heavily in arrear; so is the pay of the yeomanry, the list of halfpay officers and pensioners. It is even whispered, that the treasury is deeply indebted to the several army agents, who have advanced money as far as their means would allow, for the subsistance of the forces. All manufactures have declined; trade is at a stand; the consumption of luxury is retrenched; there is an alarming deficiency in the receipt of the revenue. Should the funds, by which the army, in other words, the government of the country, is paid and kept quiet, become exhausted, Heaven preserve us!! the soldiers encouraged in licentiousness, that they might the more severely scourge the people; like unfed tygers, may devour their keepers.

This is no visionary fear. Suppose the sources of revenue stopt, that neither summer lottery nor winter lottery will avail, to replenish the treasury, the payment of interest on the funds may then be suspended, or wholly discontinued. The banks may be involved in the fate of the treasury, with which they are now too closely connected, through the vanity and ambition of some among the bankers. Distress and indigence already begin to pervade the abodes of luxury and pride, particularly among those who depend for subsistence on places, pensions, or the profits of trade. Insolvency, emanating from the wants of government, may become daily more general and more pressing. Thus will be produced a dreadful action and re-action of the treasury on the people, and of the people on the treasury. The people may retrench or wholly discontinue the use of many things, which are now a principal source of revenue. The people may at last become unable, or unwilling, to pay the taxes; already they are tardy, and murmur. What then may be the situation of government, and of the country? The government besieged on all sides, surrounded with vengeful clamours---the country plunged in bankruptcy, filled with a licentious soldiery, unpaid and uncontrolled!

Advert to another danger.---Our streets have been filled with famished crowds; our ears pierced with cries of starving manufacturers. Multitudes have perished, and are yet perishing in the silent retirement of despair, throughout the crowded and infectious retreats of calamity and disease. The infuriate feelings of famine is, for a season, repressed and stilled, by the lenient, and pious hand of private benevolence. Blessed task, to the human individual, of much present utility to the public! but I fear the hand of partial and individual bounty, is too feeble to produce permanent effect. A steady resolution to consume only the MANU-

FACTURES OF OUR COUNTRY, is the sole means of restoring bread and industry to the poor. That is withheld. The sources of private and voluntary beneficence may be dried up, and the miserable victims of a nefarious war, and a relentless faction, may be turned out in thousands, frantic with their sufferings, hungry and fierce as famished wolves; renouncing obedience to the parent that seems to have abandoned them. They will prowl at large; they will avenge their unfeeling pride and heartless luxury on the rich, by the depredations of the poor. Merciful God, what a scene! It may not be distant! We should consider, with awful apprehension, that a season of want and calamity, powerfully conspired and co-operated with public discontents, and political motives, to produce revolutionary movements in France, and particularly in Paris.

I now leave you to chose your party, in the divisions that agitate this suffering land. The facts and reflections which I have offered to you, may, perhaps, have some weight in your opinion, and influence on your decision. I know your integrity. You do not seek the strong hand, but the righteous cause. Chuse with deliberation, that you may chuse well; and having chosen, adhere with steadiness to the party of your choice. I know you are not one of those cold and contemptible spirits, that disclaim interference in party, and seek to dignify their selfish apathy, or coward caution, with the name of a pretended moderation.

These are no times for half measures and temporising expedients; they call for decided resolution and active energy, pointed right onward, and pressing to the goal. A conscientious man may perhaps (though I think you would scorn such a conduct) bring himself to act in an ambiguous manner, and vibrate from side to side, between contending parties, when their collision arises from a mere struggle for power; but such a conduct will become highly criminal, and even parricidal, when the contention between parties arises from such vast and pointed differences, from principles of disagreement so irreconcileable, that they not only affect the dearest interests, but the very existence of the community; when the continuance and co-existence of the two parties may become an impossibility, and the maintenance or re-establishment of public peace and social order can be obtained only by the triumph of one party over the other; the choice may be a choice of difficulties, but it must be made, and made decidedly, and for ever.

When one party seems to be bent on the extermination of the other, and charges it with the foulest crimes, and the most dangerous intentions; when it is plainly seen, that no power short of a miraculous interference of Heaven, can accommodate their differences, then the party which is branded with opprobrium, and marked out for destruction, will find no resource, no means of safety, except in the overthrow of their adversaries. In such an enraged state of the public mind, what individual will be suffered

to remain neuter? what good and feeling man would wish to remain neuter, if he might? I do not believe that the merits of two contending parties were ever yet so evenly balanced, that they equally deserved the support of a good and impartial man; though good men might doubtless be found in both. The law of *Solon* was a wise one, which punished the neutralist in a civil contention. I never could bring myself to admire the character of *Atticus;* heartless, cold, and unfeeling must be the man---the thing rather---for such neutralized existence belies the name of man, that wraps himself up in his own selfishness, his own private enjoyments and narrow pursuits, while his fellow citizens, his friends, his brethren, advance with enthusiastic rage, to the mortal contention. When wise and good men enter into party, or take a share in civil commotion, (which, observe, I fervently deprecate) the most salutary effects are produced, the views and motives of party are rectified; the popular disposition is humanized; the violent ferments of the people are moderated; their exertions are calmly and wisely directed; the multitude are taught a salutary moderation, in the day of their triumph and their power; and acts of sanguinary rage and brutal violence are prevented.

The civil war in Britain, which ended in the death of the unhappy Charles, though productive of much bloodshed, was marked with few or no atrocities; the blood which flowed in that fatal struggle, was shed in fair and open combat, or the well fought field. To what must we impute this mildness, in the midst of fury; this humanity, amidst the fields of death? to the hallowed and over-ruling influence of a number of great, good, and wise men, who were led by their principles, to renounce the seats of ease and opulence, to abandon the care of their private fortunes; and what was to them a greater sacrifice, to quit the academic shades, the elegant pursuits, and calm retreats of learned leisure; and to range themselves, at the trumpets voice, under the banners of the contending parties.

I must warn you, that if you hope to unite the ease and indulgence, both mental and bodily, of untroubled times, with the agitations of party, you will be sorely disappointed. The present times will require uncommon firmness, large sacrifices, severe privations, and laborious exertions; but how shall you escape them, could you desire it? you must fly from your native land, you must renounce your situation in society, many of your most valuable and dear connexions; you must divest yourself of the patriot feeling towards your country, which includes all the best affections and fondest charities of the universal bosom. And whither would you fly? in what quarter of the habitable globe can you dream of finding untroubled and permanent repose, amidst the general convulsion, which shades the *genius* and *the mortal instruments?* It is not only more manly and more honourable, but also more prudent, to march with countenance erect, a volunteer

into the patriot ranks, than to be forced to the painful alternative of becoming one of the satellites of tyranny, one of the oppressors of your country, one of the butchers of your brethren; or of joining the patriot band, at a future day, reluctantly and ungraciously, and of bringing an accession of strength, without deserving gratitude or honour.

Above all, do not despair of the republic; believe me, it shall not be lost; the present silence of the people, is not the silence of fear or despondency, but of discretion; the public cause is not abandoned, notwithstanding the terrors of military execution, or yet more grating to the serious mind, because of the mixture of cruel mockery, the forms of judicial butchery, legal assassination; adversity teaches many admirable lessons; among these, caution and circumspection are not the least valuable; the people, I hope, have learned those lessons; their situation needs them, when the most specious professions and fairest outside may conceal a traitor, and the most laudable acts and expressions may be tortured into felony or treason, by crown lawyers and complying juries, and no man can hold himself safe; a temporary consternation must prevail: but the day must come, when the people shall firmly rally around the constitution, and range themselves boldly under the standard of freedom.

I had some thoughts of reducing my sentiments on the present situation of this country into a methodical form, and communicating them to the public; but who would venture to write for the public in these perilous times, when we have new censors of literature, and licensors of the Press? Who can be sure that his writings will suit the palates of those fiery critics---the non-commissioned officers and privates? Many administrations, in different countries, have endeavoured to curb or destroy the Freedom of the Press; but they have usually attempted this, in something of a quiet and plausible manner, under the forms of law, or the regulations of police. The annihilation of the Press is, no doubt, a most desirable object to those governments that profess an opposition to public sentiment, and aim at a conquest over public spirit. It remained for the happy vigour of the present administration, to point out a compendious path to the complete suppression of the public voice---a path unknown even to the strong governments of Spain, and of France in her former days of despotism. But, believe me, it is in vain---the current of thought and opinion is too mighty and impetuous to be stayed. While the people have hearts to feel, heads to think, tongues to speak, or hands to strike, there must and will be found some expression of the public sentiment---its sound shall go out into all lands; its words unto the end of the world.

MONTANUS.

As the Public have felt much interested in every circumstance relating to the much lamented Mr. Orr, we lay the following copy of a letter written by him, before them:

COPY OF A LETTER WRITTEN BY WILLIAM ORR, FARMER, TO THE LORD LIEUTENANT.

"*May it please your Excellency,*

HAVING received from your Excellency's clemency, that respite from death which affords me the opportunity of humbly and sincerely thanking you, I avail myself of the indulgence of pen and paper, and of that goodness which you have already manifested towards me, to contradict a most cruel and injurious publication, which has been put into the newspapers, stating that I had confessed myself guilty of the most enormous crimes, which a perjured and miserable wretch came forward to swear against me. My Lord, it is not by the confession of crimes, which would render me unfit for society, that I expect to live---it is upon the strength of that innocence which I will boldly maintain with my last breath, which I have already solemnly affirmed in a declaration I thought was to have been my last, and which I had directed to be published as my vindication from infamy, ten times more terrible to me than death. I know, my Lord, that my own unhappy situation, the anguish of a distracted wife, and the mistaken tenderness of an affectionate brother have been resorted to, to procure that confession: and I was given to understand my life would have been spared me upon such conditions; I as decidedly refused, as I should now, though your Excellency's pardon were to be the reward. Judge then, my Lord, of the situation of a man, to whom life was offered upon other conditions than that of a confession both false and base. And lastly, let me make one humble observation to your Excellency, that the *evidence* should be *strong indeed* to induce a conviction that an industrious man, enjoying both comfort and competence, who has lived all his life in due neighbourhood, whose character, as well as that of all his stock, had been free from reproach of any kind, who certainly, if allowed to say so much for himself, would not shed the blood of any human creature who is a husband and father of a family, would engage himself with a common soldier in any system which had for its end robbery, murder, and destruction; for such was the evidence of the unfortunate witness Wheatly. If upon these grounds, and the facts already submitted to your Excellency, I am to be pardoned, I shall not fail to entertain the most dutiful sense of gratitude, for that act of justice as well as mercy; and in the mean time humbly remain your Excellency's, &c. &c.

WILLIAM ORR.

Carrickfergus Gaol, October 10*th*, 1797.

The fate of the late Mr. Orr has atchieved (to the utter discomfiture of that ruthless system of disunion that had sought to arm the different religious sects against each other, and on the ruins of the altar and the church to erect the standard of despotism) and what perhaps no other human event could have so soon and so effectually accomplished, the extinguishment of all religious disagreements, and the consolidation of rival affections. His dying declaration has convinced the catholics of a truth so much pains had been used to stifle, that he died in their cause, and for promotion of *united* interests.

No. 25.---THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 23.

TO THE PRINTER OF THE PRESS.

SIR,

A FEW evenings ago, I went to the Exchange Coffee-house, to hear the politics of the day, and took my seat at a table among others, where an old gentleman seemed to bestow much attention upon your last paper; in a few minutes, a tall, rosy, bluff, bustling sort of figure, dressed in Yeoman regimentals, entered the room, and asked the waiter for the last Dublin Journal; the waiter answered, that it was in hand, but that he would inquire for some other paper for him; upon which the old gentleman, with an odd sort of mixture enough of archness and politeness in his manner, asked this juridical son of Mars, (for such he was) if he chose to amuse himself with THE PRESS? The way in which this proposal was made, excited a half titter in the company, which seemed felt by the captain, who said he would not read it; that it was a scurrilous piece of licentiousness, defaming his Majesty and his Ministers, and his Majesty's Laws and Constitution; and that he was particularly sorry to see it in the hands of men, who were likely to be called upon as jurors, and whose loyalty, in that important duty, could not but be corrupted by such a communication. To this observation the old gentleman replied, that he feared the Captain was somewhat mistaken in the point of fact, and that he much doubted of the justice of his inferences: in fact, said he, The Press seems to me to have been perfectly silent, as to the sacred person of his Majesty, and in that silence I think it was not wrong; by the law of this country he can do no wrong, and therefore it can never be either just or mannerly to scold him; whether in a cradle, or in a waistcoat, he is always good, and just, and wise by the law of the land, and therefore he ought to be exempt from the impertinence of advice, or the insolence of reproach. I have myself, said he,

seen many letters addressed to the King, but I never heard that he answered one of them: I even doubt if he ever read them, and certain it is, that not one of them produced any effect: for some of them advised him to dismiss Ministers, whom he retained; others advised him to retain the American hemisphere, which he threw away; and others of them suggested the expediency, rather of letting the French kill one another, than of provoking them to bring jacobinism and anarchy among his faithful subjects of Great Britain, which advice he hath also been too wise and too humane to follow. I do not, however, think, that even an English Minister stands in the same degree of privilege from complaint, or from punishment; much less can an Irish Lord Lieutenant, who is the creature of that Minister, lay claim to any attribute that does not belong to his Creator; I know in this country, the fact and the law to be otherwise: for I know one Lord Lieutenant who suffered death as a malefactor for his crimes in Ireland; and I have known many of his successors, who have been most justly deprived of all character, though, to the grief of all good men, they have not been deprived of their lives. I do therefore think, Captain, that they ought to be amenable to the great tribunal of reputation, of which the grand accuser is a Free Press, of which the inflexible judge is common honesty and sense; in which no witness can be suborned, no jury packed, and against whose awful sentence no bad Minister can advise a deluded King to grant a pardon. Sir, said the Captain abruptly, you mistate me grossly; I did not say the Press should be silent, but that it should speak with decency and decorum; that it should speak with a becoming respect of high character, and that above all, it should never traduce the administrators of public justice. Captain, said the old gentleman, it is not I that mistate, it is you that misconceive; be pleased to consider, that this court of reputation is bound by its duty to distribute the wreath, and to exercise the rod; to reward virtue with the fair meed of fame, and to hold out the example of vice, at once suffering and detested. See how your maxims will apply to this duty. Suppose an Irish Viceroy wise and virtuous, he ought to be praised with energy and warmth; if you damn with faint praise; if you sneakingly approve, and "dare not spread the merit that you love," you defraud his merit of its due, and the public of his example. If, on the other hand, he be neither wise or virtuous; if he do not wield the sword that is committed to him with justice or with mercy, how are we to use your maxim, that the Press may complain with decency and respect. For my part, I know no way of complaining of public rapine, or public inhumanity, with respect, and if I did, I should think it better that the Press should be utterly silent, than speak with a dastardly neutrality of animadversion, that did homage where it ought to chastise; and I should not hesitate to say, that a juryman to whom you seem to addres yourself, would add great corruption to a violation of his oath, and a breach

of his duty, who should punish a printer for a fair and zealous discharge of his trust, merely because he did not do it in a courtly or handsome manner. Sir, rejoined the Captain, angrily, you are directing your attack, where I scorn to make any defence. I scorn to vindicate the Lord Lieutenant, because he would scorn to vindicate himself; and he is above all praise; my observation was principally directed to the abuse which has been levelled at those who have administered the laws: describing them as Nero's and Jefferies's, with a manifest tendency to destroy their characters, and perhaps their lives. Sir, said the old gentleman, as to that, I think you have stumbled upon a remark that has something in it; I condemn as much as you can, the bungling satirist who dresses up a contemptible victim in such bombastic drapery; a coxcomb of that sort does a great deal of mischief; he gives importance to an object, that should have none; he appears to punish with over severity, when, in fact, he is not punishing at all: but a true satirist knows his duty better; he flings away, as he ought to do, his pencil and his colours; instead of covering the criminal, he strips him to the skin; and instead of a paltry and insipid copy, he exhibits the fool or the rascal in the life and spirit of the original; this, let me tell you, captain, is what distinguishes the works of a man of genius, and what atchieves the real objects of the satirist, punishment and example: and I am glad to see this idea taken up of late with so much effect; for instance, we are all apprized of a late bloody perambulation; a bad satyrist would have laboured to describe an alert, sanguinary, ignorant, prating executioner in ermine, instigating an intimidated jury or hallooing a blooded soldiery to outrage and fury, in all the forced and abortive figures of a languid and hectic declamation; but he would have defeated his own purpose, he would have covered a noxious reptile, so that indignation would not know where to tread upon him; he would give him consequence, and recommend him even to preferment; what such a botch would have undone with much labour, was excellently well done, without any labour at all; in a very short note of a trial which I lately saw in an English newspaper, it was just, because it was true; the man was tried by the word of his own mouth and exhibited, not by a faint likeness, but in his proper person: and the effect has been extraordinary, the man has been completely put down; he is now manifestly writhing under the sense of hatred and contempt; and I trust that the scandal which hath recoiled upon his employers, will make them see the necessity of stopping his career, and so be the means of saving the lives of many innocent men: His present sufferings are severe; for character never dies but in great agony. A similar circumstance happened about a year or two ago; a little Kilmainham powder monkey was sent down to do execution in the South; for a while his tomahawk was unerring; at last a prisoner presented a petition, praying that he might not be exposed to the terror of a trial by this adventurer;

the petition was rejected, but the effect of it was complete: the poor fellow saved his life, the journeyman judge (as he called himself) was blown upon, the wisdom of the castle saw that to employ him any longer would not do, and so, little hurly-burly was sent back to his mills. The captain permitted this discourse to continue so long uninterrupted, merely because he was so much choaked with passion as to be unable to speak; at last his rage got vent, and he reviled his antagonist in the most opprobrious terms; he abused him as a traitor, a calumniator, and an instigator of bloodshed against every loyal subject, and asked him if he knew at what time and in what place he was speaking. The old gentleman very calmly replied---I well know both; and, counsellor, I well know also to whom I am speaking; you are not entirely unknown; and it is a proof how much the public sight hath been cleared, when a character in so small a type as yours, can be legible to the public. Some of my remarks were occasioned by your presence, rather than provoked by your intemperance; they were suggested by your late conduct in a place into which you were put by the shameful idleness of the man whose duty it was to fill it: where you had the want of feeling and of sense, to use a man accused of a misdemeanour, as if he were a convicted felon; and in his own country, in which you were yourself a stranger, to reproach him with his right to that constitution of which you denied him the benefit: give me leave to tell you that you have been misled in the choice of your example: however, like the personage to whom I alluded a few minutes ago, in the mediocrity of your talents and the alertness of your zeal, you may not resemble him in that part of his fortune to which you might wish to aspire; he has been attended by advantages which, however disgraceful to him and to his patrons, have thrust him up into wealth and rank, to which low talents and servility cannot always creep: you are not likely to scandalize any important office by your incapacity, nor to meanialize the peerage by mixing with it the progeny of a pettifogger; you may find your imitation confined to the atonement that is made to the justice of an injured country, for the cruelty which you inflict, by the condign severity of what you suffer. You may happen to resemble him only so far as he is like those noxious vermin that sometimes mistake poison for food, and return to their holes, where they die in very great torture. For some time their stench is unpleasant enough; but the farmer is made ample amends by the cessation of their thievery, and the warning they give to their fellows. Now, Counsellor, as to your apprehension for your precious person, trust me, the dagger, like your lofty hopes, is only in your fancy. An assassin is, by nature, gloomy and timorous, and he resorts to destruction as the means of safety; but shewing that the object which he dreads is not formidable, but contemptible; above all, if you can make him laugh, the knife drops from his hand. Plunge a hot

fool into ridicule, and you make him invulnerable, because you make him inoffensive:

"*Novies Styx interfusa coercet.*"

You save him from the public, by saving the public from him; and you save the public character, by protecting a life that can never appear of value, except when it is taken away by crime. Be assured, Counsellor, you will be as safe as if the septemplicity of your skull were extended over your whole person; and you were completely craniated cap-a-pee. But then, Counsellor, you must be satisfied to bear a little smart; for, in the court of reputation, the felon that is admitted to his clergy, is never burnt in the hand with a cold iron. Will you permit me, Sir, continued the old gentleman, to say, that I was anxious to shew to the number of my fellow-citizens that are here present, the real object and importance of a FREE PRESS, at a time when it is attacked, at once, by a savage force, and by professional baseness; to which latter I am sorry to see your fraternity so wickedly degraded: heretofore it was respected; but when it ceases to be honoured, it ought to be understood: It is rapidly sinking into a coalition with that hated cast of the human race, which once were an inferior department. Heretofore, Sir, they prepared work for you, now you prepare work for them; and we see the Counsellor on the bench, and the Attorney at the gallows; nor can any one regret, that when interest is your common God, and servility your common worship, the gibbet should be your common crucifix.

The Captain was now utterly unable to give vent to his feelings by any language; and from personal violence, the old gentleman had a protection in his age, in the favour of a good many auditors that the dialogue had collected about him; and perhaps also, in a very hale body, and a very resolute countenance. So the Captain only scowled a look of defiance at him, paid very furiously for his coffee, and strutted out of the room.

For my own part, I was so struck with the sentiments I had heard, and with the figure and the manner of the person who had uttered them, that I could not help requesting at once to know his name, and to have his permission to publish them. Young man, said he, my name can give no authority to my remarks; but such as they are, if you shall persist to think them worth recording, you may, if you please, send them to the PRESS, under the signature of

OLD TRUEPENNY.

THE lot of Ireland is cast---it is no longer a secret.---Sentence is pronounced against the people, and execution is the order of the day.

The system of disarming the people, of forbidding them to communicate in numbers by day, and imprisoning them within their houses after sun-set, now assumes a more formidable shape, and hoists its real colours, and marks the true designs of the British Cabinet in Ireland.

It is impossible for the people to doubt any longer for a moment the destiny appointed them; and it is idle and ridiculous nonsense to talk any more about British Constitution, Irish independence, political liberty, or civil immunity; those may have been proper topics for a *past* and may be so for a *future* generation, but to the present where is the man will say they are not lost, if he is not himself lost to every sentiment of shame, of truth, of common sense?

The North;---the most protestant, the most free, independent, wealthy, and civilized quarter of Ireland; first split into factions by ministerial machinations, then disarmed and overrun by military forces, persecuted by spies, informers, and perjured prosecutions, now crouches at the feet of a British soldier; who, encouraged and set on by those who should be the guardians of their country, exercise with relentless hate the dominion of fire, sword, and the gibbet.

To the Southward if we turn our eyes, similar scenes challenge our horror. In the county Westmeath upwards of *three hundred houses* of the unfortunate tenantry burned within the last six months; and their miserable inhabitants bayoneted, shot, hanged, or fled by the light of their blazing cottages from the fury of their butchers, to seek asylum among the beasts of the field, with no covering but the vault of Heaven, and robed with the cold earth.

Similar horrors, pervade the counties of Carlow and Wicklow; fire and sword, slaughter and devastation, rape, massacre, and plunder, every where stare the hapless peasantry in the face.

The counties not yet delivered up to military outrage, may contemplate, *tamely* if they will "*veluti in speculo*," their approaching doom in that of the counties already consigned for destruction.

What course then is left for the people of this devoted country to steer? Does *loyalty* require of them to stand still while their last means of defence are wrested from them, their houses burned, their wives and daughters violated, and their throats cut? If it does, hard indeed is the lot of the loyal.

Had Hoche and his ferocious soldiers landed amongst us last Christmas, and practised such outrages without resistance, we would have been proclaimed through England, and through Europe, as a nation of the veriest *cowards* under Heaven.

Have then the people a taste and fancy to gratify, in chusing the nation by which they are to be *cut down?* Is it with them loyalty and national spirit to resit the same conflagration and murder, at the hands of Frenchmen, which they tamely await, and calmly submit to, at the hands of a *Welchman* or a *Scot.*

Militia men of Ireland, some of you have been persuaded to embrue your hands in Irish blood---the blood of your kindred and countrymen. It was against the enemies of your country, and in defence of your homes, your kindred, your wives and children, and your liberties, you took up arms. Are you sure that you are not at this moment sentenced for transportation to another country, and condemned to abandon your own to its worst and most barbarous enemies? Where is your alternative?

Yeomen of Ireland are you prepared to turn your arms against your country, or to relinquish those arms, and tamely submit to slavery or massacre the moment you refuse?

Besotted indeed must you be, men of Ireland, if you slumber any longer in a false security, or hesitate to decide on what conduct to adopt against the enemies of your country, and the most fatal and inveterate foes of your King.

ELEGIAC ODE,

TO THE HONORED MEMORY OF

WILLIAM ORR.

By the Author of Hibernia, Man of Age, &c.

MOURN, Erin mourn! and if thy harp
Has yet one string *that dare complain,*
In doleful accent, loud and sharp,
Repeat my sorrow-breathing strain.

Yes! mourn with me, thou land of slaves!
While round thy terror-teeming shores,
Loud as the thunder of thy waves,
The voice of stern oppression roars.

Come in thy weeds of darkest hue,
And we will pour the gall-mix'd tear,
For *martyr'd* ORR! the brave, the true:
And sorrow o'er his hallowed bier.

And praise his rectitude of thought,
That energy inspired from high,
Which despotism's hirelings taught,
How brave thy patriot son could die.

Condemn'd (oh ruthless deed!) to death,
He fell with true heroic pride,
And won a lasting laurel wreath,
And more than conquer'd when he died.

For on the altar of his tomb,
Shall all thy true-born sons combine,
To bear no more the *Helots* doom,
To bow no more at slavery's shrine.

Tho' vengeance in his Stygian pall,
And all the nether ethal pow'rs,
For retribution loudly call,
Thy MERCY, *martyr'd* ORR! is ours.

This shall the arm of death controul,
And cool the boiling tide of ire;
But yet, thy fortitude of soul,
Shall each Hibernian breast inspire.

Thy injur'd nation yet shall smile,
And Heaven restore his long-lost right;
More clear shall glow the em'rald isle,
Illum'd by freedom's genial light.

We yet shall hail the sacred day,
When no proud despot dare annoy,
And bask in freedom's placid ray;
But shall yon mourner share the joy?

You widow'd mourner, down whose face
The bitter stream of sorrow flow;
Tho' bending o'er her sireless race,
Now melts in agony of woe.

O! was it mine to turn aside
The slow-consuming shafts of care,
To calm tempestuous passions tide,
And cure the wounds of deep despair.

Soon, gentle mourner! should thy tears
Forget to stream; thy sighs should cease,
And I would still thy rising tears,
And whisper to thy bosom peace.

And pity should my words inspire,
By all a mother's tender care,
By all the love thou bore'st their sire,
And by thy bleeding country's prayer.

Live for thy orphan'd infant race,
To be the guardian of their youth,
And teach them in thy fond embrace,
The love of *Liberty* and *Truth*.

For tho' this be a land of slaves,
Truth still in solemn accents speaks;
She whispers from our patriot's graves,
Or in a voice of thunder breaks.

But whilst I heave the anxious sigh,
Lo! phrenzy'd despotism raves,
And rolls his sanguinary eye
With maniac rage, thou land of slaves!

More victims on his shrine must smoke,
More widows hug the gory chain:
Ierne! kiss thy snake-bound yoke,
Tho' bleeding, dare no more complain.

And weep round all thy groaning shore,
And sigh thro' all thy echoing caves,
And bid thy offspring all deplore,
Poor, lost, unhappy *land of slaves!*

On the fatal moment, before his soul entered the mansions of liberty and peace, he approached the scaffold with his usual firmness, which nothing but a *virtuous* life, and a strong *sense* of the Deity could inspire; and delivering his *written* declaration, addressed the Sheriff, and said, *that* declaration, and *that only* was his *dying* sentiments; in addition to which, after demonstrating the sincerity of his faith, he uttered these memorable words:---I never was a *traitor* to my king nor to my country. I die INNOCENT!!! a *persecuted* MAN, for a *persecuted country!*"

In the Heathen world, less heroic magnanimity would have been *deified;* or, in the early ages of christianity, less divinity would have been *canonized.*

No. 26.---SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 25.

ORANGEMEN *versus* UNITED IRISHMEN.

AT a noment when the rulers of this country profess loudly to hold no wish amidst the struggle of parties, but the preservation of peace and good order, and the maintenance of the laws; at a time they would impress on Ireland and the world, a belief that they side with no class of partizans; that they hold all in equal abhorrence; that the denominations of *United Irishmen* and *Orangemen,* are to them equally obnoxious; that the cruel and sanguinary expulsion of the Northern Catholics from their peaceful industry, and humble lots, had not *their* sanction; at a time that every man who ventures to profess a wish that Ireland was United against every foreign or domestic influence inimical to prosperity,

is harassed by prosecution and persecution; but even in his own dwelling, his house and property burned about his ears, his wife and daughters violated, and himself and his sons hanged, shot, or hunted through the country like beasts of prey---will it be believed that in the narrow vicinage of a Northern village, Lisburn, no less than fourteen societies of illegal associators, under the denomination of *Orangemen*, and numbered from 138 to 354, which proves that so many other societies of the same kind exist, avow themselves in a public advertisement, which appeared in the Evening Post of Thursday, publicly addressing a Mr. Johnson as their chairman, and publishing their resolutions, publicly entered into at a meeting held on the Sabbath-day, at the parish church of *Derryaghy*.

The world are no strangers to the oath of the *Orangemen*, any more than to that of the *United Irishmen*. They have been frequently contrasted in this paper, that the world might fairly judge of their comparative deserts or demerits---and the world has seen that the former is an oath of intolerance, bigotry, patricide, persecution, civil warfare, and extermination to their Catholic fellow subjects.

The other---a solemn vow of unity, peace, charity, and christian tolerance with all sects, in the common prosperity of their country.

If oaths then be the test of principle, let the world judge between the two parties---and if impartiality, peace and national prosperity, be the professed wish of the ruling powers, let the world judge of their sincerity, when Orangemen, openly and avowedly professing and practising their principles---are not only unmolested, but cherished and caressed; while the very suspicion of a connection on the other side, is tantamount to felony of death. Nay the Orange party go so far as to assemble by thousands, in arms by day and by night, with Orange ribbons at their breasts, and cockades of the same colour; while a green ribbon, or a green handkerchief even accidentally worn, being suspected as an emblem of affection to Ireland---subjects a man to imprisonment---transportation---the rope or the bayonet---and exposes women to the brutal insults of the common soldiery.

Such things, however, cannot be deemed *new* in a country where so much pains have been taken by the English party to *deter*, or erase every symptom of the *amor patria*, from the bosoms of the inhabitants. The modern *sham* of tollerance to the antient religion, and revival to ancient prosperity of Ireland, backshaded as it is by the persecution of fire and sword---cannot erase from the minds of the insulted Irish, the memory of those laws heretofore passed to destroy their religion, to annihilate the language of their country, and blot out for ever the family names of their ancestors; nor can they be unmindful that such is the ruling system now received under different forms.

Facts are too palpable to be veiled in the flimsy texture of pretence---those that run may read---and the people of Ireland are not such *dolts* as to mistake the evidence of their senses.

If military generals were legally considered as *gaolers*, gaols would be ambulatory; as every flying camp would become a prison, with the assistance of summary proceedings, and a few *walking gallows's*, the commissioners of Oyer and Terminer, would have little business to transact on circuit.

FOR THE PRESS.

AN ancient sage, no matter who,
Provided what they said be true,
Being ask'd from whence disease had ris'n?
"Acute diseases come from heav'n,
"But chronic from ourselves arise,"
The pithy sentence he replies.
This sage's words suppose we try
To other subjects to apply,
And oft before, as well I ween,
The body politic has been
To body natural compared,
And so excuses may be spar'd,
Since precedents I soon can cite
For ev'ry word I mean to write.
As in the natural body then,
I mean the fleshy part of men,
Just so in states, beyond dispute,
Diseases chronic and acute,
The body often do attack,
And eke the constitution wreck.
Now, still the moral to pursue,
Of which our sage affords the clew,
In states, as in the natural man,
We may observe the self-same plan.
In these to some resistless laws
Acute diseases owe their cause,
But chronic from themselves proceed,
Of these their vices sow the seed.
When pestilence and famine rage,
When rising elements engage,
When in the earth's wide-gaping womb
An earthquake does a state entomb,
And when we hear the thunder roar,
We only tremble, and adore
That Pow'r who on the whirlwind rides,
Who arms the clouds, the tempest guides.

But when the slow disease we mark,
Which saps a nation in the dark,
Which, weak at first, gains strength by age,
And fills the sad historic page
With many a long-drawn mournful tale,
How once a happy Commonweal
Meanly resign'd its future fate
To some gay spectacle of state,
Some mischievous, or idiot thing,
Perch'd on a T——and called a---
When this we see we instant say
This people, to itself a prey,
May to its stupid vices trace
Its dreadful ruin and disgrace,
By his own strength no tyrant rules,
He owes his force to coward fools,
Who, in some weak disastrous hour,
Have conjur'd up that bugbear pow'r,
Which, cloth'd in sanctity by years,
For ever governs in their fears.
And shall a people, proud, and brave,
Shall ERIN's sons themselves enslave?
While yet there's life, while yet the hand
Can execute the heart's command,
Ere yet deprived of freedom's light,
O'erwhelm'd in slavery's joyless night,
By tyrant *Incubus* opprest,
Sunk in that agonizing rest,
That compound waking sleeping state,
Where nerveless nature feels the weight,
But where the loaded pow'rless heart
Refuses to perform its part.
Ere this hour come, let ERIN's youth
Wake to the warning voice of truth,
Awake, O ERIN's sons, I cry,
Awake,---for if you sleep---you die.

Z.

No. 27---TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 28.

MONTANUS TO SATANIDES.

I NEVER supposed you would have become the object of a public address, unless the muse of satire, who flies at all game, had thought fit to publish a continuation of the *Diaboliad.* I never supposed that you would have arrived at the bad eminence,

of becoming an object for the justice of your country. I did even suppose, from my knowledge of your propensities and habits of life, that you might be fated to perish by the hands of some Bravo in a Brothel, or to consume away, by the noisome effects of low and vulgar debauchery. An untimely end might seem, by a just dispensation, an appropriate attendant on your house; yet, your Father, to the inconceivable regret and sorrow of his pious heir, attained a round, if not a good old age; and died in quiet, notwithstanding your daily and hourly maledictions on his head. This old gentleman hated you most cordially, for he was shrewd and sensible, and knew you well; it is probable he marked the dawning of all those talents which have now reached their meridian. He saw in you the worthy representative of a name immortalized in the black catalogue of traitors, and destined to furnish a parricidal race, for the affliction and slavery of their native land. How must the spirit of your sire exult, if he can gain a moment's respite from his prison-house, to look abroad on the affairs of men? How must he rejoice, to see the Son, whom he detested and despised, running the rapid race of infamy, and earning for himself an untimely end; even now he anticipates the moment, when no acts of indemnity shall avail, to screen the criminal; he sees you gathered to your forefathers, in the place allotted for the shades of a *Tristen l'Ermite*, a *Borgia*, an *Alva*, or a *Kirk*.

Your name was heretofore borne by a numerous clan, in this country; when your notorious ancestor perpetrated the deed of treachery; the honesty of his humble connexions execrated the treason, disclaimed the traitor, and renounced their family name, as contaminated. The name has continued to be a term of reproach, a resignation of perfidy; not even the ennobling hand of Majesty could restore it to good order; it has lost no portion of infamy; in your keeping, it may soon perish wholly from among men, to be no more remembered, or remembered only as a word of reproach and rebrobation.

Yet do not flatter yourself, that you shall be consigned to oblivion. You shall be remembered and recorded in the annals of this country, as an apostle of atrocity, a founder of the system of terror. To you may be traced back the reign of outrage and brutality; a reign under which your feelings and your talents qualify you to be an ingenious minister in the cabinet, an active agent in the field. You dared by your single authority, to supercede all the dearest rights of the people; you trampled on the then existing laws; you dared, on mere suspicion and surmise, to depopulate whole districts. You have introduced the precedent of grievous punishment, without form of trial, or proof of guilt; and what punishment! what must be the heart of the savage wretch, who devised it? the youth, the stay, and comfort of their drooping age, was torn from his infirm and decrepid parents; the

affectionate husband was torn from his shrieking and disconsolate wife; the laborious and protecting father, from his famishing and helpless infants; the simple peasant, or the sober artisan was torn from his cottage, the abode of industry and peace, and cast among the sweepings of gaols---the refuse of mankind, among felons and malefactors of every description: here, while nothing but execrations and blasphemy; while all the expressions of blasted depravity stunned his ears; he remained weary months secluded from the air and light of Heaven, in the narrow compass of his watry dungeon; and this situation, which a negro slave might pity, he exchanged, only, to remove to pestilential climates, where with every breath he drew, he exhaled perdition.

The most dreadful exhibitions lose much of their horror by frequency; the system of arbitrary imprisonment in marine dungeons, is become both the law of the land, and the order of the day. We are familiarised to it by use; but it cannot, it must not be forgotten, that you were the inventor of the system; that, to terrify into silent submission an opprest and injured people, you first introduced a new species of punishment, even worse than death. The learned Judge, who passed in circuit through the province, immediately after your merciful exploits of pacification, not only viewed them with indignation, as a sound Lawyer, and friend to the Constitution, but also, as a good Citizen and discerning Politician, foresaw the fatal tendency of your ferocities, and the spirit which they tended to excite; and with great propriety, called on the grand jury of the county, which was the chief scene of your enormities, to find bills of indictment against you. Had these people whom he addrest, possessed good sense and spirit, and pursued the directions of the upright magistrate, you had stood your trial, as an atonement to the wounded constitution, and outraged justice of the land. In that case, what evils might have been averted! instead of a prosecution, a bill of indemnity followed your acts. Your invention was applauded, and past into law. The cruelty of the tyger, the barbarity of the negro-driver, became the principles of legislation. To you then, as the author and inventor of new and hitherto unknown ferocities, the first assailant, in the war of extermination against the friends of liberty, must be ascribed all the subsequent outrage and calamity, the dreadful exhibition of horrors, of which *Ireland* has been made, and I fear must fatally continue, the bloody theatre.

Were you not the inventor, the projector, and prototype of cruelty? have you not avowed a responsibility? have you not taken on yourself the completion of what you first planned? have you not realized your own ideas of coercion? To you, doubtless, we must attribute the precision and promptitude, with which all the measures of imprisonment, banishment, butchery, and conflagration have been executed, by that power, which now expounds the law, and administers the police of this country. From their

chief or commander, proceeds the conduct of the soldiery. The army has of late been too often stained with innocent blood; should we inquire the cause which has made the troops in this country the organs (I hope the reluctant organs) of barbarities disgraceful to human nature---will it not be found THOU ART THE MAN.

Few times, or emergencies, could have rendered your vices or ill qualities an object of notice, and terrific regard to the public, or given you an opportunity of doing much public mischief, and earning much public odium. It required the prevalence of an administration, shallow, weak, atrocious, and actuated by a determined enmity to this country, to snatch talents like yours from obscurity, and give them a mischievous activity. The attention of such rulers was naturally turned towards you by a recollection of your early fame, for intrepidity in wrong, when a neighbouring kingdom saw you the officious instrument, in a violation of the sacred rights of election. This early transaction shewed a meddling, adventurous spirit, supported, I will admit, by some address and courage, and unmixed with deep reflection or solid judgment, to make you apprehensive of consequences. For these qualities were you selected, to superintend the crusade against the peasantry of Ireland; to mature the establishment of martial law; perhaps, to complete the annexation of this island to Great Britain, as a conquered and enslaved province, under the plausible name and forms of an Union.

Your life it seems has been menaced. I do not wonder that when the whole private and public existence of near half a century, have been employed to the detriment of society, the death of such a person should appear more beneficial to his country than his life. You may exult in the triumph over two miserable wretches; you may call the yeomanry of the metropolis to witness your victory; you may degrade them into the co-mates, or rather the satellites of the executioner; but shall this secure you from the claims of justice, and the fears of death? The Grand Jury of a servile county might refuse to find bills of indictment against you; but should the blood of slaughtered thousands rise against you; should the cries of suffering myriads at length be heard; should you be presented, by the grand inquest of public opinion, as the occult cause of civil sedition, the prime mover of national calamity, the determined foe of human nature---what protection will you find in the system of terror, and the power of the sword? An unknown hand smote your ancestor in the face of day, in the crowded streets of the metropolis. It is truly said, that the man who holds cheap his own life, has in his power the existence of any other person; but it were, indeed, to be lamented that you should perish by the stroke of private justice, and defrand the executioner of his right, and the nation of her example. Were you this moment surrounded by the justly-enraged populace; were [illegible] to inflict the deserved doom---I would throw

myself among their ponyards---I would place myself at your side---I would endeavour to rescue you from their fury---I would intercede for your hated life---I would say, "Suffer him to pollute "the air a little longer; degrade not the majestic exertions of the "people, by employing them on so base an object. The day "comes, when justice shall prevail; when Ireland shall raise her "head from the dust, and perform a solemn sacrifice to the con-"stitution. On that awful day of rejoicing to the good, and ter-"ror to the wicked, a few victims may be required---and this "wretch may be included in the number, and meet the ignomini-"ous doom of a traitor." Then, perhaps, should the public erect a monument near the place of execution, to perpetuate the memory of your infamy and punishment: it may bear an inscription of the following tenor.

EPITAPH.

This narrow space,
Beneath the gibbet on which he died,
Confines the body of Satanides,
A man of colour,
Whose injuries to his Country were most extensive,
Whose infamy was unbounded.
In his earlier days,
He was notorious for want of duty to his natural parent;
Time matured his ungrateful and unfilial qualities,
And he became the parricide of the Country that gave him birth.
Having exhausted the sink of private vice,
And sounded the depths of political depravity,
It became doubtful
Whether his private or his public life were the mosst odious and contemptible.
The dispositions of a traitor he inherited by descent;
A sovereign contempt of honest fame,
And a rooted abhorrence of every virtue,
He acquired by his own industry.
His intellectual powers were not mean,
But, being joined with a bad heart,
They served only to render his vices and crimes more extensive and atrocious.
He possessed a considerable share of courage;
But this, being accompanied with a want of judgment,
And a dereliction of principle,
Became political rashness, and desperate perseverance in guilt.
He received the full advantage of that which he had laboured to banish from Ireland,
A TRIAL BY JURY;
But the proofs of his guilt were clear,
Punishment soon followed,
And he died regretted by a conquered and opprobrious faction.

READER,
Think not the life and death of this man unimportant to society:
Providence delights to bring good out of evil,
And acts by means inscrutable to human wisdom.
The meddling atrocity of this malefactor,
And the blind sanguinary rage
Of the weak and wicked ADMINISTRATION that employed him,
Were powerfully instrumental
In the rousing an oppress and injured
NATION
To VINDICATE ITS FREEDOM.

MONTANUS.

Wretched people of Ireland! a new appeal has been made by our friend and countryman, Lord Moira, to the feelings of your tyrants, and it has been made in vain; the horrid scene of robbery, and murder, and conflagration, is justified and applauded in that audacious and abominable reply in which he was answered. We are now told, upon the authority of the British Minister, that this scene is necessary, and must be continued. These very horrors which have reduced this wretched country to a state more deplorable than that of the negroes in the West Indies, are publicly applauded in the highest assembly of the empire, as the generous excesses of a few *spirited* individuals. Gracious God, for what further misery are we reserved! when such atrocities are stamped with the praise of spirit; and when it is proclaimed to the Republic of France that the natives of this devoted country are thus hunted down like wild beasts by their own nobility and gentry; when we see the address of Hoche, offering liberty and protection, answered by the manifesto of Lord Grenville, denouncing slavery and blood. We are referred to our free Parliament for redress, and the very corrupter of that freedom has the front and the heart thus to triumph in his crimes, and to sneer at our oppressions. We are referred to our Courts of Justice: venerated shade of lamented Orr, fallen before thy time in the pride of thy beauty, thy courage, and thy honour, what an appeal is this to thy widow and thy orphans! You higher orders of Ireland, reflect upon your crimes; you middle orders, think of your dangers; you lower orders, be consoled for your sufferings. Be assured there is a point at which things must mend, unless it is your own faults. Let not your ill judged violence, let not those divisions that are villainously sowed amongst you, provoke the father of justice to punish your cruelty to one another with condign rigour; be assured though sorrow lasteth for a night, that joy cometh in the morning. Be patient, be firm, and the

same unanimity that makes common calamity supportable, will, be assured, make united efforts irresistible.

Lord Moira, in the English House of Lords, on Wednesday last, stated at length the barbarities of the British soldiery in Ireland, and drew a most feeling picture of the state of this unhappy country; concluding with observing, that he was ready to verify the same on *oath*, either at the bar of the House, or before the Privy Council. Lord Grenville, in reply, told the House that no such enormities existed in Ireland, for that the character of the British soldier was that of *mildness and moderation!* but he afterwards forgot himself in his speech, when he added, that the country was in so alarming a state, that the Government was justified in its violences. He then resorted to the stale argument that Ireland was an independent country, and that it did not become the English House of Lords to interpose. It was in this manner that the English Minister got rid of the question; yet his Lordship, in the same breath, took care to inform the House that England was ready both to carry on the war with vigour, and with his English dragoons to coerce Ireland into her good behaviour.

The Lord Chancellor Widderburn, who is a Scotchman, and the old coercer of America, told the House that Lord Moira was mistaken; for that prejudice closed one of his eyes, and that he did not see well with the other---which was as much as to say, "you lie, my Lord." He also observed that Ireland was in a happy state, for that she suffered no oppressions; and supposing that she did, she had courts of justice to redress her. We desire that Ireland will recollect the destruction of the Northern Star, whose proprietors could obtain no redress, the acquittals of Ross and Frazier, the execution of Mr. Orr, the indemnity of Lord Carhampton, and the numbers now lying in gaol who cannot obtain their trial.

From the language held by the two Cabinet Peers, in the British House of Lords, in answer to our gallant, liberal, and patriotic countryman, Earl Moira, on the affairs of Ireland, there can be no doubt about the determination of the British Cabinet, with respect to this country, or that terror and coercion will continue to be the order of the day.

Solid indeed must be the motives of such men for delivering Ireland over to fire and sword, when they reject the honourable testimony of such men as Earl Moira, to prove his actual knowledge of the existing enormities of which he complained, and cite extracts from the testimony of suborned informers, or printed catch-pennies, unauthenticated and unread, to justify those enormities, and vindicate the sanguinary fury of British troops.

Accurate indeed must be the information and profound the knowledge of the British *Woolsack* in Irish affairs, when he first denies the existence of those cruelties in Ireland which Lord Moira avouched; and then refers the persecuted, hunted people of Ireland, whose houses have been burnt, whose wives and daughters

have been violated; whose sons have been hanged or shot, in the zealous loyalty of a British soldiery, to seek their redress in the Irish Courts of Law.

Certainly an action for damages by an Irish Helot, against a party of Scotch Hylanders, Welch Fencibles, or Orange Brigands, would cut a most admirable figure under the present legal system in Ireland.

No. 28---THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 30.

ANOTHER ATTACK ON THE PRESS.

ON Tuesday night last, a ruffian disguised in a sailor's dress, accompanied by two accomplices muffled in great coats, and all armed with pistols, attacked another of our messengers at the end of Carlisle-bridge, on his way to our publishing office, with upwards of twenty quires of that evenings publication---of which they openly and forcibly robbed him, threatening with horrid oaths to murder him if he dared to raise alarm, or any one who should interpose for his protection.

From the description given by the terrified boy thus robbed of his charge, and by some persons who saw the transaction, two of the ruffians,---were one *S*---and one *Newel*---both notorious spies and informers, and they instantly ran off towards the Castle, whither it will appear by a subsequent article they actually went with their booty.

Every man who recollects the open and outrageous destruction of the Northern Star, and the wanton perdition of the property found in the office of that paper, by a military force, will not be surprised at this new attack in the metropolis of the country against the Liberty of the Press, the last citadel to which the liberty of the people can retire. Neither will any man be surprised, after what has occurred in this country even within the last three months, that men rioting in crimes against the people, and dreading to hear the truth, should not only persecute the man who dare to speak it, by suborned prosecutions, but seek also to annihilate the Press that dares promulge it, nor blush to tell them our abhorrence of *open* and *flagitious street robbery* and *assassination.*

Such is the pass to which this country is come, such the impatience of tyranny to pound its victims and grasp at its objects, that it cannot await cold formalities of prosecution by perjured witnesses, or trial by *packed inebriated* or *intimidated* Juries, but boldly throws of all masks off legal process, and draws the pistol, unsheaths the dagger, or points the musquet to carry its end.

A *Free Press* in any country is the most formidable enemy to tyrannical rulery, and corrupt Ministers.---Those of a contrary description have nothing to fear from truth, but would rather court investigation of their conduct; the government that is not proof against paper shot cannot long stand, and Robespierre himself, in the truth of his tyranny, would scorn to allay himself with *such robbery* to secure his success, or intimidate all censure to his sanguinary reign.---But the terrorists of Ireland are characterised by the meanness of the stratagems and the flagitious profligacy of their agents.

For this paper, however, we shall ever profess it devoted to the cause of truth, freedom and Ireland; we do not say that we can command fortresses proof against military force, or that our bosoms are impervious to the poignard, or the pistol of assassination, but so long as life permits, and that any vestige of freedom remains to the Press of Ireland, this Paper will not desert the cause of the People.

A few days since, Robert Moore, clerk to the Clerk o the Crown, went to the prison of Newgate, and told the Printer of this Paper, Mr. Peter Finerty, there confined, " that it was the " intention of Government to have him PUBLICLY WHIPT!! " so soon as he should be convicted on the charge of libel for which " he is imprisoned."

Yesterday Mr. Finerty was examined before Alderman Alexander, who threatened him with the same punishment if he did not disclose confidential secrets of his professional department---to have betrayed which would have been as infamous in the printer of a public newspaper, as the miserable means employed to extort such a treachery by the threats of disgraceful punishment.

If any thing could more forcibly depict the malice, and the meanness of the persecution directed against Mr. Finerty, beyond the treatment already shewn him in the criminal court before which he was called, it is this new attack, equally violatory to the spirit of those laws which we are taught to believe still exist, and the liberty of the subject.

First to cast a man into prison on the charge of a crime, then to call on him to plead without an hour's notice---then, on finding him prompt to abide his trial, to refuse him that trial, and remand him to prison, under the menaced coercion of a gaoler---and then, instead of waiting the investigation of his guilt or innocence before a Court or Jury, to attempt to terrify him by the threats of public whipping, and force him to purchase favour to himself by the accusation of others, is altogether a measure which savours more of the spirit of a Spanish or Portuguese inquisition, than of British or Irish jurisprudence.

What jury would be hardy enough to convict a man on the proofs of any confession thus extorted, or venture to believe the evidence of any witness driven before a tribunal under the menaced terrors of the executioner's thong?

No. 29.---SATURDAY, DECEMBER 2.

TO HIS EXCELLENCY

THE EARL OF CAMDEN.

MY LORD,

IT is, as I am informed, law both statute and common, that any assault on his Majesty's Ministers, however hostile it may be, cannot by any construction, be perverted into treason. Treason, as I am told, consisting in imagining or compassing the King's death; levying war against him; or holding correspondence with his enemies.---Little logic, and less eloquence, would suffice to shew that the most destructive war that can be levied against the King, is the alienation of his subjects' minds; and of this war, his Ministers, and his Ministers only, are capable---it is not the terse remark, the rounded period, or the bold assertion that can estrange a people from their Sovereign; no, radical misrule on the part of administration, and oppressive sufferings beyond endurance on the part of the people, can only produce this tremendous effect. The resentment of nations is always slow, and the records of mankind produce not to us a single instance of resistance in a nation, until the oppression has been so great as to surpass endurance; of this we have had a recent and melancholy example, wafted from a neighbouring shore, "when the wind's south-east we know a hawk from a hand-saw." As to the third head of constructive treason, q. v. holding correspondence with the King's enemies; I cannot conceive our present most gracious King has any enemies, except the tribe of evil advisers, and with these I certainly hold no correspondence. The first head is of too terrible and flagitious a nature to be canvassed, and I shall pass it.

Now, my Lord, this being the case, I take the liberty of addressing you at this critical period, because I have heard, and have reason to believe, that the men about you, whom courtesy has nicknamed *great*, have their existence only in passing deceptions on the Chief Governor for the time being; I wish therefore, to address plain truth to your Lordship, and trust me, that until truth and justice operate as much upon your actions, as I am inclined to hope they do upon your mind, you will be *his Excellency* only upon paper.

But I will not indulge a doubt, I will not suppose it possible, that the English nation can be so severely scourged as it would be

by the simultaneous tergiversation of the descendants of *Chatham* and of *Camden*; such a visitation of God, would imply, as far as our limited understanding can conceive, a total dereliction of a country, which by its political corruption, or its private vices, had drawn down upon itself so severe a chastisement.

That it has been the will of Heaven to give the great Lord Chatham a successor of some talent, will not be thought extraordinary; but it cannot fail to be thought extraordinary, that providence has also destined that successor to *pace back* his illustrious father's steps, to hoodwink a generous and confiding Prince, to sow the tares of dissention in an unoffending nation, to destroy, (partly by military, partly by parliamentary force) the consistence and aggregation of a whole people, to eradicate the very constitution for which he pretends to fight, by the introduction of *Lettres de Cachet*, *Gabolle* and *Termiers generaux*. But he is pious, and regularly (with some *other* of our benefactors) attends divine service! He is right, for no man living can with more propriety, join in the acknowledgment, "*We have done those things which we* "*ought not to have done, and we have left undone those things which* "*we ought to have done.*"

But from you, my Lord, the Irish nation expects something better; they hope and they believe, with that generosity which always accompanies honourable feelings, that though unfortunately CHATHAM has merged in *Pitt*, yet PRATT will arise out of CAMDEN. Your Lordship may judge as well as I can, whether the name of PRATT carries not with it more true dignity than the title of Camden.

My Lord, when your highly esteemed and justly regretted father stood first in the eye of England, (*then* a nation) he enjoyed no peerage, he was barely Lord Chief Justice PRATT. But he was too conspicuous and too honourable a character not to be a mark for the hostile shafts of ministers: his integrity they knew, well knew, was unassailable; ministers therefore assailed what the poverty of the English language forces me to call *vanity*; (if vanity it may be called in a man who must feel himself superior to any title or office his Sovereign could bestow). He descended from the almost sanctified dignity of Lord Chief Justice, Pratt to become the *Chancellor of an Hour*. The treacherous ministry, who for their own base purposes had cajoled him, (as their successors have cajoled you) determined to give him a temporary exaltation, as they pitifully supposed they imposed upon that great and good man; and as villainy is always able to over-reach honesty, they seduced him to quit a place independent of the crown which he then had, and accept of the seals, which were previously determined to be wrested from him, on the first stir of that integrity which administration knew he would soon exert. The event might be easily foreseen, he was honest, and he was no longer Chancellor; he retired with that coronet

which borrowing its whole lustre from the virtues of the wearer, appears at present rather dim about your Lordship's brows.

It is in the hope that your Lordship will see the errors that you have been betrayed into, that I address to you these few but well intended lines. Obscure and lowly as I am, it is not to be supposed I can see far, but my view is sufficiently wide to give me cause to wonder how it happened that you (whose elevated situation should produce a much more extended horizon,) cannot distinguish the criminality and gross folly of the acts that are daily and unjustly perpetrated under the sanction of your name, and by your authority; acts that I know are discordant to your feelings, and dishonourable---if not to your title and dignity, yet certainly to *your name.*

Your Lordship will perhaps, attempt to take refuge, or at least flatter yourself that you have a refuge in the consideration, that these are official acts, which though you disapprove, you are obliged to countenance; but my Lord, your slack expectants, your chaplains have ill perfomed their duty if they have failed to inform you that cruelties committed under the sanction of your authority, are in the sight of God committed by yourself; and your great law officers have been grossly negligent, if they have not represented to you that *accessaries before the fact,* are always considered by the law as principals in cases of murder or larsin; murder and larsin have been perpetually committed in this devoted land for many months past, indeed almost ever since your arrival, and your name is produced to justify outrages not only against law but humanity.

These are proceedings which all agree that you do not approve; why then do you tolerate? I cannot believe the English nation so ungrateful as to leave *to the son of your father,* the excuse of Romeo's apothecary:

"*My poverty, but not my will consents.*"

Much less can I conceive it possible, that any necessity could induce an honourable mind to sumbit to compliances, so humiliating, so degrading, so damning. Rouse up the *paternal* spirit, my Lord, be no longer the stalking horse you have been; no longer suffer the rays of your delegated majesty to enlighten and cherish those ruffian reptiles who now crawl about you; crush them when you can, or quit them while you may. A subsequent Letter will lay open the particulars of those crimes to which your Lordship has unwarily been made accessary.

M. M.

TO THE

STUDENTS OF TRINITY COLLEGE.

THE person who thus takes the liberty of addressing you, has the honour of being a member of your body. He has perceived with satisfaction amongst you that predominant spirit of liberality, which is the natural emanation of minds expanded and purified by erudition. He has seen the young patriot catching fire from the page of Demosthenes, and feeling with the orator, when he exclaimed, "*let us march against the Tyrant; let us conquer or die.*" He observed these emotions with delight, but he saw with equal disgust the exertions of monastic bigotry, to depress the maturation of this spirit; he saw the government of the university assimilate itself to the government of the country; its rulers goading and petulant---its measures coercive and arbitrary. A few generous youths opposed themselves to check this unauthorized oppression, but they were made the victims of scholastic tyranny, and the partizans of mental freedom exiled as rebels from your walls.

You had a society too---the only ornament of your college; where all its men of talents were assembled into one bright galaxy of genius. But they began to think for themselves---to speak for themselves---they promoted that collision of opinions, from which sentiments of truth are elicited---they became consequently obnoxious to the board, and at length were arbitrarily expelled. Another society has succeeded to this---"*fumum es fulgore*" where the energies of the youthful mind (Heaven knows!) are manacled enough---where every generous effluence of the heart is frightened back from the lips, without utterance, by the sombrous frown of some monkish despot, whose malignant presence is intended to canker the germination of genius.---Such are the mounds, my fellow-students, they oppose to the progression of mind; such are their efforts to break that resiliency of spirit, which, I hope, nay I trust, will strenghten with resistance.

On *you* the eyes of all, who even in these days of persecution, still cherish a prospective hope, and look forward to that hour of retribution, when the recreant agent of tyranny shall shudder before the sovereignty of the people. On *you* their eyes are expectantly turned. In *you* they behold the seeds of their statesmen, their heroes---their *Bonapartes!* In *you* they see the talents that will illumine the resurrection of Ireland; that will raise her to that rank in the climax of nations, from which she is fallen so many, so many degrees!---Do not disappoint their expectations---study to be a scourge to tyrants---study to "deserve well of your country"---And, oh! my fellow-students, look to that country---that sunk, that injured country! and if your hearts are yet free from the infections of a court; if they are not hardened by ministerial frost, can you see poor Ireland degraded, tortured,

without burning to be revenged on her damned tormentors? All her characteristic traits, by which Nature had distinguished her in Creation, sullied and effaced by the bloody hand of Oppression? Her courage emasculated, or made the unnatural instrument of wounding herself, and butchering her friends! her good-nature abused and debased into imbecility---her frankness, after betraying herself, succeeded by the sullenness of mistrust---Can you behold without indignation, that hord of foreign depredators, who murder the happiness of our country, and gorge on the life-blood of Ireland? who stretch us on the rack of persecution, and wonder when we struggle or groan amid our torments. Can you behold with patience those mercenary prefects, sent hither as to a province devoted to rapine and desolation? those wretches whose souls are the emblems of the government; rotted by pollution, and prolific in damnable machinations? who exult in the wages of prostitution, and, like an animal that feeds on its own ordure, live by the corruptions which themselves have generated.

Has not justice thrown away her scales, and exchanged her sword for the poinard of the assassin? Is not hatred to Catholics the *established religion* of government, and the oath of extermination their only sacrament? Is not perjury encouraged, and murder legalized? Is not the guiltiest outrage of the soldier connived at, while the sigh or the groan of the peasant is treason? What is the trial by jury? a mere show---a farce---where the jury is *acted by drunkards*, a villain personates the accuser---and the doom of the victim is hiccupped out by a Bacchanalian, or pronounced with true stage-effect, amidst the tears of a dramatic judge!---even this scenic illusion is renounced as superfluous and dilatory; judiciary power is consigned to the soldier and the Orange-man, and the fire and the bayonet are found to be more speedy than the gallows.---Alas! our afflicted country! how long will her green plains be dyed with the gore of butchery, and obscured with the ashes of conflagrations! When will she profit by the lessons so brilliantly exhibited to her eyes, and which she has been so slow, so very slow in learning? Oh! when will "the Nemean Lion" rouse from his trance, and shake off the vermin that engender on his crest? That is the period we pant for---that is the goal we press to---and surely---it is not far distant when that deity who is the guardian of those imprescriptible rights which he has imprinted in the heart of MAN, and charactered on his heaven-directed brow, that deity will avenge those encroachments on the prerogatives of human nature.---He will punish the hand that poisons the chalice of Religion with the amaritude of bloody dissention.

You, my fellow students, have explored the page of history, where the insect courtier is forgotten---the despot is blasted in infamy, and the glorious tyrannicide is immortalized.---Can you remember one instance of a people naturally brave, and wanting but the will to be illustrious, succumbing to the domination of their own servants---their minions---and passively agonizing under

the extremities of oppression? No---Ireland is singular in suffering and in cowardice---She could crush her tormentors, and yet they embowel her---She *could* be free---yet she *is* a slave.

At a period, like this then, when neutrality should alone be counted treason, in the name of our country---our liberty---our God---let us not, my friends, by a silent and criminal apathy, sanction the rivetting of chains, which perhaps may be indissoluble for ever---In spite of the informers and blood-hounds of administration---in spite of the drivelling despots of our monastry, let us cherish and diffuse amongst us that soul of liberty, that etherialized spirit of opinion, which eludes the grasp of the tyrant, and acquires elasticity by compression. Let us speak to the Nation---let us speak thro' the organ of the PRESS, as long as that echo of Freedom can reach the ears of Irishmen, and rally them round the standard of their country!---Let us shew those ministerial minions---those political calumniators who insult us---that Ireland has Sons untutored in the school of corruption, who love her Liberties, and, in the crisis, will die for them.

A SOPHISTER.

LORD GRENVILLE.

His Lordship says the Courts of Justice are open FOR the Irish People. This must be an error of the Press---for FOR read AGAINST; they are open against them, but not for them. Crown Lawyers call the most flagrant villainies, the most abandoned, cowardly, and treacherous cruelties that ever disgraced the name of man, *energies beyond the law; the amiable excesses of loyal and ardent spirits.* Ruffians every way disqualified by the statute laws, and every law of God and man, chosen for their baseness and depravity, are put into the commission of the *Peace*, the King's *Peace*, in order that no interruption may be given, in the way of law, to these gallant excesses. Sheriffs are chosen from that sink of corruption, the Revenue; and the same gallant and high-mettled Crown Lawyers are (to complete all) made Judges; the Courts are filled with armed soldiers, to terrify witnesses and suitors; booby bigot squires, and agents of absentees, compose the Grand Juries---the identical *lives* and *fortunes* men, who are attainted and dead in law, since, in yielding to the Catholic claims of justice, they, by their own voluntary motion, *forfeited their lives and fortunes*---these men find and ignore bills just as power or authority preponderates; ever ready to oppress the poor, and lick the feet of the great. Ministers of the Church attend to pack juries, intimidate jurors and witnesses, marshal the spies, and swear whenever a good hard oath is wanted for or against the credit of a witness.

Some of them attend with *proscription lists*, called warrants, to point out such as they have set down, in order to be swept away,

before the prisoner can have the benefit of their testimony; or to execute some illegal and monstrous proclamation, issued opportunely before the assizes, in order that a little blood may be spilled, to give more awful effects to the menaces of the *Crown Judges*. Then comes the most vile and sordid race of the creation---a great part of *the gentlemen of the Irish bar*---prowling round the dock as wolves do round the penfold, base, malignant, envious, and venal, hating the people, conscious that they merit their hatred. As to the *gentlemen* attornies, there are good and bad in all professions; but oh! sweet Saviour, what a race is this?!!!

If there be any Free Press, or any mode of communicating the transactions of these scenes, that press or that organ must be destroyed, lest by any chance the truth should transpire. Mean time the assassin Journals of the Treasury may teem with lies and atrocity. Then comes the pettifogging---quashing one kind of indictment, sending up another, so as to deprive the prisoner of defence, or challenges, by new constructions of settled law, or new-fangled blood-thirsty statutes. If an officer of the army has made himself a walking-gallows, and that he and two or three ruffians have strangled some honest countryman over this monster's shoulders, let there be a drunken consultation over a bottle between the Grand Jury, the Crown Lawyers, the Judges, and the Gentlemen Attornies, and sometimes call in the Attornies for the prosecution, to know if the bills shall be found. If the principal witnesses have been bribed to equivocate, all is well; or if they have been burned, banished, or bayoneted, all is well. If not, let them be indicted and pillored. If the worst comes to the worst, the Judge can very learnedly shew it to be manslaughter only; and if the Jury should be daring enough to think otherwise, let a representation be made for *mercy---Royal mercy!!!* Ever beaming, ever open, ever tender, bright attribute, Godlike prerogative; that mercy that was refused to WILLIAM ORR, and promised in advance to murderers and pirates. If the story be rape, or plunder, or something frightful beyond hearing, let there be something thrown in about shaving the heads of the United Irishmen, and cropping their ears. This will make the squires, the clergy, and the lawyers laugh, the Judge himself may smile a little, and this will give an agreeable relief, and make the thing pass off.

So, by these arrangements, full effect may be given to the most bloody code in the universe, *the Irish Law*. To which has been added, by our late virtuous and independent Parliament, the conspiracy bill, the weapon bill, the gun-power bill, the convention bill, the insurrection bill, the habeas corpus suspension bill, the indemnity bill, the further indemnity bill, the act to explain the act entitled the insurrection act, and half a score others, all tending to total extinction of every thing that even wore the name of law.

Thus whilst one State Attorney has a bill of cost to the amount of one hundred thousand pounds, for prosecuting the United Irish Nation, the poor People are robbed, imprisoned for years, turned

out without enquiry, or any charge preferred against them, unless in such instance as it is *determined* to hang them. The poor man sells his cow, his horse, his loom, his bed, to support his son or father in gaol; his wife and children are stripped of the rags that covered them, their houses burned over their heads; any that could assist him by their testimony or charity banished, proscribed, or kidnapped on board the tender. But in the midst of this wretchedness, crown lawyers, crown clerks, and crown attornies, spies, nay even the judges, rise to estates, pensions, peerages, &c. each in proportion as he acts his part well, in these scenes of misery and carnage.

If a magistrate betrays his oath and is prosecuted, the suitor may prove his case to the satisfaction of court and jury, even in spite of the crown lawyers, who are always on the side of the delinquent. But by virtue of the indemnity bills, &c. &c. he pays treble costs, and is ruined for ever, for the sake of public justice. Such is the Irish law.

Lord Grenville says, a bold and courageous people would resist this, if it were so. Such was the language of the Minister; let it be remembered.

The old system of *divide et impera* was never more strongly exemplified in this ill-fated country, than in the present exertions of the English faction, to set *one part* of the people at daggers with the *other*, and excite *both* to mutual extermination. It is thus that this faction has ever weakened, and been constantly enabled to trample on *devoted* Ireland; and it is on the established success of this system, they still build their assurances of our perpetual subjugation.

The most indefatigable exertions are made by their partizans through the country to raise *Orange mobs*, and institute *lodges* of the *bigotted* and *prejudiced*, in order to stem the current of national union; and blindly oppose the only principle which ever can promote the true prosperity of Ireland.

In the county of Westmeath this species of policy is at present most flagitiously urged, particularly in the town of Mullingar, where Orange Lodges are instituted at the principal inns, sanctioned and attended by some of the leading gentry of the country.

In the parish of Rathospie, near Ballinalae, an assembly of this sort continually meet in the house of a publican, at noon day, and avowedly and publicly discuss the business of extermination to all persons of different principles, to the terror of the poor defenceless inhabitants of the surrounding neighbourhood, who quit their habitations in alarm at the appearance of large bodies of men assembling at that house of rendezvous, and wearing the emblem of their hostile and sanguinary society.

O D E.

Erin! erst O happy isle!
Liberty on thee did smile.
Hardy warriors thou didst breed;
For thy freedom they did bleed.
Now from thee is freedom fled;
Thy heroes sleep among the dead.
Tyranny usurps command;
Cruel foes devour the land.

See the monster! from afar,
In his looks destructive war.
Fierce he strides across the plain;
Death and terror in his train.
Crouching at his feet you see,
Murder! lust, and cruelty.
Hosts of slaves at his command,
Tyranny destroys the land.

When the evening grey draws on,
Rustics! watch the setting Sun!
To your hamlets quick retire;
Fuel for the tyrant's fire.
Listen to the midnight owl!
Now the foe begins to prowl;
Lo! the flaming brand he throws,
Quick the straw-thatch'd-cottage glows.
Crackling blazes pierce the skies;
Thither waft the victims' cries!

Vain the virtuous mother's prayers!
Vain the tender virgin's tears!
Cruel lust nor knows to spare
Virtue mild, or beauty fair.

Erin! see thy sons in chains,
Coward slaves deride their pains.
From their wives and infants torn,
O'er the stormy Ocean borne;
There to feel, and there to know,
They fight for thy most deadly foe.
Else in darksome dungeons thrown;
Where no friend o'erhears their moan,
Rot in filth 'till kindly death,
Prefer'd to slav'ry stops their breath.
Erin! daughter of the main!
When shall thou thy rights regain!

Soon! O! soon thy standard green,
Proudly flying shall be seen.
Soon thy heroes crowd the plain,
Freedom marching in their train!
Echo all along the shore,
Shall repeat the cannon's roar.
Tyrant's blood in streams shall flow,
Prostrate fall the haughty foe.

Liffey from her wat'ry bed,
Glad shall lift her injur'd head.
Liffey who in days of old,
Borhome's triumphs did behold;
Once again shall joy to see,
Boerhome's sons as brave as he.

ERINAGH.

No. 30.---TUESDAY, DECEMBER 5.

TO LORD CAMDEN.

MY LORD,

IT is too common for scribblers to address great men, and it is so dangerous for those who are *not* scribblers to tell great men *truth*, that nothing but an irresistible impulse to perform my duty, regardless of consequence, could induce me to address your Excellency. Your Excellency has read Marcus, and your Excellency has thought proper to accuse him of a libel; as it is therefore natural to infer these papers will undergo your perusal, I shall proceed to tell your Lordship some plain wholesome truths, *first premising that it remains yet to be proved, whether in Ireland truth is a libel.* As Marcus will come before the tribunal of his country, it would be useless and improper to anticipate his sentence, but I shall not scruple to assert, that if the execution of William Orr was not a murder, it was as least, pitiless and most highly impolitic. I believe your Lordship understands a little Latin, but however, if you do not, any of your crown lawyers will inform you, it is an established maxim, that *summum jus est summa injuria*, or in plain English, that the strictest observance of law, is the widest breach of justice. My Lord, I need not tell you or the world, what was the opinion of that great constitutional lawyer and good man, your father, upon the doctrine of libels; or how much deserved reputation he acquired, by supporting truth and the freedom of the Press, against crown lawyers, and the infernal doctrine that truth was a libel. My Lord, had your father sat

in judgment on the unfortunate Orr, *he* would not have advised his Majesty's representative, to enforce the verdict of a drunken intimidated jury, and the testimony of a perjured scoundrel. My Lord, he would have considered the most excellent, hitherto unimpeached character of Mr. Orr; he would have considered the interested evidence of two of the very dregs and refuse of mankind; he would have disbelieved the oaths of a common soldier, who in the face of the world confessed his own perjury; he would have respected the purity of juries, and not suffered intoxication and intimidation to weigh in the balance against life; he would have regarded the opinions of mankind, and would not hang a man on whom the sentence of the law could not be executed, without the aid of an *army* and a train of *artillery*, to stifle the execration of a county, and drown amidst the thunder of cannon, the voice of nature. If even he believed ever so firmly in Orr's guilt, he would respect the brightest prerogative of the crown, and prove to the world, that mercy is justice. Good God! what one single evil could possibly result from the pardon of the unfortunate Orr? Would the generosity or mercy of our governor, alienate our affection or diminish our respect? would the forgiving the first offence, (if there was offence) of one of the most respected in his county, convince any man, that our rulers wanted courage to do their duty, or that humanity was inconsistent with fortitude? No: every one knows that a coward will murder through fear, but fear will never make him humane. Just God! should not these entrusted with the awful delegation of power, consider that the highest attribute of Heaven is mercy, and if each man's offence were rigorously to be punished, what man would ever enter into the kingdom of Heaven. My Lord, my Lord, I beseech you to consider, you are a man, and a man no more exempt from the frailty of nature than another; punishment and terror never did, nor never will overcome virtue; it was punishment and persecution that established the Christian religion over the principalities and powers of the world, and if you continue to persecute opinions, you will establish its foundation on a rock, that the blasts of the universe shall not shake. My Lord, by trying Mr. Finerty for a libel you cause him to become a second Woodfal, and occasion the letter of Marcus to be examined with more avidity than before. Will your Lordship and your crown lawyers, produce a single instance on record, where the prosecution stopped the circulation of the libel, or injured the libeller, from the days of Wilkes and Junius, Archdeacon Paley, or Paine, to this hour? A prosecution for a libel, causes it to be read by all who had not before seen it, every one will know that Mr. Finerty was tried for a letter, which charges Lord Camden with "acting inhumanly, wickedly and unjustly, in resisting all application to pardon William Orr, *a better man than any who surrounds you*;" this will cause them minutely to investigate his character, and the evidence and circumstances that

produced his condemnation, and they will next consider it is *possible* for a very worthy and honest man to be hanged, and that it is *possible* for very unworthy, dishonest men to have him hanged. I cannot *possibly* be supposed to allude to the case of Mr. Orr, I only wish to remind them of the fact, in the legal *murder* of Lord William Russell, Colonel Algernon Sydney, and many many hundred others. My Lord, had your worthy father been charged with an inhuman, wicked, *legal* murder, would not his honest indignation, with noble scorn, spurn the libel from his presence? would he not say, my conscience and the world acquit me, and I will not bring into notice, by a trial, the reptile who could spew out from his black bile, such a damning *falsehood?* Yes, my Lord, *innocence*, conscious innocence, disregards the windy bilious words of malice; it is only conscious guilt that dreads the libel. As King Charles II. was passing through Charing Cross, seeing a man in the pillory, and on inquiry being told his crime was a libel on his Ministers, the King jocosely and sensibly said, pho, the fool, why did he not libel me, and he would escape with impunity? How obvious is the reflection on this: Charles felt his innocence; his wicked artful cabal felt their guilt, and winced upon the touching of the sore. We do not find that the elegant ingenious Peter Pindar was prosecuted for libelling his Sovereign, though the *virtuous* and immaculate Lord Lonsdale *felt* himself injured by that wicked wight.

In considering the different cases of libels which are to be found in the law books, I confess I have not discovered one possible good arising from their prosecution, though I have examined them with the utmost attention. Here I feel it my duty to remark, that every citizen who feels the probability of being one of Mr. Finerty's jurors, should, in discharge of his duty to himself and his country, take the letter or libel in question, read it over with the utmost attention, consider its nature, intention, and tendency, consider the charge brought against it of its being a *false*, *wicked*, and *malicious* libel---if, after reading it with the utmost attention, they find it neither *false*, *wicked*, or *malicious*, they will of course acquit the traverser; if, on the contrary, after considering the intention of the writer, they find it *false*, *wicked*, and *malicious*, they will find the prisoner guilty. This is not encroaching on the province of the jury---it is, speaking good *law* and good sense. The doctrine of libels had not been sufficiently understood even by those most concerned, jurors themselves. There are many honest men, who believe that what the Crown Lawyers present as a libel, must be a libel, and find a verdict accordingly. There are several honest men who think that censuring men in power, though the censure be true, should be discouraged and punished, inasmuch as it tends to lessen the authority of our rulers; but these honest men do not consider that there is no protection for the people against the encroachments of men in power, but in the voice of

public opinion, and the tribunal of the Press. If men in power are not to be censured when they do wrong, there is nothing to stop them from doing what they please, and they may punish at their discretion by their armies, their majorities, and their judges, every truth-speaking defender of the rights and liberties of his country. If government and rulers act solely for the happiness of their subjects, surely they will cause their subjects to feel their own happiness, and surely they will despise the weakness and wickedness of those who attempt to persuade the people out of their senses, that *they* are not happy, and their governors not good. If Lord Camden has acted like a good, wise, and merciful man, in hanging Mr. Orr, what has he to fear from Marcus? Does he not rather give him influence, by bringing him into notice? If Lord Camden had not acted wisely, justly, or mercifully, in ordering Mr. Orr to execution, he may take up a Printer every day; he may punish him as he pleases; but he never will stop the voice of truth, or impede the career of Liberty. As I said once before, he may manacle our hands, but he never can gag our mouths.---The secret whisper will buz abroad, till it becomes the mouth-piece, the irrevocable diction of the nation." Let Lord Camden considers what he can do, and what he *cannot* do; let him consider; it is far easier to gain the admiration and love of the people, than to stop the Press from proclaiming his *mal-administration*, or publishing the boldest truths that ever were written.---My Lord, if you think to silence the Press, mark me, you can only do it by act of Parliament, by making it treason or sedition to read it, or felony to print it---for believe me, my Lord, we the writers or conductors of the Press, are prepared to encounter every difficulty, and every danger, in the holy cause of truth. As long as we have life we will not cease to speak it to the men of Ireland; and in the cause of Freedom are we prepared to conquer or to die. My Lord, take up one Printer, and you will find another, and another, willing and ready to stand before God and their Country, and to receive the reward or the punishment that justice, or even injustice shall award them. My Lord, before I take my leave, I must observe that the treating Mr. Finerty as a felon, is a gross violation of law---the law as *yet* has distinguished between a felony and a libel---the punishment for the one is death, for the other imprisonment. My Lord, was it right to yoke a Printer with a robber? My Lord, did Counsellor Jameson, the Captain of Yeomanry, and the Judge of Mr. Finerty, act legally in declaring from the bench that Finerty's *speculative errors* were of a nature to subvert the happiest Constitution on the globe? My Lord, was it not prejudging the case? Was it not accusing him not only of a libel but of *treason?* Every man is innocent till he is proved guilty---and it ill became an honest man to add the influence of a Judge to the weight of suspicion. My Lord, Mr. Finerty I believe is innocent, and that an honest Jury will prove him

so. My Lord, the influence of authority, and the decision of greatness and grandeur, is *not* the decision of truth. The King, and his Privy Council, and the two Houses of Parliament, and all the rich, and the powerful, proclaimed the existence of treason in England; but it was out of the power of them all to prove it---and an honest Jury, of honest Englishmen, *proved* there was none, and, God bless them, saved the lives of the ablest and honestest men in the nation.

My Lord, I will for this time take my leave, but I shall not cease to admonish you---and, my Lord, if you think proper to call truth a libel, or to punish me as such, I am ready to avow myself; for I am one of those singular men who think that no honest man will write what he will not acknowledge---and I think it infamous to suffer another man, a printer, to be punished for what I myself have done.

I am, my Lord, without fear,

or without respect,

WILLIAM CAXON.

The death of Mr. Orr is a topic that should never be relinquished; and we now publish the affidavits made by three of the jurors who tried that unfortunate man. Certain as we are that the public must feel a lively interest in every thing that concerns the sufferings of the martyred Orr, we feel ourselves happy in laying before our readers these impartial documents of his case. On these affidavits there needs no comment---they speak for themselves---and every one must allow them their full weight and importance. We forbear therefore from making any remarks upon them.

AFFIDAVITS OF THE JURORS.

Arthur Johnston, and Archibald Tompson, two of the jury who were impanelled to try William Orr, depose on the Holy Evangelists, and say, that after they had retired to their jury-room to consider their verdict, two bottles of very strong whiskey spirits were conveyed into their jury-room through the window thereof, and given to, and the greater part thereof drank by the said jurors, some of whom became very sick, and unwell, which occasioned their vomiting before they gave their verdict. And deponent Tompson says, that he was by age and infirmity, and intimidation used to him by Mr. James M'Neighton, one of said jury, induced to concur in said verdict, contrary to his opinion.

Sworn before me, this 20th of Sept. 1797, in court,

YELVERTON.

Arthur Johnston.
Arch. Tompson.

George Crooks, of Innischcloughlin, in the county of Antrim, farmer, maketh oath and saith, that he, this deponent, was one of the jury who was on the trial of William Orr, who was charged with administering oaths. Deponent saith, he was resolved to acquit the same William Orr, but for the representations of some of his fellow-jurors, who informed this deponent, that in case they, the said jury, should return a verdict of guilty, the said William Orr would not be punished with death. Deponent further saith, that if he had at that time known that the consequence of returning a verdict of guilty on the said William Orr, would be punishable with death, he, this deponent in that case, would not have consented to such a verdict, but would have insisted and persevered in returning a verdict of the said William Orr's not being guilty.

Sworn before me, this 20th of Sept. 1797, in court,
George Crooks. YELVERTON.

No. 31.---THURSDAY, DECEMBER 7.

LETTER V.

OF all the strange occurrences which have taken place within the last twenty eventful years, none appears to me so wonderful, as that lethargic stupidity, with which many people behold every thing dearest to the human heart. One should imagine, that the power of making laws which concern the life, liberty, and property of every individual in the community would interest every individual who had a regard for those blessings, or a respect for those laws. Yet, how very few are the men who trouble themselves to consider those laws, any farther than how to escape their penal effect. Perhaps this general apathy proceeds from the policy of our rulers, who sedulously hold forth from the senate and the pulpit, that the first fundamental duty of the citizen, is to pay implicit submission to all laws the legislature enacts.

'Till within these very few years, the duty of a citizen, and his relation to his rulers, have been but little understood, and less enforced.

Locke was the first in England who successfully asserted man's rights to make his own laws, by his representation in the general council of the nation. He theoretically established in principle, what the nation had just before enforced by practice, namely, mens' right to choose their own government, and cashier, punish, or discharge, an incapable, or ill-designing governor. Nothing is now more clear than that the right of the House of Brunswick to the throne, is the right of the people to choose them; since the establishment of this right, liberty has gained strength all over the world. The House of Lunenbourgh holding their tenure, but by the wish and affections of their subjects, made it their study to

court the popularity of the nation; accordingly we behold it making rapid progress in prosperity, population, wealth, and liberty. Liberty of speaking and of thinking, produced their consequent blessings, independence, enterprize, integrity and benevolence; each man by free communication of sentiment and opinion, grew wiser and better; religious animosities (the most inveterate of all) subsided, each man perceived his own welfare connected with that of the public, and England speedily became the refuge of every active, intelligent, and useful individual, whom the persecution of religious and civil tyranny drove from other parts of Europe. By their means, did England, a small unfortified island, become the wonder, envy, and admiration of the world; by these means could one Englishman beat three of any other nation; not, as Chesterfield says, because he believes it, but because one freeman of *any* country, is an overmatch for three slaves. If then, liberty of speech and thought, of the Press, and of action, have produced such uncommon blessings in England, what manner of men would we be to resign them, or like the Cappadocians, give up the happiness within our reach? The unnumbered blessings flowing from those invaluable privileges we all feel and see, but satisfied with enjoying them, we do not all give ourselves the trouble of examining their source, or religiously guarding it from corruption.

With what amazement would the thoughtless children of fashion stare, were you to tell them that their amusements, pleasures, and enjoyments, proceeded from the Liberty of the Press and its consequent advantages; and yet nothing can be more true. The fine gentleman or lady who would faint at the very idea of being *bored* by politics, are to those same odious politics, indebted for every blessing they enjoy. By those politics, that is, by civil liberty, did their plain and honest ancestors acquire that wealth, which procures *them* all the comforts wealth *can* give.

If then, even individuals were made aware of the great importance of watching over the Liberty of the Press, we should no longer be told by domineering despots, or bloated bishops, that we had nothing to do with the laws but obey them; no, no, we would send such vermin back to their native dunghills, to their original insignificance, and we should take the liberty of examining, discussing, and *making* every law that concerned our lives, liberties, and properties; we should not leave the *trouble* of this to those Solomon's of legislation, who ruin their estates to obtain a seat in the grand inquest of the nation, in order to display their *pure patriotism*, great talents, and unbounded devotion to the public weal.

Is there in Europe such an assembly of Legislators as ours? I defy the world to match them. Behold a body of men who know what is good for the people, better than the people themselves; who, hang, transport, and shoot numbers of the people, all for the good of the people; but no doubt they are good Chris-

tians, and know it is Gospel---" Whom God chastiseth, he loveth ;" but we need not wonder at the wisdom and honesty of our law-makers, when we consider the accomplished theatre of their education. Who will dare say that at Humphreys's or Mendoza's, they first practised the manual of legislation? Who will dare say they imbibed the first rudiments of sobriety and chastity, at a Plunkets or a Beatie's? What libeller will assert that they learned political œconomy in calculating the chances of an hazard table? No; it is very well known *they* were *never* the dunces of their school or college, if ever they were at either: no, they ever and anon distinguished themselves for their high talents, great reading, and incorruptible integrity---and if we except a few lawyers among them, they are as remarkable for their eloquence as for their honesty. It is a scandalous libel to say that many get into the Legislation, to screen themselves from the just debts of honest creditors; it is malicious to say, that a few lordlings, or money-brokers, send several into Parliament, in order to enact laws for the benefit of their constituents; it is *scandalum magnatum* to declare, that they would exterminate the whole nation, before they would resign their privileges and their burroughs.

We need not then be alarmed for the safety of the Press, since our Senate contains so many *independent*, *reflecting* minds; but above all we need not be alarmed, and I repeat it emphatically, we need not be alarmed for the safety of the Press, so long as that Press conducts itself with the ability, courage, and integrity with which it has began. And here I cannot help entreating every honest and able man, every true patriot, to exert the talents God has given him, in defence of the Liberty of his Country, and the Freedom of the Press; it is the most imperious duty of his nature. We, at our coming into the world, as Montesquieu truly and elegantly says, contract an immense debt to our country, which we never can discharge. If we cannot discharge all the debt, it is at least our duty to be active at our post, to encourage virtue and talents wherever we meet them; to pull down ignorance and vice, be they ever so exalted; to pay honour only where it is due, because a King may make a lord, but not an honest man. The true citizen will call things by their true names. When he sees a lord a knave, he will call him a scoundrel; when he sees him a fool, he will pronounce him fit for the *Hospital of Incurables;* when he beholds a second De Launay, a Governor-General of a Bastile, he will pronounce him a legal murderer, a bloody relentless tyrant. If he is shocked at the mockery of a Judge weeping over the victim he intends to sacrifice, what will prevent his naming him an execrable Jefferies, or a Bacon fallen from every thing honourable and great?--- *Quanto mutatus ab illo.*

WILLIAM CAXON.

O PATRIA!

WHY was the amor patriæ proposed a theme for my juvenile essays? Why did I harbour the divine enthusiasm of Codrus or Regulus?

Classical taste and a virtuous education may bring me to the gallows. Poor Orr! Ill fated country where such acquisitions are so requited. Surely the manly spirit of the country will revive; surely the volunteer ardor, our proudest boast---when

> "*The warrior*, Liberty, *with bending sails*,
> "*Helm'd his bold cruise to fair Hibernia's vales*,"

will resume its wonted vigour. A profound historian observes, that the political energy of every country has been most conspicuous at the period of its military fame; by this standard I fear we have lost our manly attributes. The most independent and of course best informed province of this country has been disarmed, and the advantages of civil protection withdrawn. The disarming of freemen on an imputation of disaffection, is a novel precaution of tyranny: the subjugated provinces of Rome retained their arms for defence or retaliation:

"*spolialis arma supersunt*."

I am a northern; I should know the temper and spirit of that district. I exercise the portion of penetration and discrimination which it has pleased God to bestow; I commit to this paper the result of those faculties with the same truth and candour as if I were summoned to make a deposition at the awful tribunal of their Creator. If I be wrong, it must be owing to illogical deductions from premises; common perception has put me in possesion of the facts. The North has been considered the hot-bed of sedition. It has excited the indignation and incurred the vengeance of this administration. It has been subjected to the licentiousness of a foreign army.---Its people have suffered and are suffering every indignity or barbarity that could be justified by revolt only. Death in all shapes is familiar to them; "*plurima mortis imago*." They are obliged to solicit clemency or protection from foreigners. Murder, conflagration, destruction of houses and property, the tender and exile are the punishments of *imputed guilt*. Hear this ye other provinces! A man of humanity will not believe this statement. I honor the feeling that makes him incredulous: But let him remember, I am solemnly writing in the presence of my God. Now for the crimes that have provoked this unparalleled severity. The North of this kingdom has long been distinguished by the industry, integrity, spirit, and information of its inhabitants; from those habits and acquisitions, it always took the leading part in the discussion of political occurrences. It was more alive to national improvement, more attentive to the melioration of

civil order, and quicker in the detection, and more spirited in the repulsion of English usurpation than any other part of the country. How then did it become obnoxious? *The sinister policy of England became alarmed.*

The enlarged mind and liberal feeling of the North, saw the necessity and felt the justice of Catholic Emancipation. The people reasoned with irresistible energy. They knew and said that an UNION of Irishmen, was necessary for the exaltation of the nation. England felt the force of the sentiment, and anticipated the effect. She well knew her former modes of managing this country would not be tolerated, when the enlightened spirit of the North should wield the UNITED strength of the country. During the American war we had no army in this country. Why? because the country had not *yet* exhibited a sense of her wrongs. Peace is restored; an unprecedented peace establishment is introduced. Why? Because England dreaded the rising spirit which your volunteers had infused. Your volunteers were put down by English jealousy, and the venal expenditure of our own money estranged our gentry. There is one topic, alone sufficient to open the eyes and rouse the passions of Irishmen. Any of the Irish who are employed in places of confidence or emolument (for there can be no honor in such appointments,) are obliged by a pretty long probation, to prove their apostasy of their country, and an entire devotion to English policy. I know no exception to this observation. It is remarkable that the same man who abused and laboured to depress the continuance of the volunteer energy and remonstrance, i. e. that energy and remonstrance which extorted from English usurpation a verbal, a legal, a formal acknowledgment of a free constitution to this country, and whose continuance and efficacy would have *guarded* the acquisition, and would have *enforced* a *bona fide* compliance with our renovated freedom; I say, it is remarkable that the same man, who laboured to arrest the juvenile ardour of freedom in its noble career, has on a recent occasion, given his agency to enforce the rising and expanding energy of his country. If this paper falls into the hands of the learned judge, perhaps it may excite a train of reflection which would irresistably establish this conclusion --" That the commotion of the North is an effort for national independence, and that the introduction of foreign soldiery, the enaction and rigorous execution of the late unconstitutional penal acts, &c. are but another mode of the expression of the narrow, illiberal, and selfish policy of England to depress the spirit and enchain the mind of this unhappy country, and to defeat the concessions of timidity." If he were an Englishman I might pardon him, but I cannot forgive such conduct in an Irishman. At the awful tribunal of Heaven, he *shall* answer, whether it was English nomination to preferment, or a scene of moral corruptness and social orders that induced him to act such a part.

AN IRISHMAN.

DISCONTENTS IN THE SOUTH.

The hanging, dragooning, transporting, and burning in the other parts of Ireland, have spread the discontents into the county of Clare, so that not one county is now exempt from "*being disturbed, or in danger of becoming so.*" Our good Minister may now weep, like Alexander the Great, that they have no more counties to *disturb*. The answer of the malicious gasoon to a poor weary peasant, who asked him how far he could get before night, would not apply to them; move on, says the wag, *there's land enough*. Not so with them, they have no more land, and they cannot burn the sea. The Insurrection Justices, we hear, in many parts of the South and West, memorialed; but the Castle thinks that an unnecessary form; and a general proclamation of the Privy Council, sanctioned by a speech from Lord Grenville, is law enough for *Irish rogues and rapparees*.

The Government have heard of *rapparees* of station and abilities so highly respectable, as to alarm them to the freezing point; and we are happy to say, the officers of the militia are not willing to leave their kindred, houses, and lands, to the mercy of foreigners.

The Grand Jury of Westmeath have voted a sum of 266l. to be laid out in gold and silver medals, to be distributed amongst the Wicklow militia, as the reward of their *loyalty* in burning the houses and massacring the persons of the peasantry in that quarter !!!

ON HOCHE's DEATH.

WEEP! Gallia weep! in sorrow droop thy head,
Thy HOCHE, thy hero, and thy friend is dead;
That man so truly great in Freedom's cause,
That brave defender of his country's laws;
Who from her fields the Pitt leagued tyrants chas'd,
And all the hordes of slaves that laid them waste;
Made the Crown'd robbers of his native soil
Shake on their blood-stained Thrones, and quit their spoil.
Now, pale and breathless, lo! the hero lies,
As envious fate had call'd him to the skies;
But, still unconquered, tho' resign'd his breath,
He springs immortal from the arms of death.
O! friend of man, upon thy honor'd bier,
The good and brave shall drop a grateful tear.
Bright fame thy virtues from oblivion save,
And snatch thy honors from the silent grave;
From age to age thy glorious deeds impart,
And make thy monument each Patriot's heart.

ON PRINTING.

Auspicious Art; all hail!
Long may thy light prevail
O'er Ignorance
May superstition flee,
And own a foe in thee;
May all mankind, more free,
Thy fame enhance.

Tranfuse thy genial rays,
Enkindle freedom's blaze
In ev'ry breast:
Thro' ev'ry clime extend,
Be Man's fraternal friend,
Live thou, till time shall end,
By all caress'd.

Extend o'er all the earth;
All men shall own thy worth,
And discord cease
Give to all beings light,
Thy chain of knowledge bright,
All nations shall unite
In bonds of peace

E'er may the *Press* be free,
As it can useful be,
And unrestrained.
May princes live in awe,
And rule by reason's law,
Or all it's influence draw
On them disdain'd.

Parent of ev'ry art,
Long may thy aid impart,
To science life:
May all thy Sons, with joy,
Judiciously employ
Their influence to destroy
The seeds of strife.

No. 32---SATURDAY, DECEMBER 9.

TO FORTESQUE.

SIR,

I HAVE read your letters to the Printer of the PRESS, with that satisfaction which truth ever impresses on the impartial mind. You have exposed the meanness, servility, corruption, and cruelty, with which Judges of the courts of law debased the sacred functions of their office, while the exercise of that office depended on the will of the Crown. You have proved them to have been slaves to their own ambition, and the subjugated creatures of Royal influence. You have shewn that had the great and philosophic Bacon, or the acute and learned Coke, spurned at the implicit obedience required by James the First, to procure convictions against law, the one would never have been Chancellor and a Peer of the realm, nor would the other have ever filled the first juridical situation of the common law, as Chief Justice of England.

How far the means adopted by the Legislature, to render Judges independent of the Crown, have answered the end proposed, I will not enquire, but leave the further investigation of that subject to you. You have shewn that when the Revolution of 1688 had expanded mens' understanding, the Legislature made the strongest provisions that wisdom could dictate, to render the judicial seat respectable, and the Jurist independent of Royal power.

It appears, however, from your letter, that those very means which rendered Judges odious, before they were independent, have been adopted by men who urge their way to legal promotion; and you have fairly drawn a conclusion from history and from jurisprudence, that lawyers who are Judges of the courts of record, and of course dependant on the Crown, ought not to be entrusted with commissions either civil or criminal, and particularly that lawyers who are counsel *ex officio* for the Crown, cannot, consistent with the spirit of those statutes which give independence to Judges, sit under Commissions of Oyer and Terminer and General Gaol Delivery.

You have described and defined the office of a Slicitor General; and the very nature of his office appears not merely to preclude, but to exclude him from the judgment seat. Sitting there, he might have before him a prisoner or a traverser, whose cause he had prejudged, or whose conviction was an object to Ministers. John Wilkes was prosecuted by an information filed by the Solicitor General, and the Court of King's Bench held, after solemn argument upon writ of error, that the information was properly and regularly brought.

It is to be presumed, that on all Crown prosecutions, the Solicitor General attends the consultations previous to trial; of course, he assists in advising and arranging the evidence, and of course he forms his mind, and arrays his thoughts to convict the prisoner, and these reasons alone evince, he cannot constitutionally sit as a judge, particularly in a criminal case; for to be judge and prosecutor in the same cause, would be an abomination.

From a Solicitor General, thus disciplined to convict, what is to be expected? Should he mount the bench of justice---what---but conviction?

Suppose a Solicitor General of a weak, obstinate, and cruel mind, and unlearned in his profession, could justice be expected from such a character?---could mercy? No! they might in junction assail his head, and assail his heart, but would never get admission; both would be found equally hard and repulsive. Even talent and learning cannot supply the want of clemency. For example, Jeffries, the calous-hearted, sanguinary judge Jeffries, had learning and talent: but Jeffries was a stranger to mercy---he had been recorder, he had been a law officer of the crown, and habit, masterly passion, had trodden out of his breast, all the finer feelings of humanity.

Had Jeffries gone circuit as Solicitor General, he would have been as partial in his charge to a jury, and as cruel in his judgments on a prisoner, as when he went in the elevated station of Chief Justice. The office would have changed, but the man would remain the same. Can the Ethiop change his hue, or the Leopard his spots? Nature answers no---and she is unerring The biography of a miscreant of the seventeenth century, and of a miscreant of the eighteenth century, who had filled similar stations, would illustrate the history of wickedness, by exhibiting similar characters.

Were Jeffries alive at this day, and Solicitor General to the King of Ireland, how may it be supposed he would act, if sent on Circuit to try United Irishmen; I say, forming my opinion from his life and actions, that Jeffries would rise on the forum of justice, and with vulgar invective, inflated voice, and disgusting insufficiency, attempt to animate the civil magistrate beyond the tone of civil authority, and direct the operations of the army to more than military execution. Were Jefferies seated on the Bench, whether he sat as Chief Justice, or as Solicitor General, he would look with encouraging countenance on the soldiers who crowded the court where he presided, martialed, armed, and insolently shouldering the insulted citizens from their places; he would approve of the most vigorous measures that Scotch or English mercenaries could carry into effect, at the point of the dirk or of the bayonet, he would call them gallant youths, praise their exploits, and encourage them to future enormities.---Should any of those gallant youths stand before him at the bar accused of murder, Jeffries

would treat them with such lenity as he formerly treated Colonel Kirk's celebrated lambs, by emphatically charging the jury in their favour, and frittering away the wholesome principles of the law to procure their acquittal; and however strong the evidence might be, Jeffries would call the acquittal honourable---Jeffries would say, "it is well for the poor man (that was murdered) to be out of this wicked world."

All this Jeffries would do with a premeditate mind, for he would stand up, and call it his duty. This he would not do from ignorance, for Jeffries, as I have ſtated, had *long experience in Crown law*, and therefore he would not act from ignorance of the law---for as he had often done before, after descanting on his own high situation in the country, his great stake in national concerns, pride of character, and an hundred other empty sounds of egotism, he would plume his crest, and boasting many years of judicial experience, point at the printe report before him, and assert that he acted from the deliberate motion of his own heart, supported by the best of his judgment, and guided by the highest legal authority.

Jeffries would do more---Jeffries would address the freemen of the county who composed the grand panel from whence the petty juries were to be called and sworn, and after inflaming their passions, encreasing their fears, and rousing their resentments against the prisoners to be tried, by applying to them the epithets of conspirators, and assassins, and murderers, and traitors; I say Jeffries would then address the panel: "Gentlemen, you have but one issue to try, and that is, whether you will do your duty like men of spirit, or submit to have your own throat's cut, and your own houses burned."---Oh rare Jeffries! O credulous Jurors!

Jeffries would go further.---If a jury remained any considerable time deliberating in their chamber, Jeffries would become impatient; he would order a bailiff to enquire if the jury had agreed to their verdict; he would expatiate in praise of Old Baily Juries; and on being informed that the jury had not agreed, he would exclaim with a loud voice---"Well the *soldiers* must do the business after all."

How would the soldiers act on such an occasion? They would not be insensible to the compliment from the bench---for they would return it with eager eye, flushed cheek, and military salutation. They would look proud and insolent till the jury returning with a verdict of *guilty*, Jeffries in affected tones of calm complacency, letting down a reef in his frowns, would condescend to say---"Gentlemen, you have acted rightly, manfully and honourably---*juries* will *do without* the *soldiers*."---Nay, he would go so far as to promise a favourable report of the prisoner's case, on a recommendation from such a jury, though resolved at the same time to devote the wretched convict to the hands of the executioner.--O inhuman double-dealing Jeffries!

But Jeffries would do more than all I have supposed: he would call an act of torture, such as the half-hanging a man to extort a confession, " an error in judgment;" and he would gravely assure a jury that " belief is the strongest evidence that a witness can give of identity"---and that " swearing to similarity of voice, was conclusive evidence that a prisoner was present at the commission of an offence!"

If any man doubt that Jeffries would act in the manner I have supposed, I will refer him for precedents to the state trials in the reign of Charles and James the Second. In these sanguinary records of prosecution and persecution, he will find Jeffries brow-beating, influencing, and terrifying witnesses, prisoners, and jurors. He will find him with ferocity, meanness and cruelty, sacrificing all claim to honor, justice, law, and humanity, at the shrine of ambition.

HALE.

WELCH LOYALTY.

We have often been solicited to relate the dreadful carnage and desolation practised by the Ancient Britons, (now commanded by Mr. Dutton) in the neighbourhood of Newry, on one particular occasion in the last summer. All our correspondents agree in the atrocity of the act, but vary in the number of houses burned, and men, women, and children put to death by the sabre and the flames. Some say 14 people were murdered, and 40 houses burned; others that 40 people were killed, and 14 houses burned. It matters little which way it is---either way is too hideous. One boy was seen in a field, and ordered to come and take a bush from out of a gap; after which he was commanded to fall upon his knees, and beg for mercy, which he did, and in that posture was put to death.

The cause was the resistance of a countryman to a Yeoman, who attempted to rob him of his handkerchief, because it was green, and an emblem of union, as orange is of extermination. It was on this occasion that Owen Roe O'Neil, the law chairman, performed the first conspicuous act of gratitude for his new place, and atoned for his former patriotism, by presenting a fulsome adulatory address to these identical Welchmen, certifying to the public the *mildness* of the Ancient Britons, and applauding the *roused energies* of Government. We suppose when the Government introduces scalping-knives and tomahawks among his countrymen, this little member of the Dungannon Convention, who formerly excited the Volunteers of Ireland to shake off the English yoke, and ally themselves to the French, the then enemies of England, will fall down and worship them. When the blood-hounds that were used against the Maroons come here, he will address them too, in strains of admiration for their gentleness to his countrymen. Oh! shame, shame.

Quid non mortalia pectora cogis,
Auri sacra fames.

N. B. If the above facts are overstated, we shall gladly, upon any creditable authority, correct ourselves. If there were but ten human creatures murdered, and ten habitations destroyed, we shall be so much the better pleased at being able to state the fact to be so ---and we request of any man of credit who knows the fact, to set us right; for the Castle Journals think little of destroying 50 or 100 people at a stroke of a pen, and seem to glory in exaggerating the number. We have different feelings, and shall be glad of every opportunity of diminishing the horror that such acts excite in every uncontaminated mind.

Three unfortunate soldiers of the Monaghan militia (not Orangemen) were sentenced, shortly after the execution of William Orr, to receive, one of them 500 lashes, the others a less number, for drinking, in the fullness of their hearts, success to the United Irish; and we hear that by Irishmen this sentence was severely inflicted. Not long ago four of this corps were shot. We have not heard how many lashes the rioters who destroyed the Northern Star, in open defiance of the sworn Magistrates and Yeomen, and in sight of their own officers, received; we hope the Magistrates have not perjured themselves by overlooking this. The proprietors of the Northern Star were at the expence of applying under the act of Parliament, to be remunerated by the Grand Jury. Lord Grenville says, the Courts of Justice are open to the Irish. So they found them to receive fees! that done the learned Judge decreed that the mob being military, was not *mob within the statute*, and that the Northern Star was seditious. N. B. The Dublin Journal is *loyal*, and those that do not read it, and believe it, are to be eternally damned, and their houses wrecked; the more so as it receives three thousand pounds per annum from the Treasury. The carpenter is known by his chips. Oh! Nero, Procrustes, Domitian, Tamerlane, Gengiskan, and Pigmalion, ye thirty tyrants, ye decemvirs and triumvirs, Kirk, Jeffries, Stewarts, and Tudors, when shall we erect temples in honour of your mercy?

Whilst the county of Westmeath has been perfectly tranquil since the death of the Hon. Robert Rochfort, the magistrates of that county, and of the barony of Farbil in particular, are expressing their regret at the departure of the Wicklow militia from Mullingar, whose spirited exertions in the cause of Aristocracy, and the defence of Orangemen, can alone be equalled by the wickedness of the "*exterminating*" system it was brought there to support. The public may wish to be informed who these Farbil magistrates are---it is sufficient to say, that they are a set of men who associated some time ago for the purpose of receiving secret information; that one of the most active amongst them is a noted dealer as well in human as in horse-flesh, and has been indemnified by Government for his crimes---and that their scribe and secretary is a renegado, who once pretended to be the friend of the People and the lover of Liberty.

What shall we say of magistrates, who, instead of keeping the peace and protecting the inoffensive, vote medals and large sums of money to military ruffians, whose sole occupation has for these many months past been nothing but pillage and plunder, the bayonet and the conflagration, the massacre and the rape! If examples are prevalent, what conclusion may not the people draw from such high authorities.

Amongst the multitude of abuses heaped on this suffering country, no one can be more insulting and oppressive than the numbers of *emigrants*, who, having traiterously abandoned their own country, are employed as spies and informers in this; a set of hireling wretches employed and payed by Ministers, to betray or butcher the generous inhabitants of the hospitable country that affords them an asylum.

Thus is a sum expended in the maintenance of an army of foreigners, that would sustain many thousands of native inhabitants, who are ground down and impoverished, to contribute to their support.

No. 33---TUESDAY, DECEMBER 12.

THE PRESS

TO THE PEOPLE.

AT a moment when the Liberties of the Press in Ireland were either whelmed in the deluge of corruption, sinking under the attacks of tyranny, or languishing in the hands of timid, or time serving guardians, THIS PAPER came forward UNBRIBED, UNPENSIONED, ungoverned by sordid views of emolument, and avowed a determination to assert the Liberties of the Press, and support the Liberties of the People, so far as the Laws and the Constitution could warrant. Whether or not THE PRESS has so far performed its promise, is for the People to judge; that People who have witnessed the various and indefatigable attempts of corrupt power to put it down by *persecution*, by *threat*, by *open violence*, by *street robbery*, by *assassination*, by every means violatory to that Law and Constitution, which it is our purpose to maintain against the abuses and perversions of a corrupt and tyrannical junto.

Failing of their object to put down this Paper by such flagitious and felonious efforts, they have had the meanness to attack our interests in that quarter, whence they well know the trade of *time-serving* newspapers derives the means of existence, namely the business of *advertising*. With a view to injure us in this respect, agents have been set on to intimidate the citizens of Dublin from advertising in THE PRESS, when proscription from the custom of the *Castle*, the *Revenue*, the *Aristocracy*, the *Ascendancy*,

and the *Orange party*, has been the menaced penalty to traders who should presume to insert their advertisements in a newspaper which they know, from its unequalled circulation, to be the best calculated to promote their objects; and the epithets of *Republican*, *Democrat*, and *Traitor*, have been insolently applied to the unoffending citizens, by the hacks and runners of the Castle, the Custom-house, and the Police Aldermen, for no other crime than being known to purchase, or advertise in this Paper.

Mischievous, malevolent and weak as such efforts must appear to any liberal mind; and odious and contemptible as they must render their authors, to a candid and discerning people; they have nevertheless defeated the chief object for which they were designed; for, instead of *suppressing*, they have *more than doubled* the circulation of THE PRESS, and struck for it *new* and *deeper roots* in the attachment and confidence of the people.

It is necessary therefore, the people should be informed that to a newspaper, conducted as this is---with few advertisements, with such accumulated expence for intelligence, and literary services; and the costs already incurred and likely to be increased, in resisting persecutions for supporting the cause of the people---AN INCREASE OF CIRCULATION, at the *price* for which the paper is at present sold, is but an increase of LOSS; instead of PROFIT; and when it is considered that our present number of publication exceeds perhaps that of any paper that ever preceded us in Ireland; it must appear that our loss must continue to increase with our exertions.

Persuaded however that a generous public, of whose favour and approbation we possess the most doubtless testimony; does not desire our services on such terms, and will not consider a trivial increase of price, as an obtrusion on its generosity, in a paper devoted to its cause. We take leave to announce that from Saturday next, the price of this paper will be TWO PENCE HALFPENNY. With those who hold a FREE PRESS necessary to the cause of liberty---and such we conceive are nine tenths of the people, the addition of one *halfpenny* is beneath notice, though accumulated on some thousands, it is of importance in the expences of conducting a publication of this kind. In return, we pledge ourselves never to suffer lucrative views to obtrude on the scope in our columns, that should be devoted to the cause of Ireland, and the interesting and important occurrence of the day; and therefore shall never devote in any one number, above a single page *to advertisements*.

Venturing to rely on public approbation to this trivial change, the Press will invariably endeavour to merit from the friends of Ireland, the confidence and support it has hitherto so eminently experienced.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

IF Montanus by any chance happens to hear of a wretched libel in the filthiest and most obscure of the licensed libel Journals, addressed to that universally respected character counsellor Emmett, imputing his writings to that gentleman, he will see how faithfully his valuable communications have been preserved. That scribbler has in the true stile of his knavish profession extorted money from his duped employers, by stating himself to be in possession of Montanus's M. S. in Mr. Emmett's hand writing; Montanus knows from this assertion as well as we do, that he lies, and we shall hope for a continuance of his favors. To the WHIPCORD of his cheated masters we leave this contemptible BRAVO, they are fittest to deal with each other, we wish them a very merry Christmas, and long may they live together; and we should, if they were not too far below our contempt, return them thanks for their abuse; so far however as this abuse proceeds from the Cabinet Clerks, it crowns the honest fame of the gentleman so attacked, for this reason above all that it is well known that if he was not eminently virtuous, they could not have laid out so much of their reduced finances to purchase abuse of him. This gentleman we understand with a magnanimity becoming a true lover of freedom, scorns to prosecute the printer, whose 'poverty (perhaps) and 'not his will consents.' He feels himself untouched by such base scandal, "let the galled jade wince." Let the Press be free; if it speaks truth, it is just. If it speaks falsehood, that falsehood will recoil upon itself. Let that administration which leagues with libellers, and conceives its own existence incompatible with a Free Press, prosecute printers. A freeman wishes the Press to be as unrestrained as thought itself.

No. 34---THURSDAY, DECEMBER 14.

TO HIS

EXCELLENCY THE LORD LIEUTENANT.

MY LORD,

AT a period more eventful than any to be found in the annals of Europe, I presume to address you on a subject of the greatest importance. As the chief governor of Ireland, and the representative of Majesty, I promise to treat you with becoming respect and deference.

That negative importance, which some great men assume, by pretending to despise anonymous publications, will, I trust, on

the present occasion, give way to some observations, dictated in the purest spirit of truth and patriotism. Unexampled and unpitied, as the situation of the governments of England and Ireland is, we ought not to despair.

A crisis, which I fear is approaching with rapid strides, must entail misery on thousands; 'tis for my King's sake, and my country, that I beseech your serious attention. One way, and only one way is left, by which safety may be effected, and this I shall submit to your Lordship's wisdom and goodness, before I conclude.

Several causes have been assigned for our situation, but they have been only the conjectures of the ignorant, or the subterfuges of the wicked. Why did your noble and learned father exert his eloquence and his talents, to oppose the American war? because he conceived it founded in malice, pride, cruelty and injustice. At that period the Cabinet of Britain deluded their Sovereign, betrayed the interests of their country, and outraged all the rights and feelings of humanity. From that period may be dated the alienation of the people's affection, from the best of Kings. At that time the *people*, for they are not so blind as Statesmen think, saw with horror, the court of England hiring German butchers, to slaughter the people of America; they saw their houses burned by the English army, their men murdered, their women violated, their commerce destroyed, and the chains of everlasting slavery presented to them, at the mouth of the cannon. Who could behold all this, and not turn abhorrent from the infernal sight? Who, that is possessed of the sublime sympathies of nature, does not feel his soul burn with indignation, at the bare recital of such accumulated wickedness? But the genius of liberty prevailed; France interposed her powerful arm; thanks to the sovereign arbiter of the universe, America is free. Then was implanted the indelible impression of suspicion and hatred, to the machinations of the *privileged orders*. Then was sown those seeds which have vegetated, grown and flourished through all Europe. His Majesty would soon have regained his place in the hearts of his people, had he not been surrounded by parasites and plunderers; men who opposed constitution and reform, who no sooner tasted the sweets of power and of office, than they turned their back upon the people, and deserted their own principles, and the cause which had given them political consequence.

At the head of these, stands a man of no moderate talents and ambition. Highly gifted by nature, and cultivated by art, trained in the deepest political school of Europe, inheriting fame and consequence from his father, versed in all the diplomatic versatility of a great Statesman, he presents a melancholy monument of human depravity and misfortune. His towering and lofty genius, distracted and convulsed, his elevated hopes and splendid prospects of aggrandizement and of power, are sunk into dark and gloomy despair, and his master, his royal master, is cheated and deceived.

His introduction into office, was effected by a sketch of the prerogative, no way friendly to the constitution. I pass over the intermediate stages of his political life, to the commencement of the present war. This war, my Lord, whatever were the motives of government for engaging in it, was no sooner commenced than the people of Europe were alarmed; they saw the same, or a similar spirit burst, which had been resisted and defeated in America; they instantly connected the two events; they saw liberty and tyranny marshalled against each other; they saw the ambition and interests of four or five families and their dependants, put in competition with the interests of ten times as many millions. To give a colour of justice to the coalition, every object was presented to the public, that had ever inflamed the passions, roused the ardour, inflated the ambition, or kindled the enthusiasm of man, *social order*, *national honor*, *law*, *religion*, and even *existence*. These were all adorned with the most lofty and vehement eloquence; they were declared all to be at stake, and to be the *primum mobile* of this dreadful war. The people must have been uncommonly stupid, or uncommonly perverse, for they have looked upon this hypocritical jargon, with an apathy bordering on contempt; they saw it hollow and unsound; they saw the real motives concealed under specious pretexts; they saw a system, dark and dangerous, unfit and unwilling to see the light; and they had courage, if not reason, to imagine, that they saw a most flagitious and horrid attack upon the liberties of mankind. With this tide of opinion against him, erroneous, perhaps, the British Minister went to war; against its encreasing depth, he has waded on, and when the flood is full, it will turn.

Finis coronas opus, comprehends more of the law of Nations and the Rights of Man, than Puffendorf or Thomas Paine; and *facts* are of more importance to a Statesman, than the thunder of a Demosthenes, or the mellifluence of a Cicero. That the facts which I mean to present to your Excellency, may have the desired effect, let me request, that in the silent hour of retirement, when the council is broken up, you will give yourself to the influence of reason and of truth, for your friends say, that you have a mind of your own. The awful fate which hangs over these devoted lands, demands every hour of your public and private thought; and the duty which you owe your King, your country and yourself, will justify you in making responses to the following queres, in that secret hour, which shuts out from your presence, the vain, the selfish, and the deceitful.

QUERIES.	ANSWERS.
When sent to take upon you the government of Ireland, were you not told, that the people would all soon be quiet, satisfied and happy?	*Most assuredly I was, but alas! I was woefully deceived.*

QUERIES.	ANSWERS.
When Mr. Pitt engaged in the war, with a combination the most formidable that ever appeared among the nations of the earth; did he not affirm, that in one campaign, the monarchy would be restored, the people subdued, and the privileged orders completely and securely re-established?	*Most assuredly I have often heard him declare all this; but alas! I was woefully deceived.*
When he inundated France with forged assignats, did he not confidently assert, that their finances were ruined, and their government on the brink of destruction?	*Most assuredly he said so; but I was miserably deceived.*
Did he not vehemently aver, that, should Lord Howe beat the French Fleet, the country would be starved and subdued by famine?	*This he declared, yet Lord Howe bravely beat the enemies fleet, and not one of their victualers taken, and I, alas! with others, was woefully disappointed and deceived.*
Did he not declare, that by destroying their commerce, subsidizing the Emperor, and fomenting civil war in La Vendee, no doubt could be entertained of overturning and destroying the new government of France?	*Most assuredly he did; but I have been more and more deceived, for all this has been done, and the object is as remote as ever.*
Has he not declared, with more privacy, and equal confidence, that the late extensive and alarming conspiracy at Paris, would totally destroy the Republic, and restore the ancient regimen?	*O yes! too true! secret, solemn, and confident, were his assurances, that all was safe; but all is failed, and vanished like a dream.*

Does he not now, *even now*, publicly and privately aver, that his resources are unbroken, that his means are sufficient, that he is willing to meet the contest, and confident of success.

Lay your hand upon your heart, my Lord, and ask whether a wise and good man ought any longer to be governed by the frantic and wicked delusions of such a Minister; whether it be safe to yield unreserved confidence to the grand, unceasing deceiver;

whether men who have fortune and fame to lose, should make a common cause with men who have neither, and risk a desperate contest where all may be lost, and nothing can be gained. In his last celebrated speech on the address, he has given us the political creed of the British Cabinet. We have had at least ten different ones from them since the commencement of the present war; but the last, when combined with the situation of Europe, is one of the most extraordinary productions that ever challenged the opinion of the world.

That speech, I am bold to assert, is fallacious in its representations, malevolent in its spirit, mean in its subterfuges, and ruinous in its tendency. He talks of the commerce, the spirit, and the resources of the country. Merciful Heaven! such unblushing effrontery, when the meanest shop-keeper knows that commerce is annihilated, when every man knows that the spirit of the country is sunk into despair, and that the resources can be traced no further than a standing army and naval armament, without a *single unborrowed shilling* to support them. In that wonderful speech, it never once occurred to the orator, that the great source of national safety, the palladium of English Liberty, and the guardian of the Constitution, is wanting; that the fountain which flows from it, runs in a channel directly contrary to his resource; that so far from being at his command, it operates against him, and may finally overwhelm him in disgrace and ruin. Without this source all is doubt and danger; it was the want of it that defeated the armies of the combined tyrants against the liberties of France; it was the want of it which has brought the British Empire to the verge of destruction; and it is the want of it which may hasten that terrible and much to be deprecated event.

This resource is what every wise statesman will endeavour to obtain, and which every good one will seldom fail to secure; for without it he can neither be good, nor wise, nor fortunate.

This source, which the Brisish Minister never completely possessed, and now completely wants, is the HEARTS OF THE PEOPLE. With this against him; with the Republic of France against him; with the national debt against him; and with the revolution of the human mind against him---who can hear, without disdain and contempt, his vain boasting and treacherous declamation; who can indulge a hope that he who never succeeded in any one plan, except in his encroachments on the liberties of the People, will now accomplish that which the combined influence of all the wisdom and popularity of the Empire, would tremble to undertake.

I do not enquire whether the servile attachment of his partizans, proceeds from ignorance or interest, or both, nor do I attempt to appreciate the wisdom or the folly of those who think the state in no danger; I state *facts*, and 'tis the height of madness not to reason from the past to the future.

An unskilful pilot, who in every danger has proved his incapacity to steer the vessel with safety, ought to be changed when the danger encreases.

I have then, with this view, to propose to your Lordship, one of the most awful and necessary duties, that ever was presented to the heart or the understanding of man.

If the Monarch whom you represent, and the Constitution which you revere, be dear to you; if the country that gave you birth, the religion of your fathers, and the peace of the land, be objects of your earnest solicitude---fly, with the rapidity of lightning, and tear the veil from your Sovereign's eyes, rescue him from the traitors who surround him, save him from the perils that are hourly swelling to a degree of magnitude beyond all calculation and foresight. To accomplish this great and necessary task, will require all the talents and virtues which you possess.---You must conquer your private interests, and your private attachments: but to a mind much less elevated than yours, this would be a small sacrifice for the public good. Your gratitude to the British Minister ought not for a moment to be put in competition with your duty to your Sovereign. Gratitude is a limited duty; when the benefactor deserts the principles of honour, truth, and patriotism, should he desert his former declarations, and become a new man and a traitor, he ought to be abandoned and execrated without a feeling of remorse or compassion.---This was justified in the conduct of the patriotic Brutus to the splendid, but detestable traitor, Cæsar; on which event, an elegant French author uses the following reasoning: "Un voleur, par exemple, vaincu par votre "courage et votre resistance, ne tranche point le fil de vos "jours, vous rend votre Argent, vous donne meme le double & "le triple de ce qu'il vous avoit pris, a condition que vous serez "son esclave, & que vous le seconderez dans les noirs projets "qu'il a formes, de reduire dans le meme etat vos amis, & "meme tout le genre humain.---Quelles obligations aurez---vous "a ce Voleur?"

To his benefactor, your father's gratitude was unchangeable, it was laudable, it was useful; but to the son you owe nothing, he has cancelled, by his tergiversation, every sentiment of gratitude and affection. If I have stated any thing chimerical or unfounded; if I have magnified our dangers, or diminished our prospects of safety, then let my observations pass as impudent or foolish; but I speak to a wise man, who has much at stake, and much to fear---and on the truth and importance of my assertions, I would stake my life and my character, convinced that no truth, scientific, moral or divine, rests upon a more uncontrovertible foundation than the following: "*the safety of the British Empire can only be effected by a total and immediate change of men and measures.* I do not say that it is in your Lordship's power alone to accomplish this great change; you may, however,

give it all the support which can be drawn from your loyalty, your zeal, your knowledge, your interest at court, and above all, by the noble sacrifice you will make, by a voluntary surrender of the first office in the gift of the British Minister. In doing this, you will have an opportunity of testifying your abhorrence of that dreadful system *of burning and of blood*, which they have obliged you to apply to the people of Ireland. The natural benignity of your heart, as well as the urbanity of your education, qualified you for better masters, and more honourable employment. If by one great exertion you can free yourself from the condemnation of your own conscience, rescue the Irish nation from torture and despair, and snatch the fallen fate of Britain from final ruin---you will have atchieved more than the most distinguished hero of ancient or modern times. As a proof that my fears are not unfounded, permit me to observe that the external enemy possesses the most stupendous power, and the most inexhaustible resources. It is not now the convulsed, distracted, and devoted France; it is that mighty, consolidated, and terrific Colossus, which shakes from their foundation all the established orders of Europe, before whose invincible phalanxes, all the veteran troops which the coalesced powers could bring forth, have fled, or fallen as the leaves of the forest when shaken by the furious autumnal blast. 'Tis both manly and safe to look the enemy full in the face. See where he triumphantly stands with one foot at the Texel, the other passing the shore of the Adriatic, giving motion and direction to a mass of men not less than *fifty millions*.

Who can say that the immense armament at Brest may not find its way to England or Ireland? The distance from Brest to Dublin is precisely the same as between the Texel and Edinburgh, each forty hours sailing with a moderately fair wind. At the Texel thirty thousand troops lie ready for embarkation. The army forming at Dunkirk, may leave the coast of Flanders, and reach the British shore in five or six hours. Add to this that Buonaparte's Army consisting of one hundred and fifty thousand men, has at its command a large fleet of war ships, and transports innumerable, and might in one fortnight leave the Mediterranean, and land in the North of Ireland, or the Highlands of Scotland; in any of all these events, the consequences are incalculable. Making every allowance for the elements and brave fleets, still there is danger great and imminent. I view it as every good man must, with fear and with grief. Broken down as the united spirit of Ireland is, what can she do? Infuriated, distracted, and united as Scotland is, what is to be expected there? And the people of England are too fond of their own interests not to leap into the prepondering scale. I shall only add, my Lord, that circumstanced as these countries are, if nothing be done to put men in power who might conciliate the people, and conciliate the enemy: if nothing is to be expected but the sword of the mercenary---for the law of the

land nothing but gibbet and burnings;---for murmur and complaint; nothing but oppression and abuse---for submission and obedience; nothing but a prospect of war---instead of a prospect of peace---and nothing but the extermination of the French Government, or the extermination of the British; then may God take our most gracious King into his holy keeping, and guide the people of these distracted lands, is the sincere prayer of

A MAN OF ULSTER.

No. 35.---SATURDAY, DECEMBER 16.

MARCUS's FIRST LETTER

TO

LORD GRENVILLE.

MY LORD,

WITHOUT any prefatory observations, I shall proceed to examine your Lordship's late defence of the system that coerces this suffering and unhappy country. Your famous speech on that occasion lies before me; I shall consider its parts in their order.

You state the subject too "delicate" to be touched, and then advise noble Lords not to meddle with it. When you gave this advice, you were not ignorant that you are the master-hound, whose voice leads the pack, and that you no sooner open, than the yelpers join you in full cry, especially if the whipper-in keeps them to their duty. Thus your dogs are trained to your command; and we in Ireland, who are treated worse than dogs, are told that we must submit to be hunted by foreign war-hounds, the silent spectators of our families butchered, our dwellings destroyed, and our wives ravished out of *delicacy*. Good God! for what are we reserved? When you have humbled us with the dumb beasts that perish, you deride our calamities, and tell us we are well off, and may rejoice, for that "HUMANITY" is the character of those that slaughter us. But if murder, flames, and rape be their *humanity*, what are we to expect when their brutality shall become complete, when the fullness of their barbarities shall be loosed upon us? What? Shall we be told that resistance to British violence is treason, and that the humanity of the bayonet is good enough for us? Shall proud aristocracy impose not only submission, but silence? Shall it send a foreign force into an independent country, and then say, "we have the power to destroy, but not the right to hear, or to redress you?" Shall it in the same breath scoffingly say unto us, "you have your independence;

we graciously gave it you; you sought it, and you have got it; we have nothing more to do with you?" Indeed, my Lord, I wish you *would* have nothing more to do with us---Ireland is competent to her own protection, and wants not the influence of English dragoons to settle her. But your argument is worse than the insult it conveys; for while you make it treason for Irish independence to oppose English bayonets, you reproach us with the enjoyment of that independence; yet if we exercise it against invaders, we are hanged, shot, transported, or bastiled by order of the British Cabinet.

But although the subject was *delicate*, you alledge that its foundation was vague and uncertain. If it was "vague," why all that delicacy, why that jealous caution of Ministers? Uncertainty, where the wrongs of millions are the subject, and an Empire sinking in its own rottenness, demands not only the fullest, but the speediest investigation. Even in matters of small importance, common report is sufficient to ground a parliamentary enquiry, and waits not for the slow operation of proof. Yet the oath of the noblest Peer in Europe was disdained by you, as of an authority too vague and suspicious, too "difficult" as you phrazed it, to induce your belief, that Ireland was now bleeding under the scourge of British violence. The fact, my Lord, was not hazarded on vague report, or told in light ambiguous terms; it was founded on *personal knowledge*, and stated in the unequivocal energy of truth. Though your heart had been shut against the cries of this terrified and distracted country, was it decent to discredit an authority that all good men respected? But while you deny the existence of the fact, you defend the expediency of the measure, and set up an *unauthenticated* paper in vindication of the rapes and murders that shocked your delicacy. When however you exhibited this marvellous composition, justice required you to have confronted with it your Orangemen's oath of blood, by which he binds himself to exterminate three-fourths of his fellow-Christians, and now carries fire and desolation through the country, with his sword in one hand, and a lighted torch in the other; but this had been a subject too delicate for noble ears, and might have offended the piety of my Lords the Bishops: you therefore affect silence. chusing rather to insult our despair. From insult you rise to defiance; though we bleed and suffer, we dot feel, for if we did, we are "independent, and would RESENT."---Take care, my Lord, what you say---for though you shall not provoke us to *resent*, we do not forgot that we are *independent*.

And think you that you serve the cause of your master, when you refuse to hear the attested calamities of his people? When their voice shall be stopped in this indecent manner, does it not look as if Ministers intended their complaints should never reach the royal ear, or fear that the publication of their own guilt might stand as a record of the wrongs they inflict, of the hatred that England bears

to this devoted country? Or was it, my Lord, that by having the crimes of the British Cabinet laid open to the world, you dreaded accelerated justice in provoking the vengeance of that mighty nation, which now marches with hasty strides to punish corruption? Or, as your own happy language has expressed it, that comes with a "rash "and insolent design to introduce the genius of French Liberty." Ye mountains, cover us!

Trust me, my Lord, that a patient and respectful attention to the cries of an afflicted people, would contribute more to the stability of Monarchs, than the haughtiest insults of inveterate aristocracy. It is not by threats that Kings support their thrones; weak and insecure is that power which is not founded in the hearts of the governed. When princes do not reign *there*, be assured the people are dissatisfied, and still look for a change; and when they do look for it, be assured also, that they will have it. Then will confidence give place to suspicion, security to terror, justice to violence, kindness to insult, and mercy to murder. But make the people happy, and they will love the government that secures them in their persons, their properties, and their repose. By making them happy, you make them great, you make them terrible, for they will not part with their happiness for any change. Then might the combined powers of Europe attempt in vain the destruction of that empire, whose downfal your Lordship so feelingly anticipates; but whose dissolution you cannot defer beyond the appointed hour, for a greater authority than your own has declared, "That the kingdom divided against itself, shall "not stand."

The British Constitution was a column of a new order, its base was the People, its capital the Monarchy, and its shaft the Aristocracy, that connected the two extremes. The shaft is giving way; but the base will remain immoveable.

For the present I take my leave, assuring you that your Lordship shall very soon hear from me again.

I am, my Lord, &c.

MARCUS.

No. 36.---TUESDAY, DECEMBER 19.

The *Sun*, a London newspaper, notoriously in the pay of the Minister, is filled with the most flagitious falsehoods respecting the state of this country, couched in pretended extracts of letters from Cork, Waterford, and other Southern districts of Ireland, charging the Catholics with the most daring and sanguinary murders upon the Protestants, and the most determined and avowed purpose of exterminating them, and praying for the arrival of fresh reinforcements of English troops, as the only hope of safety left for the Protestants of Ireland!!!

The source of such villainous fabrications, though possibly hidden from the unsuspecting part of the People of England, is glaring and obvious to every man of information or discernment in both countries.

The same miscreant crew, who commenced their career in this country with a determined and final *veto* to the progress of Catholic liberty in Ireland, who followed up their declaration by the most wanton, cruel and sanguinary persecutions of that great mass of the people, and sought every means that tyranny and injustice could suggest, with a view to provoke that persecuted and patient sect to resistance, in order to furnish pretext for a more extended system of conflagration and massacre, than that which already reigns amongst them; who have endeavoured to rekindle the flames of fanaticism amongst their Protestant fellow-subjects, and bind them in solemn oaths to the bloody and unnatural purpose of exterminating the Catholics, now attempt to justify their measures in the eyes of Englishmen, by vilifying the characters of the Irish Catholics, and charging them with the fanatical and murderous measures which they so long supported with *Stoic* patience.

The British Minister may for a while gloss over the villainy of his purposes thus; for *a while* he may sustain his attacks against the Liberties of Ireland, by British troops, when Irish soldiers indignantly revolt at the idea of treason against their country; but if he finds Englishmen rash enough to support him in such a purpose, *they* will discover, when too late, that in violating the Liberties of Ireland, they give a death-blow to their own.

Out of this intended evil has an unerring Providence produced the greatest good. The Catholics and Presbyterians are United in indissoluble ties, dying like martyrs in a common cause, priding themselves in mutual good offices, and for ever abjuring the barbarous fanaticism that made them hate each other. From the Protestants of the establishment, every man of worth, of talent, or of honour, has ranged himself by their side, and nothing remains now against IRISH UNION, but 25,000, as near as may be, of bigots, hirelings, and dependents---just enough to furnish the Lord Lieutenant with addresses.

No. 37---THURSDAY, DECEMBER 21.

FOR THE PRESS.

AS the Irish nation feels highly interested in whatever relates to the unfortunate Mr. ORR, I take the liberty of sending you a description of his person, together with the substance of a conversation I held with him about a fortnight before the last Spring assizes. I called in to see the prisoners, accompanied by Mr. F---, a gentle-

man of Carrickfergus. We were told, those whom we wished to see were walking in the jail yard; on going down we found about ten men walking on one side of the yard, and Mr. Orr, arm in arm with a genteel-looking man, on the other. No sooner did Mr. Orr see us, than he left his companion, and accosted us in a very genteel and affable manner. The following description of that ever to be venerated martyr, may be relied on. I am the more scrupulous and minute, as I understand some of the Irish artists are meditating an engraving of their countryman, than which a greater treat they could not give the public. His apparel appeared to be all new and fashionable; his shirt and stock were remarkably white, and the ruffle at his breast seemed to have been plaited with great nicety and care; his coat was blue; his waistcoat was a fancy pattern, the ground of which was buff; his breeches were black kersimere; stockings were white silk and worsted, with small stripes of blue; his shoes were tied with black tape. He wore his hair short, and well powdered, with a neat fashionable round hat, which he sometimes changed for a turkey-leather cap trimmed with rich fur, and tied with green ribbon. He was precisely six feet two inches high; nothing can be conceived more completely formed than every part of his body---his foot and leg, his thigh, his shoulder, his arm and hand, were proportioned with the completest symmetry, and bespoke at once both strength and gracefulness. His step was firm, his gait bold and martial, his carriage erect, and motion alert and easy. He could neither be said to be lean nor fat---rather inclined to the latter.

His chin was round and small; his mouth little; his lips thin, and his teeth as white as snow; his eyes were dark brown, neither sunk nor full, but uncommonly lively and expressive; his brow was arched and beautiful; his nose was inclined to the aquiline, though very little; his forehead was smooth, round, and well proportioned to the other features of his face. In the whole countenance there was something inexpressibly captivating and manly. He possessed a sound understanding, warm affections, and a most benevolent heart.

In all the countless legions of France, and in all those who were opposed to them, since the commencement of the present war, it is a question if a finer fellow could have been found.

I asked him if he felt very unhappy under his confinement? At first, said he, it was very irksome, but time has made it more tolerable. I hope, said I, that you have no fears for the ensuing trials. None, said he, if we get justice; but we understand they are using infernal measures to fill the grand panel.

He then asked me some general questions respecting the state of the country, talked of the dreadful bondage under which the people laboured, and the melancholy prospects that were before us. Have you heard, said he, of the dreadful vow of Colonel D---, of the ——— Fencibles, that he would murder all the prisoners

in case the French landed. I answered, that I had, but did not believe it, as I could not conceive it possible that any man, however inhuman or unprincipled, could entertain such a shocking sentiment, much less put it in execution. He then assured me that it was a truth; and added, that one of the prisoners had said in the hearing of two or three soldiers, for the purpose of having it carried to the Colonel---" Yes, the cowardly villains may butcher us in our cells; but if there be a God in Heaven, the Irish nation will revenge our blood, sooner or later, while there is a Scotch or an English man to be found in the land." I told him, I hoped matters would terminate more amicably between government and the people, than what was generally imagined. He remained silent for some seconds, shook his head, and then said, he had no such expectation---government would grant the people nothing; he saw clearly their system---Ireland must suffer. Do you recollect, said he, what a certain Lord uttered in a certain assembly lately? (Not just now said I) " Much blood must be spilt in the North," said he. I observed, that expressions of that kind were sometimes thrown out for political purposes. No, no, said he, you may depend upon it that there is some system laid down, which has for its object murder and devastation.

I asked him if they were permitted to read newspapers, he told me they were, and that he had that morning read a speech of Mr. Fox's, part of which brought the tears to his eyes; he speaks as feelingly of the distresses of Ireland, said he, as if he were an Irishman.

He then asked me if I had seen a statement in the papers, respecting the French being about to invade the three kingdoms; I told him I had, and said in that case, I doubted there would be bloody work. I wish to God, said he, that the people of Ireland could obtain their wishes, without any assistance from France; I told him it was not likely that a connexion with France would much better our condition. Connexion! said he, I would have connexion with none of them, except a connexion that would secure to us independence, liberty and commerce; O! if Ireland was wise and united, she would soon be free and happy; O! if God would give the king wisdom to change the ministry in due time, what a happy thing would it be for the country. What calamity and woe would it prevent. He said he never pitied the Catholics half so much as since he was put in prison; it was no wonder they complained, for they had suffered cruelly; and now other people was suffering as much as them, and it soon would be quite an universal complaint through all Ireland. Can any thing, continued he, be more dreadful than robbing the people of their arms? I told him that the people considered it as the highest act of insult and injustice. Injustice! said he, it is both injustice and ingratitude to the bravest nation on earth: what have the people to expect now? Well, said he, smiling, all ground of jealousy between us and the

Catholics is now done away. They have denied us reform, and them emancipation; they would not allow them to get arms, nor us to keep ours: they have oppressed *them* with penal laws, and *us* with military ones; we are all equally subject to the tender, to dungeons and to death. Well, said I, it is likely that common sufferings will beget a common interest and a common cause. There is nothing surer, said he, than, that *Irishmen of every denomination must now stand or fall together.* At saying these words his companion came up, and said it would be necessary for them now to retire.

In describing Mr. Orr's dress, I forgot to mention that he wore a very narrow bit of green ribbon round his stock, tied with a small knot under the chin, his companion had the same; I observed all the prisoners to have less or more of green in some part of their dress, the greater part wore green silk hankerchiefs about their necks.

HUMANITAS.

No. 38.--SATURDAY, DECEMBER 23.

WILLIAM CAXON

TO THE

STUDENTS OF TRINITY COLLEGE.

YOUNG MEN,

WHY will you read Cicero and Demosthenes? they will bring you to an untimely end. What signify genius, eloquence, or truth, when they only lead to the gallows? Cicero, Demosthenes, and Juvenal were very great and good men, but they did not die a natural death.---Quit your books, and your patriotism, and your spirit, forswear Locke, and addict yourselves to government. Become dunces in your class; it will not matter; you will only be laughed at for the time; but then you may despise the opinions of the people, and become *great* men; comfort yourselves with a place or a sinecure, and cry, "*Populus me sibilat at mihi plaudo.*" Throw away Locke, Euclid, Burlemaqui, or Longinus; they will only teach you to think too deeply; while you are under *holy* rule, practice subordination, and doff your cap to every fellow and every fellow's son. Study Chesterfield, and mind the art of seduction and good manners: if there's ere a snug little place of ten or twelve pounds a year in the fellow's gift, attend Horace's rules *ad captandum*, be all in all to every man, and when you are in office be sure you practice the "little brief authority." By these exertions you will bid fair for the highest offices in the state, "*tu Marcellus eris:*" but above all attend the monk's spouting club,

late the Historical Society, and if your mouth inclines you to shew forth their praise, abuse the celebrated and original Historical Society that now meets in William-Street, call them rebels, democrats, and traitors; such a climax of oratory will ensure to you the high priest's benediction; nay, they may vote you fifteen pounds worth of books to supply the place of the late valuable library.

Is it not strange that your fathers and friends will supply you with books, and inculcate principles, which if you practice, you bid fair to be hanged or quartered? There is treason in almost every book in the college course, and even in the poet laureat Horace: why has not the conclave of Gotham erased that celebrated line, "*quicquid delirant reges, plectuntur populi?*" "for kingly madmen people suffer, while dulness is tottering on its throne." It is no wonder there are United Irishmen and Deists in Trinity College, when such *heathenish* books are read as Tully's Offices, Xenophon, Lucian, Longinus, Euripides, Terence, Demosthenes, Cicero, or Locke on Government. It is no wonder that our young lawyers, physicians, and even divines are republicanly inclined when they learn from *old heathens* that virtue, ability, and worth are *only* to be esteemed; that rank, wealth, and title are often despicable; that robes, diadems, or regimentals very often cover empty heads and rotten hearts. Lord Grenville and Master Pitt need not wonder at the Irish students, headed by a Lord's heir apparent, execrating a government of the gallows, the bayonet and the bonfire, when they consider that their heads originally weak have not got giddy by the height from which they *look down* on the people.

My friends the undergraduates of Trinity College, do not waste your time in unavailing labour; learning is a dangerous thing, it will disqualify you for the *world*. If you have the misfortune to be a man of genius or a scholar, shake hands with Swift, Sterne, or Kirwan, give up all thoughts of the church; bishoprics are not for you; as our Irish Masilon says, "the church is the lumber-room of the nation."---Do ye design yourselves for the bar? consider the case of Grattan, Erskine, Curran, O'Connor, Ponsonby, Duquery, &c. &c. &c. the dignities of the law are not for such men; if you wish to be Chancellor, Chief Baron, Chief Justice, Attorney, or Solicitor General, ye must follow other teachers; study the song of "the Vicar of Bray," and then let who will be out, ye will be in; be "blasted bravoes," and ye may be chief---or executioners of the law. Should ye design yourselves for the study of physic, be assured patriotism will hurt your practice; it will not suit the old women, fools, and patients you attend: a patriot physician is as ridiculous as an honest lawyer; should you even escape prosecution, imprisonment, or fine, you may starve while you sing "Vive la Liberte." No, no, quit patriotism, and the study of nature; like Dr. M'Kenna turn lawyer, and as council for the crown, prosecute the patients to whom

yourselves prescribed parliamentary reform as the cure for the diseases of the state.

But if your ambition prompts you to be a *very great man*, get a commission in the Scots or English Fencibles, and you will then unite the executive and legislative powers of government, and be at once legislator, justice, judge and executioner. If *love* inclines you, boldly set an example of gallantry to your men, and in midday at your guard-room, ravish youth and innocence before a brother's face!! and when the glorious deed is done, *be sure* you damn all Jacobins, and curse the French. If any magistrate or Justice of the Peace should presume to interrupt your amusement, what then? it will entitle you to keep company with that *hero* in Naas gaol; and by the interest of Mrs. Lewellen, or that partner of rapes, the little black Lord, you'll be sure of your pardon.

Next to this, the best traders going are union hunters, trading justices, and informers; be very active in your vocation, put on an important look, run up and down town and country, talking of our *wise*, vigorous, and *excellent* government, of the damned Jacobins plotting to overturn it; say nothing will cure the fever of the state, but letting half its blood; that the best way to govern, is to hang such men as Orr, and pardon such men as——. Call every friend toReform rogue, jacobin, traitor; be particularly loud in professing you will devote life and fortune in support of the war; but when the Minister does not know how to raise supplies, do not contribute six-pence more than the poorest house-keeper. Abuse the French while they are at a distance, lull yourself in false security; but if they land, run away, and go hang yourselves.

But if disregarding what I say, and possessing the vigour, candour, and honesty of ingenuous youth, you prefer liberty and honour, Cicero and Demosthenes, to impudence and hypocrisy, to Pitt and slavery, do, in the sacred name of God, raise your honest voices, freely and openly express your sentiments, and declare the will of the rising generation of freemen. Abash and confound *the grand enemy af the human race;* leave to him, the monks, and the old woman, the Alma Mater, that he so properly represents their "port and prejudice;" leave them to contempt and pity, join your aid to the approaching emancipation of your country, and accelerate that day which must come---for in the language of that man who I hope will live to be the patriarch of our island, "you may as soon place your hand on the globe, and stop that revolution which advances you to your morning light, as think to stop the progres of that other light, reason and truth, which is in rapid advance to liberate the slave, and liberalize the master." May you, the rising hope of the age, contribute to this glorious work, and add, if possible, to the esteem and respect with which ye are beheld by

WILLIAM CAXON.

TO THE

Rt. Hon. Gen. Sir RALPH ABERCROMBIE

Commander in Chief of his Majesty's forces in Ireland.

SIR,

I AM an Irishman and an Officer, and therefore in the twofold character of citizen and soldier, do I now claim your attention: nor let this union beget in your mind any prejudice against the advice I mean to offer you, as proceeding from a person disaffected to the government of this country, and affecting French phraseology, for the purpose of introducing French principles. The cause in which I write, is purely Irish; and too deeply is my heart interested in its success to admit of the frippery of affectation, borrowed from any nation on earth. My country, my wounded bleeding country, absorbs every feeling of my soul: and to you, as to the person on whom much of that country's happiness depends, and who must shortly become the object of its blessing or execration, do I now offer that counsel, of which from your critical and important situation, you must stand in need. As a soldier, I owe you every obedience consistent with my obligations to my country; and to both I shall best discharge my duty, by faithfully laying before you the real situation, the moral and political topography of the island, into which you are sent for the atchievement of an arduous design. You are surrounded by false guides, whose interest it is to deceive you; if you trust to their conduct, you are undone. They have already betrayed the British forces into a situation, from which it will require the utmost of your abilities to extricate their characters; nor should I be at all surprized to see the usual summary punishment for such treachery inflicted on those wretches, by the repentant honor of a British soldiery.

Before I proceed to give my proffered counsel, let me justify an interference, which to some military persons may appear inconsistent with the service, to which we both belong. A soldier of any rank is, I know, deemed by some as a mere executive instrument, in the hands of others, and should never question the propriety or rectitude of any act, which he is ordered by his superior to perform. This, indeed, was the opinion of your predecessor, and of all those, whom from similitude of disposition, he selected for the execution of his orders. Though you have condescended to be the successor, be not the imitator of the *indemnified* Carhampton.

A blind and implicit compliance with every command of a superior, has in all ages and countries, but particularly in this, dis-

graced the military name; and the bloody deeds that have been committed under the sanction of this horrid principle, have severed from the rights of humanity every being concerned in their perpetration. What, Sir! Has not a soldier, in every rank, a right to question the morality, though not the wisdom of the orders he is required to execute? Is there no point at which his obedience as a soldier should cease, and his feelings as a man begin to act? When part of the American army, in the late war, was ordered to commit reprisals on the British prisoners of war, for the inhuman slaughter of Lady Washington's Light-horse, was its refusal criminal? When a similar order, issued by the sanguinary Robespierre, was disobeyed by the French troops in Brest, was their declaration, that they were soldiers, not *assassins*, contrary to military discipline? But these are the sentiments of our enemies, and of the soldiers of liberty, and may not therefore be considered applicable to the present case, I will try to be more correct. I will suppose a British mercenary, ordered to bury his steel in the breast of unresisting age; to stab and shoot, or involve in one general conflagration, whole families, without distinction of age or sex, for no other crime than that of being suspected of uniting in brotherly affection, and of burying all religious distinctions in the love of their country; if, I say, a British soldiery be ordered to commit these deeds of horror, (and thousands of such they have committed), what should be their conduct?

Your answer to this question, Sir, is important; for from the private in the ranks, to the Commander in Chief inclusive, the same principles applies, though responsibility encreases in proportion to the discretionary powers of the individual. If for such acts you condemn the wretched being, whose poverty or crimes compelled him to become a soldier; whose ignorance and separation from the society of all others, but those engaged in the same trade of blood, naturally tend to destroy his finer feelings as a man, what criminality, beyond all possible atonement, will you not annex to that wretch, by whom the murderous command shall be uttered. An officer, whether subaltern or superior, has none of those extenuations to plead. If in him obedience would be criminal, he has it at all times in his power to retire from the service, and resign that commission which his conscience and God forbid him to retain. The higher his rank, the greater his responsibility, because the greater his power of doing and preventing mischief. Hence, Sir, it follows, that instead of considering you as a mere executive instrument in the hands of others, and irresponsible for the miseries which you, as Commander in Chief, may inflict on this unhappy country in pursuance of any orders you may receive to that effect, you are answerable before God and man in an eminent degree, for every act committed under your authority; and it likewise follows that this address to the highest military character in the country, is appropriate and just. It is appropriate be-

cause you are responsible, and it is but just to warn you that this nation considers you so. Despise not its judgment; for believe me, the time is not distant when its judgment shall be rigorously executed.

Let me then, Sir, beseech you, for the sake of humanity, for the sake of the government you are come to support; for the sake of your own honor, and that of the British forces, to guard yourself against the sanguinary counsels of men, whose sole view is to exasperate this nation, and urge it to resistance. I do solemnly declare that there is a conspiracy of the blackest die against the peace of this country, in which a junto of traitors are leagued for the purpose of instigating the people to rebellion, that themselves may still retain that power, which was obtained and is supported by the religious dissentions of Ireland. Those dissentions were once real, they now are merely nominal; being only supported by a band of exterminating assassins, called Orangemen, hired and maintained by the wicked patrons of disunion. Do you doubt the existence of this guilty faction, or has your native good sense already discovered them? Yes, Sir, it is whispered that you have found them out, or at least discovered that you and your Royal master have been deceived as to the true situation of this country. You came to extinguish a flame that did not exist, and you are now required to kindle one. The torch of the incendiary is presented to you, and all the baseness of the land, collected into one mass, from every profession and description, stands ready at your command. But these have already been used in vain, though wielded by the most consummate and hardened monster that ever disgraced the name of man. One whose soul was stained with every private and public vice, and panted for the commission of every new crime that could be suggested to him. Drunk with blood, he staggered from the perpetration of one enormity to a greater, and knew no rest but in the charnel houses of his own creation.

Around him soon collected all the sympathetic dæmons of destruction in the country, whether native or exotic. Military assassinations, attended with every horrid circumstance that could shock the human mind, hourly multiplied, and thus instigated to barbarous reprisals a goaded and suffering people. The good, the humane, and the truly brave, both military and civil, shrunk back with horror. Among the unthinking of both parties, an indiscriminate hatred began to propagate itself, and thus part of the infernal object, proposed by the prime Machiavels, was nearly accomplished. But the good sense of the nation, and of the army, happily interposed. The latter became conscious of the unworthy and disgraceful purposes to which it had been converted, and now cordially execrate their deceivers, while the former, ever ready to embrace the honest and really gallant soldier, who feels the

feels the generous principle of humanity in his heart, distinguishes between the guilty instigator and the deceived instrument of oppression.

In this situation of affairs you are appointed to command the army of Ireland. Are you prepared to tarnish your name, by the support of a system, flagitious in its object, base and criminal in its means, and ultimately incapable of accomplishment? Or are you inclined, if these facts be proved, to reject with disdain the proffered dishonor, and to convince the world that whatever steps you might have thought it your duty to take, to render your country triumphant in its contest with a foreign foe, you are above the meanness of fomenting civil discord, and turning your sword against defenceless breasts? Read with attention and without prejudice this address, and what I shall submit to you on the same subject. Inquire of impartial men concerning its truth. The eyes of the nation are fixed on you. Your first movement will teach it what it is to expect, and it will act accordingly. In doing so it shall never want the aid and fidelity of

A MILITIA OFFICER.

LIBERTY OF THE PRESS.

COMMISSION COURT---FRIDAY, DEC. 22.

This day, to use the Jesuitical phrase of Crown prosecutors, the Liberty of the Press was secured, by pruning its licentiousness, and a Printer was convicted of a libel.

Our readers will doubtless inquire what printer this was; and for the love of justice, and the peace of the country, he will hope to hear, that the government of this country, in order to vindicate its own honesty, and separate itself from the alliance of libellers and incendiaries, had ordered its public accuser to persecute and bring to justice some of those infamous and malignant prints, which labour unremittingly to sow dissentions through the land; slandering in every paragraph not only private virtue, but the very title of the King; kindling the flames of civil and religious warfare; and, horrible to name, calling themselves the papers of the government.

Would to God it had been so---not merely because we would have escaped from SENTENCE, for that SENTENCE we can bear; and we are prepared to shew that we have not unworthily embarked in the cause of public freedom, and that whatever oppressions, whatever calamities may be heaped upon our heads, we are armed so strong in honesty, that we can suffer all.

Weak must we have been in judgment, poor in spirit, and feeble champions of that glorious cause in which we struggle, if with the example of terror before our eyes; of lawless violence; of that authorized outrage upon the Press, in the instance of the NORTHERN STAR, whose successor and emulator we profess to be, and like whom we will stand or fall uncorrupted and undismayed; weak must we have been in the hour of rapine, murder, conflagration, and military execution, when an English Officer had dared to take upon himself to say, without authority and without law, that henceforth he would protect and punish---that his will should at once supercede that which is called the Constitution---and that by the meanest of his minions, the Irish native should be doomed at his vulgar caprice to live or die;---weak should we have been at a time when every protection of the law has been wrested from us, when the best men were thrown into dungeons without any charge or any intention of ever bringing them to trial, there to consume the best part of their existence, and to contract diseases which might prevent that Septemberizing massacre which has been more than once solemnly denounced by those who had the power, the indemnity, and hideous to relate, the will to do it; weak should we have been when widows and orphans cry in vain for justice and protection, when, what was unknown in history since the World was created, bands of organized and disciplined perjurers were marshalled and kenneled in the very seat of government, and when such were to become officers of the British army, and Justices of the King's peace; at a time when the system of extermination bound together by most dreadful and illegal oaths, shall presume under the auspices of an established clergy to announce themselvss in public resolutions, assuming that name which the Judges of this land, let them deny it if they dare, know to be the name of exterminaters, fanatics and felons; when the assemblage of men doing offices of charity, to the sick and imprisoned, are subjected by horrid Proclamations to military execution; the very burial of a deceased patriot, if attended by such numbers as manifest gratitude to the dead, of UNION amongst the living, decomes a subject also of a Proclamation;---when public meetings have been long proclaimed by law; when peaceful intercourse by delegation, is made felony of death; when secret obligations however virtuous, is made felonies of death; when the last and great security for all other rights, the right of bearing arms to repel ministerial tyranny and treason, as well as foreign force, is violently invaded; when the right of life and death, is transferred contrary to law, to animals called justices of the peace, having neither property, residence, nor knowledge of the country, nay sometimes ignorant of its very language; when Sheriffs are chosen from the Revenue, by the Crown; when Juries are nominated by such things; when every thing that is profligate in society, is canted and bribed, and organized, and advertized for,

and protected and rendered audacious and contemptuous, by familiarity, participation and promise; when the accused are brought forward worn with confinement, ruined in their circumstances, and broken in their spirits, to meet such accusers, and such juries, themselves the paltry gleaners of the heads, that military harvest has not swept away; when the torture is practiced upon the accused man, and that at the caprice of the vilest and most ignorant of the creation, to extort evidence (true or false it matters not) against himself or against others, suspected of being United Irishmen; when public inquiry is stifled by the KING'S PARLIAMENT: and in one word, when the history of our wretched country is made to reflect whatever has been known of tyranny, fraud and force, in all the varied ages, climates, and countries of the known world; weak must we have been in such a time had we expected to escape the common scourge.

Accordingly Mr. Finerty, the Printer of the PRESS, was tried and *found Guilty* of a libel, for a letter bearing the signature of MARCUS, published October 26, addressed to his Excellency the Lord Lieutenant, sharply censuring his administration, particularly for having badly used the royal prerogative of mercy delegated to his hands, by refusing mercy to Mr. WILLIAM ORR.

Mr. Finerty was prepared for his defence. He had summoned witnesses of the first station, and distinction, viz. His Excellency himself, the Lord Lieutenant of this kingdom; the two grave and learned Judges---Lord Yelverton, Chief Baron of his Majesty's Exchequer, and Mr. Justice Chamberlaine, (a Judge of the King's Bench who sat upon the trial of Mr. William Orr) also Mr. Cooke, the official secretary of the civil department in this nation. Mr. Finerty was also amply supplied with documents to substantiate his case. But, alas for him! his case was not *legal*. His defence was THE TRUTH, and *that* by the law was INADMISSIBLE.

The prosecutors not being able to prove the identity of the person, the trial was about to close; when, after a long pause, that gentleman called Major Sirr, of whom we have often had occasion to speak of late, stepped forward, and swore to a confession by Mr. Finnerty that he was the publisher. He was cross-examined by Mr. Sampson, one of the prisoner's counsel, who asked him whether he also had not shewn great desire *to secure the freedom of the Press, by repressing its licentiousness*, and had not with that or some other view chased one of its carriers in the night time with a drawn sword---this he denied, but being closely pressed and asked whether he had not *forcibly possessed* himself of a parcel of our papers in the night, he refused to answer: it was told him by the court that he need not answer, *if his answer would charge him with any crime.* And upon that, and the question being repeated, he chose to be silent.

Lord Yelverton was also examined by Mr. Sampson, and proved his hand writing to the affidavits of the three jurors sworn before him, as we have before stated, in open court. He stated that he had transmitted the recommendation of William Orr's jury for mercy to the Lord Lieutenant, through Mr. Pelham, the Secretary of State; and that the sentence of William Orr had been three times respited. The affidavits of the Rev. Doctor M'Cartney the magistrate who prosecuted, joined with those of two other clergymen, shewing the perjury of the witness Wheatly, were then put into his hand. But here the Judge (J. Downes) interposed and desired to know what the object of this examination was.

Mr. Sampson answered, that it was to shew the *truth* of the paper charged to be a libel; that to be candid, the defence of the prisoner was, that he had inserted nothing false, from which proof the Jury, who were now bound to consider the intention, might have it in their power to infer whether he had inserted any thing malicious and seditious; that the truth was offered as evidence of the intention. The late law, which made the Jury judges of the intention, would be useless, if they were to be prohibited from informing their consciences, when called upon to pronounce a verdict of guilty, by any examination whatever into the truths. This paper was charged by Mr. Attorney General, and it was his own statement and his case, that it was part of a system of sedition and stirring up the people, by false complaints of injuries and violence. Shall it be allowed to Counsel for the Crown to make such statements, and not to the prisoner to contradict them? We are prepared, says Mr. Sampson, to shew that no wrongs are stated by the publisher, but real wrongs---wrongs which it would be treacherous to suppress---and it was no more than an answer to a system of invective and libel, followed up without controul, by papers paid out of the Treasury, all of which it was the intention of the prisoner's Counsel to prove if permitted. Shall the invective of those who libellously call themselves friends of the King and his Government, be enforced by 100,000 armed men, whilst the nation that is libelled shall not return even paper shot?

Mr. Sampson was here stopped by the court, and concluded by asking whether all evidence of the truth of the publication both as to the case of Mr. Orr, the state of the country, and the conduct of the Ministers, was to be rejected because it was evidence of the truth. He was supported by Messrs. Curran, Fletcher, and M'Nally. But the Court said that the thing was settled, even past debate, by the questions put to the twelve Judges of England so lately as the passing of that very bill, when it was decided by them that the truth of a libel should not be received in justification.

Mr. Orr junior, counsel for the prisoner, quoted the case of the seven bishops who when charged with a libel, for falsely and maliciously asserting that King James had no dispensing power, produced the rolls of Parliament, to shew that what they had said was true.

And Mr. Orr said, he did not consider the decision of Holloway and Powell as less constitutional or legal, because of that unfortunate King having taken upon him to displace those judges of that opinion. This gentleman was also peremptorily stopped by the court. It was upon this ground also that some questions touching the military outrage and destruction of the Northern Star, were suppressed: and others to the judges, touching what had come to their knowledge judicially of the public state of the country, and the military atrocities every where practiced.

Mr. Cooke, under Secretary of State, was examined by Mr. M'Nally. He said, that the recommendation of the jury that tried Mr. Orr, had been transmitted to his office. He was then asked, if he recollected any papers being brought to his office, relative to the trial of the late Mr. Orr, by Mr. Macartney?

The Court asked what relevancy that had to the case?

Mr. M'Nally answered to this, that mercy had been denied.

The Court refused to let the question be put.

Mr. M'Nally asked if the recommendation to mercy had been laid before the Lord Lieutenant?

This question was also over-ruled.

Here the evidence on both sides closed.

Mr. Curran then addressed the Court and Jury, on the part of the Traverser, and was very ably supported by Mr. Fletcher, who came in the place of Mr. Ponsonby. Mr. Curran's Speech was one of the most transcendantly eloquent we have ever heard, and seemed to have drawn assent from every auditor, and tears from very many.

The Counsel for Mr. Finerty appealed for the true state of this country to the statement of Lord Moira, and the suppression of his testimony by Ministers in England (paying the justest and most animated compliment to that Nobleman) and also to the suppresson of Parliamentary inquiry into the cause of the disturbances in this country, when so loudly called for by the Friends of the People.

The Prime Serjeant replied; after which the Judge summed up the evidence, laying down the law respecting libels, as it now stands corrected by statute, and charging the Jury that if they believed the publication given in evidence, was of the malicious tendency charged in the indictment, and that it was published by the traverser, it was their duty to find him guilty, and that the truth of the libel made no part of their consideration.

The Jury after a short time, brought him in GUILTY.

Counsel for the prosecution:	For the Traverser:
Attorney General,	Messrs. Curran
Prime Serjeant,	Fletcher,
Solicitor General,	M'Nally,
Messrs. Ridgeway,	Sampson,
Townsend, and	Sheares, and
Worthington.	Orr.

The following are the names of the twelve Jurors in this cause, now transcribed upon the records of this nation :

James Blacker, foreman,	Charles Atkinson,
Benjamin Richardson,	Wm. Cowan,
John Dickinson,	Bladen Sweeny,
Wm. Dickinson,	Mark Bloxam,
Wm. Taylor,	Wm. Williams,
Michael Nixon,	James King.

For our parts we have only to add, that we are engaged in no system but that of truth and virtue, and being so, we despise the man, be he armed with what authority he may, who falsely says, that we are stating to the public unreal wrongs. We glory in the *truth*, and though it may not bear us out in the quaint mazes of juridicial sophistry, it will before that great tribunal where Judges must be judged, and Kings are but dust.

We shall also shew by our example, which is stronger than all precept, that we do not ungenerously incite others to expose themselves to dangers, which we are unwilling to share. *With the liberties of our Country, we will stand or fall.* And we shall contemplate with compassion any Jurors who can be so adventurous as to find men guilty of publishing the truth; and we bleed for the country where the administration is protected by its enormities; because to speak the truth of it, is to libel. Where the public money is lavished to buy panegyrics on one side, and silence is enjoined upon the other.

No. 39.---TUESDAY, DECEMBER 26.

TO THE

RT. HON. THE *INVISIBLE* MASTER,

OF THE

VISIBLE TASK-MASTERS OF IRELAND.

" *Your pleasure was my dear offence; my punishment*
" *Itself was all my treason; and, that I suffer'd,*
" *Was all the harm I did.*"

CYMBELINE.

MOST HONORABLE SIR,

ANY appeal to the rectitude of such an head, or the humanity of such an heart as yours, would be obviously ineffective, and therefore absurd. The experiment has been often made, both in private and in public, and the result has been uniformly in both

cases, repulse, aggravated by insolence. Such an hopeless task, I shall not undertake. I shall not, like you, madly expend ammunition in a hopeless cause; I shall not attempt to assail you on the side of either good sense or humanity: No; I shall appeal to your *personal* feelings, and to your *fears*. The old adage tells us, that cowards are always cruel, and common experience instructs us, that the truly brave are always humane. This being admitted as true, it would be silly in the extreme for you, Sir, or your lacqueys, to boast of your bravery---It is, indeed, I believe, pretty much on a par with your wisdom.

That the great mass of the people of Ireland are estranged from the ruling power; that oppressions and injurious intolerable, have driven them to excesses, which (strange to say) can neither be blamed nor defined; and that in proportion as they are estranged from the *government*, they are attached to the *constitution*, are all truths you well know; nor can all your ingenuity in misrepresentation, or all your habits of perversion conceal from your own senses, that this has been occasioned solely by the unwise, inhuman, and dastardly counsels, with which you have dared to pollute the ears of your gracious sovereign. Miserable Man! Contemptible slave of "vaulting ambition that o'er-leaps itself," retract, if it be not too late, or perhaps the vengeance of an abused and insulted prince may anticipate that of an insulted and ruined nation. Perseverance in your present disastrous system, must inevitably, sooner or later, make you a victim to one or the other, perhaps to a union of both.

But the bloody Minister, who with sullen insensibility hears the complaints of a nation, will yet, doubtless, pay due attention to the account of *his own danger;* yet, doubtless he will, for *the cruel are always cowards.* Attend then to the cause of that danger, and see how, step by step, your incapacity and inhumanity, has torn asunder the bonds of union between two sister kingdoms, and more than half plucked out the brightest jewel of your royal master. If the account does not operate upon your *humane feelings*, upon your *fears* it certainly must.

You cannot possibly forget that a *Reform in Parliament* was the ladder by which you mounted to your present elevated, but perilous situation.

"*But 'tis a common proof,*
"*That lowliness is young ambition's ladder,*
"*Whereto the climber upward turns his face:*
"*But when he once attains the topmost round,*
"*He then unto the ladder turns his back,*
"*Scorning the means by which he did ascend!!*
"*So may it be with*———

Cæsar, I was going to add in the words of the poet; but *Cæsar* was wise, brave, and humane, and would suffer too much by the comparative allusion. It is however certain, that conduct like

that described by Shakespeare, has been adopted by *you*. Nevertheless, though *your ladder* was laid in the peaceful grave; you for some time continued to act in such a manner as was entitled to praise, and your management of the regency business, I have no hesitation in pronouncing, masterly. Alas! why did not Heaven, in mercy to yourself and to us, arrest your further progress?

Providence determined otherwise---it resolved in the wisdom, the inscrutable wisdom of its determination, to make you an humble instrument, by which its own great projects might be carried into execution. You were *fated* to undertake the government of Ireland, and here commences (not the comedy, but *the tragedy of errors.*)

Some few years hence, you deputed, as chief governor, a nobleman, whose character would suffer by any attempt I could make, to give him due praise; and his conduct out-run his character. The whole nation was animated with an enthusiasm of loyalty, and without senatorial cant, I can truly affirm, that in consequence of that conduct of the wise and good nobleman, the *lives and fortunes* of the nation were then at his Majesty's command.

" *This was your V——y, mark you now what follows,*
" *This is your V——y, like a mill-dew'd ear,*
" *Blasting his wholesome brother.*"

You changed the Viceroy, peevishly and meanly you superceded the man of the people, and all his friends. What it was that could induce a Minister to take a step which could not fail to alienate a great number of loyal and valiant subjects, I will not pretend to say; but so it was, the whole nation, the whole kingdom of Ireland was weighed in the balance against a prostitute party, and the nation kicked the beam. The idolized chief governor was suddenly removed, with all the circumstances of indignity that merit can suffer from malice. The merit suffered nothing---but the malice was seen.

Shortly after the departure of this truly dignified nobleman, discontent appeared in the northern parts of Ireland, and a society or societies were formed, who assumed the name of *United Irishmen.* The members of these societies did certainly resent the proceedings of the English government, and perhaps uttered some indiscreet expressions, which a *wise* government *would* not; and a *good* government need not take the smallest notice of. But *you* acted as befitted your wisdom and your goodness; you commenced hostilities against UNION at large. (Would any wise statesman? Would your *supposed* father wish the people he governed to be any other than *united?* The question answers itself). You commenced a war, ten thousand times more absurd than that of Don Quixote with the wind-mills. You attempted to beat down *opi-*

nions by *force*. Alas! Alas! Had you had taste to read Hudibras, you would have found, that,

> " *He that's convinced against his will,*
> " *Is of the same opinion still.*"

Depend upon it, Sir, *opinions* are very *serious* antagonists. They may be subdued by arguments; but *never by bayonets and musquets*---and to say the truth, you seem to be as pitifully deficient in the former, as you are uselessly (PERHAPS DANGEROUSLY) overloaded with the latter.

I appeal to your own experience. You found a few men who distinguished themselves by a name full as honorable, and vastly more innocent than that of * * *; or rather your pliant parasite, told you that Irishmen had wisdom and virtue enough to *unite*. At this you were alarmed---equally a foe to *Union* and to *Irishmen*, you resolved, if possible, to annihilate both.---You put forth all your strength, and promised to yourself and your junto the full accomplishment of your joint wishes.

" *Quid dignum feret tanto promissor Hiatu?*"

You made a Convention Act---what was the consequence? The union was extended---you made a Gun-Powder Act, what was the consequence? The union was further extended and means taken to procure Gun-powder; you made an act by which *your enemies*, the *honest men* of Ireland, are prohibited from uttering their genuine sentiments. I should imagine that you, nay even Mr. Dundas himself, might have foreseen the consequence of this, and have known that if indignation, resentment and contempt, be not suffered to evaporate publicly, they will operate in secrecy, with an energy the more potent, as it is the more silent. You have suspended, (*suspended* indeed) the Habeas Corpus Act, what has that produced? Crowded Jails, neglected Courts, and loyalty converted into rancour. You have imposed upon us *Lettres de Cachet*, only disguising the name; what has this done? It has encreased that very spirit which you wished to annihilate; it has augmented, and will continue to augment progressively, both the courage and the manner of the friends of this country; " you bite against a file," " you know the rest."

Every effort (without any one exception) that you have hitherto made, aided by the *Hero of Westminster*, has thrown you still further from the point proposed---you wished to *intimidate*, you have *exasperated*; you wished to *deceive*, you have *alarmed*; you wished to *disunite*, you have *most firmly united*. In one circumstance only you have been at all successful, you wished to *corrupt*, and you have corrupted; but the few that you have been able to corrupt are " light in the balance," they are mean in talents, and inconsiderable in number. All your attempts to quench the fire of Liberty have proved equally fruitless both in Ireland and France; and when the vengeance of one, perhaps both, of these insulted and gal-

lant nations over your head, what succour can you possibly receive from your venal majority?

In Ireland, the report of *your own packed* secret committee publicly stated, that at the period of the report the number of United Irishmen amounted to little less than 100,000; supposing, for an instant, that this denomination of men was hostile to good order; can you be so destitute of common sense, as not to see that this society, *few in number at first*, encreased progressively, as your favourite system of *coercion* encreased; the native honour and dignity of freedom encreased in proportion to the compression those suffered; and be assured, most sagacious and humane premier, that the number of United Irishmen reported by *your junto* is small and contemptible compared to what might NOW *more honestly and truly* be reported.

Be assured, thou authorized man slayer, that every individual man, hanged, kidnapped or shot, upon the stupid and false pretence of *union*, adds at least *ten* to the union. That every ravished woman, or deflowered virgin will reinforce the cause with not less than an *hundred;* this is not a prediction, it is a plain statement of what has already happened. If you are incapable of calculating the future from the past (which the world is now tolerably well convinced of) you are unfit to conduct the meanest affairs of the meanest family; but to the conduct of the affairs of a great nation, you surely cannot have the slightest pretence.

I earnestly advise you, to put together the circumstances which announce the *inevitable ruin* hanging over your head. As you have already exhibited the *strength* of a coward, by *cruelty*---in pity to your master now shew the *weakness* of a coward, by flight, and whether you proceed, or retract, never fail to put up your prayers to Heaven *that the People may have mercy enough to let you get whole to the scaffold.*

M. M.

TO THE

LORD LIEUTENANT OF IRELAND.

MY LORD,

If the voice of a subject could find any other access to your Lordship, than through the medium of public papers, I should not thus address you; but as it is a misfortune attendant on all courts, and a characteristic of the present Irish court, that no man who does not prostitute his integrity, and descend to be a flatterer, can approach it; no alternative remains to the honest man, but the newspapers, to communicate to you his sentiments. The language of truth must be grating to your ear, especially when it opposes your interest or your prejudices. I should not, at present, pain you with it, un-

less urged by the duty of every friend to humanity, to represent to your Lordship, as Chief Magistrate, the miserable and distressed condition of the inhabitants of Ireland. I beg leave to call your Lordship's attention to the sufferings of the peasantry of the county of Westmeath. From the scene of wretchedness exhibited in that county, your Lordship may collect that it is neither justice nor policy to expose his Majesty's subjects to a merciless soldiery. I believe even the most abandoned of your Ministers will not urge that such is justice. Let me tell you, my Lord, it is not policy; for by destroying the property and burning the hovel of the United Irishman, or Defender, you reduce him to the necessity of robbing from his neighbour, and thus you destroy most effectually what you intended to preserve---the peace of the country. Your Lordship knows that, in flagrant violation of the British Constitution, and of the natural rights of mankind, the people of the North have been deprived of their arms, the defence of their lives and properties, against the attacks of an infamous banditti, which to the eternal disgrace of the present Administration, boasted of acting by its orders, and under its protection. If the Administration sanctioned these miscreants, it has been the aggressors, and not the protector of the subject; it has been deficient in its duty towards him, it has abused the trust reposed in it; it therefore does not deserve support. By the act of exposing the people to soldiery, the Administration has forfeited their confidence. It is no longer an Administration acting by any thing which can be called law; but a system of force acting by unconstitutional decrees, by unwarrantable and intolerable stretches of prerogative.

Though, my Lord, the sufferings of the people of Ulster are great beyond expression, or even beyond conception, the inhabitants of several parts of Munster, not intimidated by the miseries of the North, have proceeded to acts of violence. Coercion and military law have likewise been recurred to, to quiet these tumults---and thus the whole kingdom will be, district by district, and province by province, proclaimed before a year is terminated. These disturbances have increased by persecution. Your Lordship must therefore see that force cannot be the effectual means of quelling them. No, certainly, the cause of the evil must be sought for and removed, as the only mode of destroying the effect. The grievances complained of must be redressed, which, I think, whatever your Lordship may think, are not imaginary. No, my Lord, the people are notoriously imposed upon and oppressed by the iniquitous resolutions, it would be a prostitution of the name to call them laws, of men stiling themselves a representation, but properly called a misrepresentation of the people. I hope your Lordship has reflection enough to consider that no act or law of any parliament can take away the natural rights of man. These mock legislators ought likewise to consider that Irishmen have birth-rights, of which their servants ought to be the protectors and not the invaders.

Now, my Lord, as I have told you that the people of Ireland are aggrieved, I shall tell you the only means of relieving them is by a speedy reform in the representative body. The present unequal, and impolitic mode of representation, must be abolished, by cutting off the corrupt original; for while boroughs remain, all other modes of reform will prove abortive;---we cannot expect a pure and wholesome stream from a muddy and poisonous fountain. The Minister must relinquish his old and common practice of corrupting the servants of the people, by the money squeezed out of the heart's-blood of the poor. The Commons-house must become a sanctuary into which a placeman or pensioner cannot enter. The unnatural union must be destroyed, which subsists between the mercenary hirelings of oppressors, and the servants of a still loyal, though much injured people. The abuses of that branch of revenue so peculiarly favourable to crown influence must be destroyed; I mean the Excise, to fill which the dregs of the nation have been ingeniously procured. Reform must extend itself to the divine and holy institution of tythes, which instead of promoting the cause of religion, have tended to destroy it, by making the minister of Christ, a base attendant on the great, expecting some place of emolument that he may the more effectually neglect his duty. In the dissolution of tythes will be cut off a source of perpetual discontent to the farmer, and to the government a fertile field of corruption. 'Tis unnecessary to insist on the gross violation of justice, in annually decimating the property of the dissenter and the catholic, to support the minister of the established church; 'tis futile to urge that acts of parliament authorize the robbery; no act or law whatsoever can authorize a man to take from his neighbour what he gives no equivalent for, and contrary to the proprietors consent. Yet the virtuous and conscientious bishop claims under the sanction of such decrees, a reward to which his services do not entitle him; reform must not stop here, as partial reform will be only productive of partial good. You must not be contented with lopping the rotten branches from the half rotten trunk; but lay the axe low to the tree and exterminate it root and branch.

These remedies may seem severe; but my Lord, consider the obstinacy of the evil. Something decisive must be done for the people; they can no longer be cajoled and imposed upon; sad experience has made them sage; the peace, happiness and safety of Ireland must be consulted, not the aggrandizement of a court. Look to this letter, my Lord, and read it, 'tis your duty so to do, tho' perhaps you are not aware of it. But know that the cries of the nation are daily encreasing, though as yet they bear no finile proportion to the wrongs it has suffered; that the citizen instead of sinking into submission, is nearly roused to resistance; that the day is fast approaching when you will be struck with a sense of your duty, but perhaps too late, when promises and threats will be equally despised by a People determined to be FREE.

SCŒVOLA.

COMMISSION COURT---SATURDAY, DEC. 23.

This day the several persons tried at this commission, were brought up to receive sentence. Judge Downes, who had been this morning at the Castle, did not come into Court until candle-light. On Mr. Finerty being put to the bar, he addressed the Judge as follows:

MY LORD,

From the very able defence which has been made for me, I should think it utterly unnecessary to trouble your Lordship with any observations of mine, if the language of Mr. Prime Serjeant, in his address to the Jury, had not imperiously demanded some reply. It may accord well with the general system of our Government, to inflict a severe punishment upon me, but what end it can answer to defame and abuse my character, I am at a loss to discover. Among the epithets which the learned Counsel so liberally dealt out against me, he was pleased to call me "the tool of a party." However humble I may be, my Lord, I should spurn the idea of becoming the instrument of any party, or any man; I was influenced solely by my own sense of the situation of the country, and have uniformly acted from that feeling of patriotism which I hope it is not yet considered criminal to indulge; and I trust the general conduct of THE PRESS has fully evinced to the People, that its object was truth and the good of the nation, unconnected with the views, or unwarped by the prejudices of any party.

If I would stoop, my Lord, to become the tool of a party, I might have easily released myself from prosecution, and enjoyed protection and reward; and this would have been clearly illustrated if your Lordship had suffered the persons summoned on my trial to be examined.

I have been now, my Lord, eight weeks in close confinement, during which I have experienced the severest rigours of a gaol---the offence was bailable, but it became impossible for me, from the humility of my connections, to procure bail to the amount demanded; probably had any person stood forward, he would have been *marked*; and sensible of that, I preferred imprisonment to the exposure of a friend to danger---but not contented with my imprisonment and persecution, it seemed the intention of some of the Agents of government to render me infamous. For this purpose, my Lord, about three weeks since, I was taken from Newgate, which ought at least to have been a place of security to me, at seven o'clock in the evening, by what authority of law I know not, to Alderman Alexander's office; and it was there proposed to me to surrender the different gentlemen who had favoured the PRESS with their productions, particularly the author of *Marcus*. Every artifice of hope and fear was held out to me. After a va-

riety of interrogations, and after detaining me there until two o'clock in the morning, I was dispatched to Kilmainham under an escort, where being refused admittance, I was returned to Newgate---from whence, about eleven o'clock on the same day, I was again taken to Alderman Alexander's, where I underwent a similar scrutiny, until three o'clock, when the Alderman left me, as he said, to go to Secretary Cooke, to know from him how he would wish to dispose of me, or if he desired to ask me any questions. At eight in the evening, the Alderman, for whom I was obliged to wait, was pleased to write to one of his officers to have me remanded to prison. In the course of this extraordinary inquisition, my Lord, I was threatened with a species of punishment, to a man educated as I have been in principles of virtue, and honesty, and manly pride, more terrible than death---a punishment, my Lord, which I am too proud to name, and which, were it now to make part of my sentence, I fear, although I hope I am no coward, I should not be able to persuade myself to live to meet. By what authority any man could presume to prejudge your Lordship's sentence, or anticipate the verdict of a jury, it is not for me to decide. I cannot conceive what sort of solicitude these men entertain for the dignity of the Irish character, or the honor of the Government, who thus endeavour to stain it by the multiplication of informers. It may be answered, my Lord, that informers are useful---so is the office of common hang-man; but will any man of common honesty, or common sense, imitate the conduct, or plead for the character of either, particularly in a time when so many instances of profligacy have appeared amongst that class?

With respect to the publication, my Lord, which the Jury has pronounced a Libel, the language of which is undoubtedly in some instances exceptionable, it was received in the letter-box by my clerk, who generally went to the office earlier than me, and taking it to the Printing-office, it was inserted, and the whole impression of the Paper worked off before I saw it; but on remonstrating with the author, he produced to me such documents as put the truth of the statement beyond question, and these documents, my Lord, were yesterday in Court, and would, combined with the testimony of the witnesses present, if your Lordship had permitted their examination, have amply satisfied the Jury of the facts; and heretofore, my Lord, I have been taught to think that truth was above all things important, and I never did believe it possible that truth and falsehood were in any instance equally guilty, or that the truth, though it might not altogether acquit, would not so much as extenuate, for if it would in any degree extenuate the offence, I suppose your Lordship would have thought it necessary that it should be heard, and of consequence conceived the publication of Marcus's letter not alone innocent but praise-worthy, even though it did contain passages which I do not vindicate; but your Lordship's opinion, and the verdict of the Jury, teaches a different lesson, and may serve to regulate my conduct in future.

I hope your Lordship will take the several circumstances I have stated into consideration---if guilt, my Lord, consists in the mind, I solemnly assure you that I have examined my heart, and find that it perfectly absolves me from any criminality of intention; I have only then to inform your Lordship that a heavy fine would be tantamount to perpetual imprisonment, and long imprisonment little short of death; yet whatever punishment you may please to inflict, I trust I have sufficient fortitude arising from my sense of religion, and of the sacred cause for which I suffer, to enable me to bear it with resignation.

Mr. Justice Downes then proceeded to pass sentence upon the prisoner.

He told the prisoner he had listened to him with patience; that nothing had fallen from him to induce a mitigation of punishment, except what he had stated of the length of time he had been in confinement, which he would not forget in the sentence; as the time of the imprisonment should commence from the day of the arrest. That with respect to the libel having been published without his immediate knowledge, if this were an excuse, which it was not, no evidence of the fact had been laid before the Jury.

Mr. Justice Downes then continued: Sir, in scornfully declaring that guilt or infamy was attached to assisting the discovery of guilt, you have effected a false spirit, and you have proved that the government would have afforded you mercy, which your libel asserted it was not in their nature to give. You say there were documents which would have substantiated the facts. It would be monstrous indeed, that a printer should take upon him to determine, what were sufficient documents to justify his censure of the government. The publication is a most atrocious libel on the administration of justice in all its branches. If the verdict had been as you have stated, and that the learned Judge had reason to suppose, that it was the result of perjury and intoxication, he would, from his nature, have delighted in recommending the unfortunate man as an object of mercy;---and surely such recommendation would have been attended to. Your libel says, these facts were true, and that the Lord Lieutenant was acquainted with them. It is impossible if they were true, and that they had come to the knowledge of the Chief Governor, and that the person was a proper object of mercy, pardon would not have followed, for there is no man whose heart is so steeled against mercy and humanity, as to have refused it.

It also says, "if Mr. Orr was guilty, what was his crime? It was administering an oath of love and charity. If it was an oath of extermination he would have found mercy." What, to say it was no crime the administering an unlawful oath, when from such oaths the present unfortunate state of the country springs? It was an oath binding the taker to be a member of a society

formed for seditious purposes, whose end has on many occasions appeared in evidence subversive of order, and promoting an attachment to the enemies of the country. Your sentence is, "That you be imprisoned for two years from the day of your arrest, that you stand in the pillory for one hour, pay a fine of 20l. and at the expiration of your confinement give security yourself in 500l. and two sureties in 250l. each, for your good behaviour for seven years.

No. 40.--SATURDAY, DECEMBER 30.

TO THE

IRISH NATION.

COUNTRYMEN,

SINCE the conviction, and sentence passed on the printer of The Press, a clause has been pointed out by the commissioners of stamps, which lay lurking in one of the late Parliament's acts, unknown to the lawyers; whereby a Printer convicted of a libel, shall be deprived of his property in the paper in which it had been inserted. By this law, in such perfect conformity with all other acts of Parliament, which in the words of a great and a good man, "has taken more from the liberties, and added more to the burdens of the people," and I may say, stained the Statute book with more penal laws, than any Parliament that ever yet existed; it has become necessary that on the spur of the instant, from this unforeseen clause, another proprietor should come forward to save the Irish PRESS from being put down. To perform that sacred office to this best benefactor of mankind, has devolved upon me; and rest assured I will discharge it with fidelity to you and our country, until some one more versed in the business can be procured.--- Every engine of force and corruption has been employed by these ministers, into whose hands unfortunately for the present peace, and the future repose of the nation, unlimited power has been invested, to discover whether I was the proprietor of The Press. Had they sent to me, instead of lavishing your money amongst perjurers, spies and informers, I would have told them, what now I tell you; I did set up The Press, though in a legal sense I was not the Proprietor; nor did I look to any remuneration; and I did so, because from the time that, in violation of property, in subversion of even the appearance of respect for the laws, and to destroy not only the freedom of the Press, but the Press itself, the present ministers demolished the Northern Star; no paper in Ireland, either from being bought up, or from the dread and horror of being destroyed, would publish an account of the enormities

which these very ministers had been committing; where they not only suffered a lawless banditti of sworn extirpators to destroy the property, to raze the habitations, and to drive thousands of ruined families to the most distant parts of the country, for want of protection, and where the strongest suspicions rested, that they had given encouragement to such diabolical acts, under the name of loyalty, and the mask of religion; where they let loose an *excited* soldiery, to commit acts of outrage which no invading army of any country in Europe, would have practised, without violating those laws established amongst civilized nations; where the torch had consumed their houses and property in entire districts, and summary murders had been wantonly perpetrated; where thousands have been hurried into those multiplied dungeons, and thousands sent to the gallows, on "*suspicion of being suspected*" of REFORM and UNION; and above all, where TORTURE has been applied in numerous instances to extort confession, of what by the insurrection act has been judged worthy of death, but as I read it, by the strictest rules and injunctions of christian morality has been enforced as a paramount duty. "THAT TORTURE" which our ancestors held in such inveterate abhorrence, that its utter exclusion was esteemed so fundamental a part of our constitutional code, that neither that Stuart, nor his Ministers whose heads paid the forfeit of the crimes they committed, nor the Ministers of that Stuart who was expelled, durst introduce it. I could cite myriads of facts to substantiate the suppression of the publication of these enormous atrocities; but I will confine myself to the mention of one, which has come within my own knowledge. Whilst I was confined in the tower, the soldiers who were stationed all around it, fired up at the prison, and on being asked why they had fired, without having challenged, or any pretext for so doing, they answered, "*that they had acted according to the orders they got.*" As I was the only person confined in the prison, no doubt could remain that these orders were issued for the purpose of assassination. A gentleman who had been an eye-witness of the attempt, took a statement of facts to the Evening Post, which was at that time esteemed the least corrupted paper in Dublin; but the Editor told him, that fearing that his house and his press might experience the fate of the Northern Star, he would not insert it; although the next day not only that print, but every other paper in town, contained an account of the transaction; in which there was not one word of truth except the admission that the shots had been fired! From the moment I was enlarged from the tower, I determined to free the Press from this dastardly thraldom, that the conduct of those Ministers might be faithfully published; and whilst a beloved brother is confined in a cell nine feet square, against every form of law and the plighted faith of this administration, I take this opportunity to call on Lord Camden to tell you and the world, what inquiry has been

made, or what punishment has been inflicted on the perpetrators of an act, which if brought home to his administration, must affix a greater stain on his name, than the ever memorable days of September have indelibly left on Robespierre and his gang of assassins; whose government was supported by *burning of houses, destruction of property, massacring the people, and crowding the galleys and dungeons*, but for which he, EVEN ROBESPIERRE, disdained to employ torture to extort confessions of patriotism, which this sanguinary usurper punished as treason. Whenever it shall happen that one or a few base usurpers, shall have seized on a nation's civil and political rights; and that they shall have sold them to a neighbouring country, in the rankest and foulest corruption and treason: whenever it shall happen that to heal religious dissention, to promote universal philanthropy, true christian charity, and national union; and to establish the imprescriptible right of being represented, which no people can forfeit, shall be punished by lawless or legalized murder; trust me, the most drowsy conscience, stung by public exposure, will make every effort by bribery, by violence, by persecution, and even by bludgeon and robbery, to put down the Press. But regarding it as the great luminary which has dispelled the darkness in which mankind lay brutalized, in ignorance, superstition, and slavery---Regarding it as that bright constellation which, by its diffusion of light, is at this moment restoring the nations amongst whom it has made its appearance, to knowledge and freedom; whilst I can find one single plank of the scattered rights of my country to stand on, I will fix my eyes on the RRESS, as the polar-star which is to direct us to the haven of freedom. With these sentiments engraved on my heart; alive to the honest ambition of serving my country; regardless whether I am doomed to fall by the lingering torture of a solitary dungeon, or the blow of the assassin; if the freedom of the Press is to be destroyed, I shall esteem it a proud destiny to be buried under its ruins? But if there be any men so base or so stupid as to imagine that they can usurp or withhold your civil and political rights; that they can convert truth into sedition, or patriotism into treason;---if they imagine that this is a period favourable for abridging the freedom of mankind, or establishing despotic power on the ruins of Liberty, let them look round them, and they will find, that amongst the old and inveterate despotisms in Europe, some have been destroyed, and that the rest are on the brink of destruction. They may make martyrs, and Liberty's roots will be fertilized by the blood of the murdered; but if their deeds and their blunders have not made reflection a horror, let them look back on the five years that are passed, and they will see, that they have been the most destructively rapid revolutionists that ever existed; they will see that Great Britain and Ireland, from the portion of rights they enjoyed, which were the nations of Europe where revolution was

least necessary, and where it might have been most easily saved, are now nearest the danger. But let them reflect ere it is too late, and it is never too late to abandon a ruinous course, that if they could establish without opposition *lettres de cachette* in place of habeas corpus and trial by jury; if the gallies and bastiles of despotism could be erected in place of the prisons of law; if they could abolish every idea of representation, and establish chambers for registering their requisitions and edicts; if instead of the Press of the Nation, they could set up the Gazette of the Court; if they could abolish that great constitutional principle, that no man could be forced to his own crimination, and establish the TORTURE to extort confession;, they should recollect that, like France, instead of preventing a Revolution, they would but create so many powerful causes to excite the people to make one;---and whilst tyrannic despots talk so much of supporting the constitution they have done so much to destroy, let them remember that if it owes much to obedience, it owes more to resistance; and that the feelings of a people must determine where crimes and sufferings shall end the one, and begin the other.

ARTHUR O'CONNOR.

This day Mr. Peter Finerty, pursuant to his sentence, stood one hour in the pillory, opposite to the Session house, in Green-street. An immense concourse of people attended this exhibition. Mr. Finerty was accompanied by some most respectable citizens; he appeared contented and resigned, and upon being released from the restraint of this governmental engine for *securing the Liberty of the Press*, he addressed the spectators in a few words: "My friends, you see how cheerfully I can suffer"---"I can suffer any thing, provided it promotes the liberty of my country." Upon this the spectators applauded by clapping of hands, the most marked silence having prevailed until then. Some of the guard who attended, being we suppose, the *picked men* of the Armagh Militia, attacked the unarmed people. Some of the Officers also were guilty of similar conduct, others both officers and privates acted like gentlemen and soldiers. Sheriff Pasley on this occasion conducted himself with perfect propriety. The conduct of the people was peaceable and exemplary.

Mr. Finerty has received the sentence of the LAW for publishing what he offered in open Court to prove was the TRUTH. HE has by this sentence been deprived not only of liberty, but of bread. The friends of the PRESS and of TRUTH are hereby informed that subscriptions will be received for his relief at the Press office, and the names of his benefactors, if required, kept secret, lest virtue, public spirit and benevolence should subject any to violence or persecution.

No. 41.---TUESDAY, JANUARY 2, 1798.

TO THE

PEOPLE OF IRELAND.

FELLOW CITIZENS,

AN awful and alarming period in the history of mankind, agitates the councils of Europe, whose eye watches with fearful anxiety, the movements of the greatest power that ever shook the thrones of Monarchs. In an hour so portentous, the PRESS, which stands the centinel of Ireland, is an organ best fitted to convey truth, and call you to a sense of your importance. Those only who have plunged you in calamity, will conceal their crimes, or deny that their aggressions have provoked danger. Let tyranny tremble, for it has much to dread; you have sublimer views; you have that in view, which makes nations great and respectable. Ireland, we are told, is now to be made a theatre of war, as she has long been a stage of blood.

Interested men would degrade the dignity of the people, as if they were of no weight in the scale of mankind; or but served, like "the feather in the crown," to swell the pomp of Kings. But your proper weight already begins to be felt, and its authority will soon be acknowledged in Europe. Where hordes of foreign mercenaries are introduced into a country, for the purpose of "*keeping down*" the people, can there be a stronger proof of the jealousy and the terror with which a government eyes the conduct of *United Citizens?* When I inform you, that a wish has been expressed in a great assembly, that you *might* be provoked; when I inform you, that an English Lord has lately said, "the people of Ireland are *not* oppressed; for if they were, they would resist,"---What conclusion will you draw? Will you not infer that *some* persons dread nothing so much as your patience or your silence? But I trust you will not be *led away by high authorities;* when the *English Lord* preached *resistance* in your ears, he was insidious; but he expressed his wishes to sanction military executions. I recommend then, I beseech you to a continuance of that patience you have shewn, a patience beyond example, under the calamities you have endured. Be steady, my friends, for without steadiness resistance is a weak virtue. Your sufferings cannot always last, and Europe may yet see you *forgiving* those who now whip and scourge you. Prove by your enduring virtue, that you have not deserved your sorrows, and thus teach to the nations that surround you, both the folly and the crime of oppressing a brave and generous people. Government, even the worst and wickedest, is still government, and while it lasts, some respect is

due to it. Submission to present circumstances, will demonstrate, how worthy you are to participate of the Reform, in pursuit of which the best have bled, and which be assured your virtue must *attain*.

In proportion as you have elevated your minds to liberty, a flowing benevolence, mutual kindness, and undivided union of affection have banished the grosser passions from your breasts, and bound you to one great and prevailing interest. In the language of your Divine-master, you have been *provoked to love;* and it is your struggle for freedom that has produced this beneficial harmony. Long may that harmony continue to exalt your understandings, and *unite* you together! May the charities of the Christian religion, that knows no distinction among those who worship the same God, proclaim to all men that the last prayer of the pious Orr was offered up for that communion of which he was *not* a member.---Like the Orange-men with his oath of murder, that good man did not exterminate at a breath all who differed from him, nor present himself before his Maker, stained with the blood of his fellow-christians.

I have mentioned Orange-men. Compare yourselves with those Maroons, and you will see the wide distinctions between virtue and vice---between the religion of Christ, and the religion that is of darkness. I accuse no man of setting on those blood-hounds that snuff you in your peaceful dwellings, and track you to the fields of your honest industry. Perhaps their murders are their own, and their employers have no concern in them; but *their* justice is blood---yours is slow though sure---it hangs on the heels of the murderer, and finally will fasten on him.

If some amongst you, exasperated and driven to despair, have suffered your resentments to retaliate injuries, the infirmity lay in *human nature*, not in *the man*. Let the proud moralist affect what despotism he may, and tell you that satisfaction in the poor man is a crime, but a virtue in the rich; I as proudly tell him, that morality belongs to no class of men; and that the people whose families have been taken off, by *a power beyond the law*, are as much entitled to redress as the Peer who has *not* been taken off; and I tell him farther, that while *enlightened* aristocracy issues orders of blood, and then steals indemnity, *that* aristocracy hath no right to accuse others of violence, or to expect that men will not feel as men, and express their resentments. Do not, however, afford the instruments of vengeance a pretext for shedding your blood: better to ensure an evil, than give way to provocation.

Yet while I recommend forbearance, and would enjoin its necessity, you must not shut your eyes against your real situation. Knowledge will best instruct you in your duty; though Orange-men withhold that knowledge from you, and then punish you for your ignorance. But if I advise forbearance, it is for your own sakes, not for the sake of those sanguinary masters. I shall not

admire a system of taxation and terror, and then say with the Orange-men, " this is the Constitution." Ask him what is the Constitution? and he will answer---aristocracy, the overbearing influence of the Crown, the resistance of reform in the people's house, the pomp and the luxury of Bishops. What more? He wil tell you he knows no Constitution, but martial law, the butchering of the citizen, the indemnity of the Peer, the violation of your wife, the cries of the orphan, the flames of the cottage, the perjuries of informers, chains, bastiles, dungeons, and death---in a word, he will tell you, you are to fight for your " hearths and your altars"---those hearths that are taxed if they warm you; those altars on which your liberties and your families he sacrifices.

This is his system, which he calls on you to preserve. If you love it, you will defend it; but the night of sorrow is seceding, and the day-star of Liberty rises fast upon it. The philosophy that has enlightened the Continent, approaches to illuminate your Isle. She rides upon the waves, and navies sink before her; she steps upon the shore, and armies disappear; her virtue is your own, for philosophy is truth, and truth is success.

Like the mustard-seed, from small beginnings the tree of Liberty stretches to the Heavens: the fowls of the air, free as the air itself, build in its branches: man rejoices in its shade, and Europe will repose under it: there will the citizen carrol his song of peace, and there the hero bind his temples with its leaves: its boughs are the laurel of the soldier, and the vine of the happy husbandman.

I am, my dear countrymen,

Your sincere friend,

MARCUS.

At length Ministers have advertised for literary aid to put down our PRESS, and to confute our assertions; they have called on the Peers, and their friends who sit in the Commons, placemen and pensioners, job, borough and patronage mongers, bishops, deacons and rich beneficed clergy, fellows, senior and junior, patronized lawyers, together with the genius of the military pensmen, of which we had so many examples to support *their glorious constitution;* a constitution which supports this monstrous groupe, whose entire exertions and industry taken together, from years end to years end, would not feed, clothe or lodge the most worthless amongst them. Gladly do we accept the challenge, and if they will confine their attacks on our Press, to the talent and industry which can be found in their ranks; if they will abandon destruction by military outrage,

by bludgeon, by robbery, by prosecution and persecution, for the publication of truth and atrocities which they can neither defend nor deny, however small the portion of praise we have hitherto been enabled to bestow on their conduct, we will most readily give them the credit of having discontinued one of the most barbarous and despotic acts of their administration. This would be at once to bring the whole truth fairly before the Irish nation, and the civilized world; but unless corruption, usurpation, prostitution, and military outrage, be more desirable than incorruptible patriotism, the imprescriptible rights of a people, and the protection of persons, opinions, and property; unless lawless violence and unlimited despotic power, be more lovely than the wholesome controul of delegated representative authority; unless national famine, beggary, and bankruptcy be preferable to scrupulous expenditure and strict œconomy; unless hireling prostitute prints be accounted more virtuous and principled than a Press which subsists but on the faith, the confidence, the affections and common interest of the sound part of our countrymen, we have nothing to fear from the contest; instead of shrinking from it, we court the freest discussion as the sure means of our triumph, from conviction that the more free the investigation, the more certainly TRUTH must prevail; instead of crouching before this long list of doughty champions the pandemonians have summoned, we throw down the gauntlet and dare them to combat; we call on the peers to tell us how and by what means they have acquired *their honors;* we call on them to declare that they have not made a property of the representative rights of the people, by becoming proprietors of the House of Commons; we call on them to refute that scandalous charge lately made by a part of the Commons, which they had the audacity to say they would prove, that Irish peers had acquired the *right* to legislate in one house, by the most prostituted sale of the *rights* of the other---a charge on the Lords which, if false, they should have been instantly purged of---a charge which, if true, should have scattered *them* and *their honors* like chaff by the storm. We call on members who sit in the Commons to tell us the services by which they have earned those places and pensions with which the house swarms, and the services by which they expect to continue to hold them; to tell us that they are the pure unpoluted representation of the People of Ireland, according to the Constitution, and not the automaton deputies of a few borough proprietors, in flagrant violation of every constitutional right of the nation; that they have been duly elected, without corruption or bribery, purchase or military power; and that they have not been bought, sold, apprenticed, or hired. We call on the bishops and clergy to state the justice by which they receive half a million, for *instructing* four hundred thousand parliamentary Protestants, whilst three millions and a half of Presbyterians and Catholics are obliged not only to pay *them*, but to pay their own clergy besides; we call on these *reverend divines* to convince us, that

they are more exemplary, more beloved, more assiduous in the discharge of the duties of their christian vocation, upon this monstrous establishment of half a million, than the Catholic and Presbyterian divines on the twentieth part of their stipends; we call on them to shew us what part of the scriptures inculcates servility and a most abject abandonment of honor and rectitude for courtly preferment; what justifies them in becoming political tools and political wranglers; where has Christ placed the furtherance of his religion on the monstrous power and wealth of his disciples; where shall we find a line in his gospel which authorizes his ministers to erect themselves into nobles and most puissant princes; where do we see his injunctions to his disciples to range themselves uniformly on the side of corruption and against the rights of the people; where do we find his authority for his ministers, in the most flagrant injustice to nine tenths of a nation, to receive an enormous annual stipend by a tax on industry, which acts as a bounty in favour of those who are idle. We call on them to tell us where we shall gather from christian writ, or rather if it is not in horrid violation of its very letter, that a christian ministry should be the foremost in civil broils and dissentions, at one time leading squadrons of horse, at another bearing the torch to the cottage, or tutoring informers to swear away the innocent blood of the wretch he has beggared. We call on the Fellows to prove that a monstrous endowment where the professors are paid such exorbitant stipends, do much, or do nothing, independent of their exertions, is the best adapted to call forth the industry and skill of those who are to receive them; we call on them to prove that a consciousness that this monstrous endowment was wholly inapplicable to promote that general knowledge for which it was granted, has not led them to make common cause with corruption, usurpation and the accumulated abuses of ages; we call on them to exculpate themselves from the infamous charge of having corrupted and poisoned that infant mind they should have protected and nurtured; we call on them to clear their characters of the base imputation which the hireling prints have thrown out as praise, of their having attempted to extinguish that patriotic fire which only can light up genius or worth in the youth and the hopes of the nation. We call on those lawyers whose servility and double-tongued baseness has been revived by the creation of two and thirty new mongrel appointments, half lawyer half judge, without much of either, to tell us the blessings of the penal code which has been lately enacted, or to explain the advantages which the people of Ireland derive from that incongruous mass of written and unwritten law, by which for its wealth, no nation on earth is so drained to defray the expence at which laws are administered; and, lastly, we call on the officers of the army in Ireland, to declare on their honor, as soldiers, that tortures and burnings, that massacres and murders, have not been committed by soldiers at their instigation; or if this

is too difficult to be complied with, we call on them to assure us that they are convinced, that the representation of their country, has not been usurped, or that the commercial rights and interests of their country have not been sold;---we call on them to prove, by an appeal to their conduct, that in putting on the garb of the soldier, that they have not laid by the rights of the man and of their country; we call on them to come forward and to declare to the world, that those outrageous and dastardly acts which have been laid to their charge in the Senate of England, and all over Ireland, have been committed, in support of the constitutional rights of the people, and not in support of a system in which the great essential parts of the constitution are destroyed, and in which the other parts have been demolished, to support the former subversion.

We have been accused of attempting to destroy the constitution, by misrepresenting its blessings---and in turn, we arraign our accusers; if we assert falsehood, they have every other paper in Ireland to expose and detect us; but, is any man so absurd as to believe that mankind are to be persuaded that blessings are curses? Is this an age in which they are to be so easily duped? Have these ministers, with all their means of publication, who advance such a nonsensical charge, found it so easy to talk the people out of their senses? Is it a fact in their own words, "that such a shallow champion as plausibility, can force reason to surrender to passion and prejudice?" Can they deny, with all their plausibility, that a fair and real representation of the people, is the basis of the constitution? And have they plausibility enough to convince the people, while boroughs are openly bought and sold, that they are thus fairly and really represented?---It is not our words which have distracted the nation; it is their deeds: it is not our recital of their violences, their blunders, their corruption, their extravagance, it is the actual committal, which has spoken with more force than thousands such papers as ours could have spoken---yes, the blood of the innocent man, the cries of the widow, the tears of the orphan, the parting shriek of the family whose parent is dragged to the dungeon or the gallies; the crackling of the flames, and the groans of the expiring victim of summary murder, speak to the soul with more eloquence than tongue can utter, or language describe. If the country has been maddened, who has done it? The men who have done those deeds at which nature stands appalled, or we who dare to recite them. Idiots! whom will you find weak enough to be persuaded by your plausibility that it was really the constitution which could require such means as you have employed to support it; nay, if you were not as besotted as stupid, you must long ere this have perceived that the infernal measures you used to put down the mind of the people, had raised it in an exact proportion as you had pushed them: you would have perceived that at the rate you have advanced for

these five years, you will have sublimated the public mind to all the horrors of revolution, while bankrupt in resources and confidence, your means will have been exhausted when your system required they should have been entire; and if you would know how the PRESS has become the PRINT OF THE PEOPLE, it is because it speaks TRUTH; your despotic acts had banished that idol of mankind, and now that she has returned unattended by riches, unsupported by power, attacked by assassins, she has been received with open arms not only by the virtuous, but even the basest are impelled to hear what she says.

No. 42---THURSDAY, JANUARY 4.

SECOND LETTER,

TO THE

RT. HON. SIR RALPH ABERCROMBIE, BART.

Commander in Chief of his Majesty's Forces, in Ireland.

SIR,

IS it difficult to guess, why you were selected by his Majesty's Ministers, to succeed the virtuous, the peaceful, the humane Carhampton? If it be, you should give the Irish nation more credit for its sagacity and for its candour, in promulgating the discovery, than those who procured you the appointment, for their motives in conferring so distinguished a favor. To us, Sir, those motives are plain, as they are base; equally worthy of your indignation, and of our resistance.---But to their developement---

Ever since the rejection of Mr. Pitt's famous (or as they are more justly and commonly entitled, infamous) propositions in 1785, it has been the fixed resolution of his soul, to accomplish an union between the legislatures of Great Britain and Ireland, that he may more easily extract the vital resources of the latter, without the heavy expence to the former; to which it was obliged annually to submit, for the corruption of the Irish parliament, and the maintenance of Irish traitors. To this plan of subjugation, however, he always found much resistance, even from the aristocracy itself. That description of men, loved too well the emoluments and *honors* of this base traffic, to resign them without a struggle. To them an union appeared the death warrant of those hopes, which animated the representative to betray his constituents, and induced the legislator to sacrifice his country, on the altar of British usurpation. Feeling themselves the hirelings of tyranny, they deprecated the introduction of any new machinery,

which might facilitate its manufacture, cheapen the commodity, and discard many industrious workmen, from so lucrative an employment. When the measure of an union, therefore, was mentioned as an object particularly grateful to their master, they raised an unanimous cry against it; it was not indeed the voice of patriotism, but the clamour of rapacious corruption; yet this resistance, when added to the popular rebrobation of the measure, presented an obstacle, apparently invincible.

But a bad mind, unrestrained by any principles of justice, or feelings of humanity, has many resources. Cold, crafty, and impregnable to compunction, Pitt saw and seized the advantages resulting from the tempest of the nation, at the commencement of the present war. The Catholic claims had been urged by all that was virtuous and unprejudiced in the land; they were opposed by that aristocracy, that same monopolizing cabal, under the name of Protestant Ascendancy, from which he had received so much opposition to his plan of union. Even their corruption, all profligate as it was, fed that resistance; and their source of compliance, hitherto perennial, having now failed, he resorted to their fears. After having first made the parliament reject the Catholic claims with insult, he suddenly ordered them to grant almost all that was required; and this latter command was instantaneously and submissively complied with, by a large majority of the very men, who had a few nights before, in the foulest strain of invective, represented these pretensions, as treasonous and subversive of the constitution. By this manœuvre, two points were gained. The Protestant Ascendancy was alarmed; at once the tyrant and the slave, it united in itself the two characters most susceptible of fear; the monster accordingly became more tractable; while on the other hand, the nation, it was imagined, must be better prepared to lose with indifference a mere nominal representation, which had evinced that even its acts of justice, were dictated by servility to foreign authority.

The Catholic soon saw, that if all he had asked for himself were granted by Parliament, it would still be but the shadow of his right, until the destruction of boroughs, and a radical reform in the vicious and substantial possession of constitutional advantages. Every honest man, therefore, of every religious persuasion, now UNITED, to procure this reform, and by the tension of common interest, a harmony was produced, to which ths Irish harp had been a stranger, since first untuned by English hands. Here too, though in a rising danger, the wily Minister of Great Britain, saw his advantage. While religious dissentions were maintained by every base art that could be practised, the Protestant Ascendancy revelled in the plenitude of external union. Alarmed, but not sufficiently humbled by the progress of the Catholic alone, this wretched junto, was panic struck to the soul, when the genius of NATIONAL UNION began to raise himself above the horizon,---

This was a moment not to be lost.---Their apprehensions must be augmented, 'till they become convinced that no alternative remains to them, than the choice of external or internal union; by the former they would lose only a part, by the latter, the whole of their usurpations; and as to national dignity, independence and prosperity, Pitt knew well they would not once be mentioned.

To complete his conquest, therefore, by augmenting their fears, he constantly withdrew from this island, large draughts from the standing army (the best support of such a cause as theirs) until our coasts were left so defenceless, that nothing but accident prevented the total acquisition of the country by the French. This enterprize of an active foe, was more than the Minister had foreseen; but its failure gave additional encouragement to proceed in his design. The panic this circumstance inspired, he improved by encouraging the popular demand of Parliamentary Reform, and the total emancipation of the Catholics. An imbecile and obnoxious governor was withdrawn, and succeeded by one, whose professed principles upon these subjects, beat in perfect unison with the public pulse. The cheek of unsuspecting truth was flushed with hope, and even prudence stopped her ears against the voice of experience. Unthinking People! how oft will ye suffer yourselves to be deceived by the generous simplicity of your own hearts? How could you believe that a wretch, who had vaulted into power by the profession of those principles, which he ever after betrayed and persecuted, would fail to practise on you the same artifice, that had succeeded so well against his own countrymen? When he affected to favor the cause of Reform, why did you not immediately conclude that he was plotting its destruction, and preparing for the murder of its champions? But to the fact:---

The Protestant Ascendancy was now laid prostrate, by their fears from abroad and at home. Defenceless and abhorred, conscious of its crimes, though impenetrable to remorse, and hopeless of mercy from an outraged nation, whose feelings it measured by the implacable cruelty of its own heart, it beheld with ghastly and breathless terror, the danger it had just escaped, as the warning of approaching fate. One way, however, remained, by which its hatred to the people, and its lust for revenge, could still be gratified; and of this it hastened to avail itself. Accordingly one of its most detested members, was dispatched to Mr. Pitt, with the terms of capitulation; and a *second treaty of Pilnitz* was then entered into and ratified, by which it was agreed that this country should again be partitioned out among its old taskmasters, upon condition of their surrendering into the hands of a foreign monopolizing rival, the independence, commercial advantages, and even the national existence of Ireland. Yes, I say it plainly and fearlessly, that the blackest conspiracy that ever brought desolation and misery on any country, was then formed

against this; and that the horrors which have since visited, and still await us, flow from the measures then agreed on.

I will not pretend to enumerate, much less to describe, the various acts that followed each other in black and hurried succession. Suffice it to say that Lord Fitzwilliam was immediately recalled; the cup of hope was dashed from the nation's lip, just as it believed itself about to taste the soul-reviving draught.---Coercion and terror became the order of the day. The astonished citizen beheld laws of death daily issuing from that seat of legislation, where a few weeks before he had fondly hoped to see the peace-offering of an united people, received with gratitude by an honored government. The lash, the prison, and the rope were rapid, yet too slow in their devastations; foreign troops poured in from every quarter, and military superceded civil law.---But law of any kind, even military law was thought too kind; in short, Carhampton was appointed Commander in Chief, and the raven croaked with joy.

An union with Great Britain then, Sir, and the destruction of national union within this country, are two objects, for which you were oppointed to succeed a Lutterel. I say to succeed him, not only in point of time, but in that regular chain of measures intended to be executed in Ireland. Had you been appointed at an earlier period, your pride, and, I trust, your feelings of humanity would have prevented you from accepting the office upon the degrading and cruel conditions of provoking the people to outrage.---Yes, Sir, I say your feelings of humanity, notwithstanding the sneer of those, who exult in having chosen the extirpator of the Maroons, as the instrument of their designs. I listen not to the brawling of distant fame. You are gallant, and therefore I will believe you generous; you are come too, among a generous people; and minds of such a cast hold a sympathetic and direct language with each other. Mr. Pitt chose you, because you are a Scotchman, and possessed of high military talents; but he little knows that an enlightened mind will respect the rights of every country, though those of its own, have been subverted by force and fraud. I will not believe you possessed of so much national prejudice as to feel hurt, when you hear me declare that I would rather this island were sunk in the bottom of the ocean that washes it, rather than it should be united with Great Britain or any other country.---But should I be mistaken in your character, should you become the instrument of Pitt for this detested purpose, and of the Irish faction for the completion of their still more horrid object, you shall be opposed, as becomes a nation of freemen. The obstacles to your success are many, and while that hand can move, they shall be encreased by

A MILITIA OFFICER.

No. 43.---SATURDAY, JANUARY 6.

MARCUS's SECOND LETTER

TO

LORD GRENVILLE.

MY LORD,

THE promise I made you, that you should have a second letter from me, I now fulfil. A good patriot will keep his word under every circumstance; and I do assure your Lordship, that neither yourself, nor any of your colleagues in office, shall fail to be noticed in a *proper manner*, and at a *proper time*, by the friends of their country.

You accuse Lord Moira of improper conduct, in making our calamities the subject of debate, because, in the opinion of Ministers, the "discussion could tend to no one profitable advantage; but, on the contrary, was pregnant with mighty mischief, and productive of every danger and evil." This was a short way of disposing of the business. Shut out from our right of petitioning, we are "*put down*," if we attempt to tell our own story; and if an illustrious Peer undertakes to tell it for us, he is accused by Ministers of inflaming the country, and exciting danger. Things, my Lord, are come to an alarming pass indeed, and it is high time for us to take care of ourselves, when neither the People, nor any Peer for them, shall presume to state their grievances; because Ministers dread a discussion, that might expose their own incapacity, or render them objects of popular resentment. But if, as your Lordship asserted, the facts stated by Lord Moira, had no foundation in truth, where was the evil of discussion? If there existed no grievance, there could exist neither alarm nor danger. What inconvenience could result from a question that was inoffensive, and disclosed nothing? Had you been conscious that no guilt attached to Miniters, you had nothing to apprehend from the inquiry; you should have invited the proof, and met the question in its most fearful shape. Thus, while your character received new lustre from the investigation, your spleen would have been gratified; and Lord Moira might have suffered the reprehension of the House, for his "rash and insolent attempt" to sully the purity of Ministers, and stain *burning* loyalty with suspicion of blood.

But, my Lord, in spite of mean evasion, in spite of ministerial artifice, grievances most serious and bitter do afflict this bleeding country; and this was the very reason why the discussion *ought* to have been gone into. Assure yourself, that your proud refusal to

hear our complaints, has at this moment been productive of more danger, than could possibly have arisen from the fullest exposure of our situation. And is it dangerous for Ministers to hear the wrongs of three millions of people? Is it dangerous for Ministers to redress injuries? Is it dangerous for Ministers to retrace the steps that have led to misfortune? Is it dangerous for Ministers to review the calamities that pernicious and obstinate councils have engendered? Is this the wisdom of that nation, whose pride you swell and flatter, but whose dignity would be lost, should it condescend to regard us? And shall that presuming country, imperiously call upon Ireland to sustain her in the bloody conflict, that herself has provoked, against our repeated prayers and advice? And this too in the very moment that her own crimes have reduced her to a situation so abject and degrading, that the very power she affects to despise and pity, insults her embassies, and disdains to treat with her? Shall that overbearing country, that bankrupt in character as in purse, arrogantly deny our demands on her justice, yet meanly supplicate our support in her profligate and frantic war? And all this that we may have the honor and glory of being whelmed in the same ruin with herself! Think you, my Lord, that taunts, and scoffs, and contumely, are calculated to procure attachment? Or that a little respect to the prayers of a brave, but suffering nation, had not been more likely to engage their love than either abuse or an obdurate ear? This was the moment of conciliation, this the crisis you should have seized, to embrace an ardent and affectionate people. O! my Lord, you never rejected with a worse grace ---you never insulted in a more unfortunate hour!

And how long must our blood continue to flow? and for whom? Not for ourselves; but for a proud, unnatural step-mother, that haughtily spurns us from her presence, saying that she knows us not; that we bear her no relation, and have ceased to be dependant on her. This, Irishmen, is your reward! the reward of your suffering and patient obedience; of all the filial duty and kindness you have shewn to an ungrateful and unfeeling *old woman*, palsied with madness, and fouled with disease. For that step-mother, yes, my Lord, for that hard-hearted step-mother, we have bled in our persons and in our purses, and she would have us bleed in what is yet dearer to us than either --in our *reputations* and in our *liberties*. We have victualled her navies; we have manned her fleets; we have recruited her armies; and, unjust to ourselves, we yet support her in her own unjust and obstinate war. Ours is the splendor of her naval victories, and ours the burden and heat of the day; but not ours the renown or the reward. Without us, her power had long since perished in that gulph to which her crimes and her corruptions are hastening her. Yet she arrogates all honor, all authority to herself; and we are but the ballast to her ships---the page that she permits to hold up the train of her greatness. She allows us nothing but the liberty of wasting our blood and treasure on her

minions and the panders of her power, that close their ears to our cries, and scorn to be moved either by compassion or gratitude.

We could tell that falling, that fallen power, that by adding to *her* strength, we have weakened *our own*, and diminished those energies that might be more successfully employed in another direction; we could tell that fallen power, that the army of England has done us more injury in our own country, than it can do us in another---and that, as I before told your Lordship, Ireland is competent to her own protection. Did you therefore do well to decline one discussion that may provoke another --and might indeed be " productive of every danger and evil."

A great statesman, to whose opinion the wisest may subscribe with safety, thinks that a change of measures would restore tranquillity to Ireland; " Send them, says he, a Lord Lieutenant of their own choice, who will reform their Parliament, that fond object of their hopes and wishes." With this great authority I would advise a change, but let it not be the old beast returned, with a change only of the rider. It were better to persist in the same course of violence, than by the affectation of a change, to mock the people a second time with hopes never intended to be realized. Were a *radical* change sincerely entered on, the experiment might be made with safety; it would prove that Ministers were neither incorrigible, nor seriously designed to extirpate public virtue; they would have the credit at least of good intentions, and if it succeeded, the advantage would be great beyond all calculation. I do therefore most heartily concur with that great statesman, in recommending concession; but it must be large and ample, quick and immediate. One difficulty indeed I foresee---that Ministers will not be very apt to remove *themselves*, and throw power into the hands of exasperated enemies; nor will they chose that their lives and properties should be left to the disposal of a *virtuous* Parliament. The experiment, however, is worth trying---and Satanides with some others brought to the block, might satisfy the country.

I am, my Lord, &c.

MARCUS.

EPIGRAM.

In *former times* the murderer's tongue,
Deny'd the deed, or silent hung,
Appall'd with fear and dolor.
But *now* the villain boasts his guilt,
When bells knell slow for blood that's spilt,
The murderer is the TOLLER.

LINES ADDRESSED TO MR. FINERTY.

Array'd in virtue, and in freedom's cause,
What honest breast but pays to thee applause?
Who thee beholds, amid a dungeon's gloom,
For years incarcerated, (aweful doom!)
Who, but in sorrow, heaves the pitying sigh?
Victim to sickness, or---perhaps to die!
Then nor lament, nor wail a patriot's fate,
You---far superior to the empty great!
A grateful race shall homage pay to thee,
Thou firm, undaunted friend of Liberty;
Tho' Juries triumph, Judges judgment give,
In honor's records thou shalt ever live.

AN ODE.

Hark! heard ye not those dreadful screams?
And heard ye not that infant cry?
'Tis sure, some neighbouring cot in flames,
Which with crimson tints the sky.

Oh GOD! an aged corps I see,
Naked, wounded, stained with gore,
Hanging on a blasted tree
Before the burning cottage door.

Have ERIN's sons fail'd in the field?
What foreign foe lays waste the land?
Say, where was Britain's guardian shield
When ERIN sunk beneath their hand?

But see untouch'd yon palace stands,
While all around the hamlets burn;
And lo! those military bands
Back to the flames their victims spurn.

Say, why against the humble cot
Is all their ruthless fury bent?
Sure nought that falls to peasants' lot,
Can plunders lawless ravage tempt?

No foreign foe lays waste the land,
And ERIN's sons have fled no field,
Their blood is shed by Britain's hand;
Her's is a destroying shield.

Know that within the humble cot,
The sacred ark of UNION stands;
And peasants guard the hallow'd spot,
From hostile Britain's ruffian bands.

The abject sons of wealth and pow'r,
Are to insidious Britain sold;
And they in ERIN's trying hour,
Against their country are enroll'd.

Not unaveng'd will ERIN fall,
Nor e'en in ruin be alone;
Be Britain's will accomplish'd all,
ERIN's destruction seals her own.

Yet ERIN falls not; but her sons
In arms assert their rightful claims;
With hasty pace, lo! vengeance comes,
Indignant ERIN breaks her chains.

SARSFIELD.

No. 44---TUESDAY, JANUARY 9.

THE following letter, the simple, unadorned and genuine expression of misery, may serve better than the most laboured strains of eloquence, to shew that the hideous system of Marat was never practised in full vigour, but against the innocent and unresisting Irish peasant. We make no comment upon it; our hearts are full of the sorrows of the poor sufferer---may Heaven comfort her in those afflictions, which nothing but the grave can cure.

Dear James, *Moyvore, June 23d,* 1797.

To my great grief and sorrow I have to inform you of the untimely end of your two brothers, and alas! deprived me of a good husband. It is tedious to insert all the miseries the enemies to United Irishmen has brought on this neighbourhood, but particularly on the town of Moyvore, where there were forty houses and tenements burned, and levelled to the ground, on Monday night last, totally, by a boy of Patt. Ward's, who was taken for robbery, and to avoid being shot, turned informer, and brought in guilty and innocent. He first discovered where there was arms found, and when that was found true, they gave his speech credit afterwards. The same day, after shooting three men, the father and two sons, where they found the arms, they took poor Jack and Harry, together with one Mick Murray, and when they could not get any information from them, after getting the rites of the church, they were shot on Ballymore

green. We waked them in the Chapel of Moyvore, when no man dare go near us---and applied to the Scully's, to shew us where we would bury them in Moranstown, and not one of them would come near us---nor could we get one to carry them, until Pat. Flanegan gave us a bed to carry them to Templeougra, where we buried them. Harry's little effects were saved, but on account of my going backward and forward to Ballymore, all my effects were consumed to ashes, as there was no one to carry them out. So, my dear friend, I have no shelter here, and I will impatiently wait your answer, or if you can afford me any relief, let me know it, as poor Jack relied on you to relieve his children---so no more at present from your poor disconsolate widow, who subscribes herself your loving sister-in-law.

MARY SMITH.

Carlow gaol is crowded even to cramming---Wicklow gaol is equally full---Kilkenny, Waterford, and Cork are bumpers. This is rare news for the Crown Solicitor, his wife and children.

The WITNESSES in the *catacomb* begin to rebel. They object to beef and whiskey-punch, and cry out as loud as Common-Councilmen, when an Alderman dies, for lamb and claret, turbot and burgundy.

THE

VICTIM OF TYRANNY.

("Tune Mary's Dream.")

The night was cold, keen blew the blast,
The rain in whelming torrents fell,
When Pat with sorrow overcast,
His plaintive tale was heard to tell:
"My tender wife, and children dear,
Are from my sight for ever torn.
How can I longer tarry here,
My friends are all to dungeons borne.

I had a tyrant landlord, base,
Who saw my heart to Erin yearn'd,
Ev'n with the ground my cot did rase,
And fired my substance dearly earn'd.
Unmov'd, remorseless now he sees
My cottage falling as it burns,
My wife for mercy, on her knees,
From her, with ruthless frown he spurns."

Ah! when will that bless'd day arrive,
When UNION bright, on downy wing,
(UNION, for which we all should strive,)
Shall to old ERIN comfort bring;
Ah! when it comes, we'll all unite,
Corruption from our land to chase;
And then we'll see the prospect bright,
Of friendship, happiness, and peace.

No. 45.--THURSDAY, JANUARY 11.

TO THE
GRAND JURY OF THE COUNTY OF WESTMEATH.

GENTLEMEN,

THE page of history will record with indignation a late transaction of yours. At mid-summer assizes you voted a service of plate to the officers of the Wicklow Militia, for their exertions in preserving the peace of your county. Before I animadvert on your conduct, I shall take a short review of some of the transactions which recommended these gentlemen to your gratitude and favour.

These men of blood, from the moment they entered the service of the present administration, (I can't say that of their country) foresaw that the high road to preferment, was to wade through blood, to burn houses, immolate victims (no matter whether guilty or innocent), to support the system of terror, perhaps upon the false charge of the basest of assassins or miscreants called an informer, or perhaps their own suggestion, plunge the dagger into the breast of hoary and helpless age, and deprive, by fire and sword, numerous wretched families of the means of existence; and like their prototypes, the bloody Cromwell and Robespierre, hunt like wild beasts (or the Maroons of Jamaica) the objects of their vengeance, whose greatest crime is perhaps their being Irishmen, loving their country.

Amongst the many cruelties practised by the officers and privates of this regiment, I shall mention some few, which for enormity has not been exceeded by the most sanguinary savages that ever disgraced human nature.

A Lieutenant, well known by the name of the Walking-gallows, at the head of a party of the regiment, marched to a place called Gardenstown, in your county; they went to the house of an old man (named Carroll), of seventy years and upwards, and asked for arms, and having promised protection and indemnity, the old man delivered up to this monster three guns, which he no sooner received, than he with his own hands shot the old man

through the heart, and then had his sons (two young men) butchered; burned and destroyed their house, corn, hay, and in short, every property they possessed. The wife and child of one of the sons were enclosed in the house, when set fire to, and would have been burned, had not one of the soldiers begged their lives from the officer, but on condition that if the *bitch* (using his own words) made the least noise, they should share the same fate as the rest of the family. This bloody transaction happened about two o'clock on Monday morning the 19th of June last. He then pressed a car, on which the three dead bodies were thrown. And from thence went to a village called Moyvore, took into custody three men, named Henry Smith, John Smith, and Michael Murray, under pretence of their being United Irishmen, and having tied them to the car on which the mangled bodies of the Carroll's were placed, they were marched about three miles, possing in the blood of their murdered neighbours, and at three o'clock on the same day were shot on the fair green of Ballymore, and so universal was the panic, that a man could not be procured to inter the six dead bodies; the sad office was obliged to be done by women. The Lieutenant, on the morning of this deliberate and sanguinary murder, invited several gentlemen to stay and see what he called partridge shooting. It may not be improper to remark, that Lord Oxmantown remonstrated with the officers on the monstrous cruelty of putting these men to death, who might if tried by the laws of their country, appear innocent. He begged and intreated to have them sent to gaol, and prosecuted according to law (if any proof could be brought against them)---but his humane efforts proved fruitless; the men were murdered!!

On the fair day of Ballymore, (5th of June) a poor man of irreproachable character, named Keenan, after selling his cow, had his hand extended to receive the price of her, when this valiant soldier struck him with his sword on the shoulder, and almost severed the arm from his body.

A young man named Hynes, a mason, passing through the fair on his way home, was attacked by this ferocious savage, and in the act of begging his life upon his knees, was cut down by the Lieutenant's own hands, and left lying for dead. A clergyman, at the imminent risk of his life, flew to the victim to administer the last consolation of religion, when three of the militia were ordered back, and to make use of a vulgar phrase, made a riddle of his body; the clergyman however escaped unhurt. The Lieutenant got somewhat ashamed of this business, and by way of apology for his conduct, alledged that some stones were thrown, though it is a notorious fact that no such thing happened.

The clerk of Mr. Dillon, of Ballymahon, being in the fair transacting his employer's business, was so maimed by this valiant soldier, and his party, that his life was despaired of. Sixteen persons (whose names I have carefully entered) were so cut,

maimed, and abused, that many of them are rendered miserable objects for the remainder of their lives. So much for keeping the peace of the country: to create inhabitants for the hospital or the grave, seems to be the favourite measure of tranquilizing a nation.

A village called Mayvore was almost at the dead hour of the night set on fire, under the direction of Captain O--- and the humane Lieutenant, and burnt to the ground, except six houses. Captain O--- possessing a little more humanity, seemed to feel for the unparalelled distress thereby occasioned, while this modern Nero only laughed at the progress of the destructive element, and called his brother officer a chicken-hearted fellow for his seeming compassion, for feeling a pang at the miseries he himself created; seeing numbers of his fellow creatures petrified with horror at viewing their little properties consumed, and afraid to make the least complaint; seeing that military execution was their inevitable fate should they make the least murmur. Good God! is this the way to make the constitution revered, or the government respected. *Had Lord North still lived, and had the confidence of Majesty, he would never recommend the practice of those measures to save Ireland, which lost America.*

Now, gentlemen of the Jury, if these and such like are the meritorious services which have rendered the gentlemen of the Wicklow Militia so amiable in your eyes---I blush for the country that gave me birth; and must declare that his Majesty has not greater enemies than the men who would commit, or the men who abet and encourage such crimes. What do you teach the great mass of the people to believe by such conduct? That the coercion of a foreign enemy would be mercy, compared to "the generous efforts beyond the Law," (as they are called) of our own military.

But gentlemen, let me ask you, would it not have been more decent and even complimentary to the objects of your esteem, had you made a collection amongst yourselves for this service of plate; than to attempt to saddle upon an injured county a tax for the renumeration of murder, conflagration and calamity? Shall the owners of near 500 houses destroyed by fire, and the relations of those victims sacrificed by those sanguinary instruments of oppression, be obliged to pay for enormities which will cast an indelible stain upon a county, which could produce a Grand Jury capable of becoming accessaries to such unheard-of cruelties.

But, gentlemen, though you have voted the tax, it is not yet raised, but will I hope be traversed with effect---you may thereby have the satisfaction of purchasing out of your own pocket, and affixing a motto suitable to the occasion,

Written in blood, and cemented by fire,
The wrath of Heaven and the scourge of men.

As you do not seem to be well acquainted with the early character of the objects of your regard, I shall take leave to insert an address very different from yours to those gentlemen---copied from the Dublin Evening Post, and dated 28th May, 1795.

' To such of the Officers of his Majesty's Wicklow Regiment of Militia, as authorized the insertion of the following *chef d'œuvre* of *wit* and *decency* in the Strabane Journal, of 20th April, 1795:

" Wanted, for the service of the Officers who compose the mess " of his Majesty's Wicklow Regiment of Militia, *twelve beautiful* " *girls*, who have not inhabited the town of Strabane since the 9th " of April, 1794. As wages is by no means the object, it is ex- " pected that none will apply who do not produce a certificate, " signed by eight respectable matrons, of their having their *virtue*, " *pure* and *unsullied*. No girl will answer above the age of 18, or " under that of 14. Application to be made to the Regimental " Matron, Mrs. Catherine Smyth, Bowling-green, Strabane.--- " N. B. Growing girls, of the age of 13, if approved of, and " highly recommended, may possibly be taken."

' *Away! no woman could descend so low;*
' *A skipping, dancing, worthless tribe you are;*
' *Fit only for yourselves---you herd together;*
' *And when the circling glass warms your vain hearts,*
' *You talk of beauties that you never saw,*
' *And fancy raptures that you never knew.*
' *You blast the fair with lies, because they scorn you,*
' *Hate you like age, like ugliness and impotence;*
' *Rather than make you blest, they would die Virgins,*
' *And stop the propagation of mankind.*'

' *Polite and Gallant Gentlemen,*

' As a native of the town of Strabane, I shall make no apology for thus offering to your notice, a few strictures on the above wanton and unprecedented outrage on the feelings of a respectable community. And this I mean to do, with all the honest freedom of a mind indignant at the brutality of men, who could so far forget the dignity of their nature, as to wing a dastardly shaft at that honor, which it should be their chief pride to defend---to aim a cowardly blow at the happiness of that sex, to protect whom from insult, they should, (were it necessary) form a rampart of their bodies. Pray, ye trusty guardians of our venerated Constitution and sacred Religion, which of the heroes of the Grecian or Roman Commonwealths do ye propose to yourselves as models? In what page of the history of those celebrated nations, have ye discovered that it is meritorious to blight the characters of " God's fairest creation."

'I will explain to you the motives of your conduct: motives, which even your baseness will blush at, and meanness disown. It was from a principle of sordid and unmanly revenge, for not being invited to the tables of the citizens of Strabane, that you endeavoured, by scandalous insinuations, to sully the virtue of their wives and daughters, virtue, over which, neither your personal nor your intellectual charms, enabled you to triumph. Imagine not that a red coat can metamorphose a Clown into a Mœcenas, a Thersites into an Adonis. No! like gorgeous trappings upon an ass, it serves but to render elemental meanness still more contemptible.

'Well indeed has it been said, "that the age of chivalry is gone." Scarcely does it admit of belief, that at the close of the eighteenth century, men bearing his Majesty's Commission, could have substituted the obscene manners of the stews for the gentlemanly conduct which ever characterizes the true soldier. I here take my leave of you---trusting that I have infixed on you such a frontlet of infamy, as cannot fail to insure you a cordial reception from the inhabitants of the next town that shall experience the blessings of your protection.

'I have the honor to be,

'Gentlemen,

'Your most obedient, humble servant,

'THOMAS SINCLAIR.

'*May 28th*, 1795,
'*No.* 8, *Trinity-place, Dublin.*'

I shall now take leave of you for the present, trusting that you are or will become ashamed of your conduct. The avenging hand of God has struck one of the principal springs which heretofore set you in motion, he was called like the tyrant of Russia before that tribunal where no ascendancy will prevail, but that of virtue, truth and justice.

A FREEHOLDER OF WESTMEATH.

COUNTY OF CARLOW.

We have received accounts from the proclaimed, and other parts of this county, stating facts incredibly atrocious, of hanging, burning, and shooting. We shall be much obliged to our Correspondents to send us more specific details, and authenticated, with names, time and place; the names of Correspondents shall be guarded with the most sacred fidelity, but it is necessary for us to be fully satisfied, as our credit, not that of our authors, is

at stake---we should wish also to be able to produce witnesses, in case of any public enquiry; but this shall never be done without first apprizing them, and previously obtaining their full consent; as it might, we well know, expose them to vengeance. The fearless intrepidity with which these persecuted sufferers, brave death and torture, and their inviolable loyalty to each other, makes their oppressors appear most truly hideous. The following is an extract of a letter from that writer:

"This Country has been excessively disturbed;" they have burned the houses of a number of rascals, suspected of being disaffected, and have taken up an immense number, who will I dare say, be capitally punished, or sent wherever they may be made most useful. In this they are aided by a fellow who has taken *an honest thought*, of informing; he says, he was at some of the meetings which were frequent at night, and therefore must know the people concerned. This man is carried by a military guard through the country, with a rod in his hand, and woe betide the wretch he points at; of this he is not sparing, and the number taken is nearly proportioned to the number he meets at times."

Another letter of an antecedent date, recites a number of hangings and burnings, and banishments, but not sufficiently particularized; amongst others that the Inn in the town of old Leighlin, formerly the resting place of peaceful travellers, being (the owners first burned out) converted to a barrack---in short, the Wicklow Militia have been there.

No. 46.---SATURDAY, JANUARY 13,

FOR THE PRESS.

TO THE

ORANGEMEN OF IRELAND.

IRISHMEN,

IT is with the deepest and most heartfelt concern I hear it rumoured among my friends, that so enlightened and respectable a body of my countrymen as you are supposed to be, entertain the horrid, cruel, and illiberal idea of exterminating that other respectable and numerous body of Irishmen, (the Catholics) of which I have the honour of being a member. My countrymen, what have we done to merit such unparalleled cruelty, and unnatural treatment?---Or tell me, what have you or your religion to suffer from giving us leave to live and exercise ours?---Is it because we have been chained down in the most profound slavery and abject degradation, for so many years, by that cabinet whose

enormities you seem to defend, and whose unjust orders you basely execute, that we should now receive no other requital than that of massacre and extermination? Is it because we crowded round your standards, manned your fleets, and by taxes the most oppressive filled the coffers of the nation, to enable that infernal enemy of mankind to carry on a war the most destructive and calamitous this country was ever involved in; a war which has desolated the land, ruined our commerce, and left thousands to perish in your streets, that we must now be treacherously murdered in cold blood, under the blasphemous pretence of promoting religion? Ah! my countrymen, how can you live with inward peace of mind, or expect salvation on that awful day when there shall be no distinction between the sons of men; nor crowns, nor sceptres save the guilty monarch from the wrath of God, whilst you endeavour by the most shocking, unnatural and unlawful oaths to carry into execution a system of murder and extermination against an already too much injured, insulted, debased, oppressed and suffering people, merely because we serve God in a different manner from you? I shudder at the thought, and am filled with astonishment when I think that Irishmen, supposed to be possessed of every tender feeling that can inspire the soul, could entertain but for a moment so shocking a sentiment.---I thought that, long since, the dæmon of discord was hushed to sleep in the arms of union and brotherly love. I thought to have seen my countrymen bury in oblivion all religious contentions and "protestants, presbyterians and catholics melt down into one great and indissoluble mass of Irishmen."---But, my countrymen, so long as those mercenary, self-interested and designing men, who sell the rights and liberties of their country for the base bribe of the King's Prime Minister; who support in affluence themselves, families, and a few favourites at the expence of thousands of their countrymen, whom they behold, with unrelenting hearts, reduced to the most deplorable state of misery and destruction, and look with complacency on the honest and industrious tradesman or mechanic expire in the street for want of bread! I say, so long as those enemies to humanity remain in their present exalted stations, they will endeavour by bribery, perjury and every other corrupt means which such men are capable of employing, to foment dissentions, and frustrate that *union* which by putting an end to that system of corruption, villainy, perjury and murder by which they live, would do away all the calamities with which this oppressed and unfortunate country is afflicted. They will by persecuting the PRESS, endeavour to blindfold the people, and cast them back into that barbarous state of ignorance and superstition out of which they are so rapidly emerging, but their endeavour will be vain; for as well might ministers attempt to keep down the waves of a raging sea during a tempestuous storm, as to impede the progress of liberty when oppressed by tyranny and persecution.

In order to keep themselves in possession of the whole political power of the country, which they have basely usurped, they will, by every infernal means which the *Prime Minister of Hell* can invent, endeavour to promote that disunion which has so long enslaved our country, and divide the children of ONE land into parties to murder each other!!! But, my countrymen, I hope you will not be made the dupes of so vile an assemblage. I hope you have not lost every sentiment of humanity and tender feeling of the soul, and become the instrument of oppression, persecution, massacre, and extermination against your own countrymen, in order to keep a proud, insolent, and domineering kingdom, perpetually tyrannizing over a degraded and impoverished people. I hope that at a time when the light of reason has illumined nearly the whole creation; when the Catholics of Ireland have arisen from their bigotry, cast away their prejudice, and United with their PROTESTANT and PRESBYTERIAN countrymen, to obtain through just, legal and peaceable means, the rights and liberties of their country, that *you* will not blindly shun the rays of TRUTH, and remain in that darkness, ignorance, and bigotry, with which you have so long reproached us. I address you not through any *personal* fear of danger arising from your attempting to fulfil your oath (which I know would be impossible) but I do it for the sake of humanity, and to save my countrymen of every description from the evils that must ensue from such an attempt. I am not so blind as to imagine that the weak effort of a small *party*, against the United strength of a resolute and determined people, could prove effectual. I am likewise far from imagining that Irish soldiers, though in the pay of an English government, could be brought to turn their arms against their parents, brethren, friends and fellow-citizens.---But, my countrymen, I hope that you are not so blind as not to perceive the impossibility of fulfilling your engagement. You begin by swearing allegiance to your King, and in the same breath swear to exterminate one-third of his naval force, together with a great portion of his army; for is it not a well known fact that these are composed of *Irish Catholics*. And now, my countrymen, seeing that it is impossible to serve your King, Yourselves, your Country, or your God, by murder, let me entreat you to desist from such a vain attempt, and UNITE with us in obtaining that Reform which is essential for the redemption of the long-lost rights and liberties of insulted Ireland. Renounce a detested and abominable system of murder and perjury, which must infallibly meet that fate it so justly deserves, and engage in that of union and brotherly affection, which, while employed in the glorious cause of Freedom, cannot fail to triumph over Tyranny and Corruption. Do not stain that fair character which Irishmen have so justly acquired, nor pollute the soil that has given you birth, by imbruing your hands in the blood of your

countrymen. Let Religion be no longer a matter of contention amongst Irishmen; but let us all, as inhabitants of the same land, and as Christians, unite in beseeching that all powerful Being, who can dispose of men, nations, and worlds, as may please his Divine will, to restore, and preserve unalterable, the rights and liberties of a brave but oppressed PEOPLE.

VINCENT.

TO THE

PRINTER OF THE PRESS.

SIR,

THOUGH it is little short of Treason for a Soldier to read your Paper, at least, very little short of a *thousand lashes* would be the fate of any man found with the PRESS in his possession. Yet we Soldiers sometimes contrived to read it; and though I cannot but acknowledge the justice of that severity, with which it censures men of my profession for the house burning, and shootings practised amongst the poor people in some Counties; yet, I I can take upon me so far to vindicate the military, as to assure you that with a very great majority, even of the men employed in such horrid scenes, the business is if possible more disagreeable and shocking, than to those who view it with such horror from a distance.

I have been, myself, Sir, out with many commands---in search for arms amongst the country people---and at the burning of many houses---and the murder, as your paper very fairly calls it, of many innocent people, for no other reason that I could see, than because no arms were found in their houses---and though it is the misfortune of the military profession to have its ranks sometimes partly filled with the most abandoned, profligate and unprincipled part of mankind---often the outcasts of gaols, and refuse of society; yet, Sir, ALL Soldiers are not of this stamp; Heaven forbid they were---and I have seen, Sir, in many of those attacks to which I allude, the cheeks of brave men bestreamed with tears---and their lips gnawed with indignation while they even yielded obedience to their officers and attendant magistrates, in acts of cruelty, outrage and massacre, at which their honest souls revolted. But what could a poor detachment of *twenty* or *thirty* men do against the command of their officers? Individually they were told, in going out upon the command, that any man who flinched from his duty, or refused to comply with the commands of his officer, should be instantly *shot*---and generally they were given to understand that any detachment that flinched, should be surrounded, disarmed, and hanged. Resistance, you see, Sir, was in

vain; for often men, to my own knowledge, in being ordered to prime and load for attacks of this sort, have repeatedly bit off the balls from their cartridges, they have been forced at last to use the bayonet, where you know there was no shamming of matters any longer. And the Soldier that so often reluctantly pulled the trigger against the life of an innocent and oppressed countryman, was at last forced to plunge that bayonet into an honest and innocent bosom, which he would with less reluctance have plunged into his own.

Sir, the Militia of Ireland, because some of them have been employed in abominations of this sort, have been branded with the name of traitors to their country. Some bad regiments, no doubt there are, and if the parts of the country they came from, and the men by whom they were chosen, be only considered, the fact will not appear very wonderful. In many of the *best* regiments there are *some* bad members---men either so abandoned, so unprincipled, or so lost to all sense of country or conscience, in the mere motions of military duty, that it is alike to them whether they burn the house, or blow out the brains, of a brother or an enemy. But thank God, Sir, the number of such men is comparatively few. Though we are clad in the livery of soldiers, and bear arms for the defence of our King and Country, you cannot suppose, Sir, that we so soon forget that we were citizens, and hope again to return to that once prosperous industry, from which we were forced by the badness of the times, and the want of employment, to adopt the much less profitable profession of soldiers. Surely, Sir, if our countrymen, do not believe that red-coats have bereft us of all reflection, all principle, all natural affection for our country or kindred; they cannot suppose us such MONSTERS as to yield, with callous indifference, to the mandate which shall bid us turn those arms we took up for the defence of our Country, against the bosoms of our countrymen.

Believe me, Sir, that soldiers are not so bereft of reflection, of principle, of national honor, of private good nature, of the love of their native land---and whatever be the reluctant obedience of an odd regiment, poisoned by religious or party prejudice; or of a few detachments, terrified by threats, imposed on by exasperating falsehoods, maddened by drink, or cajoled by the promise of reward,---believe me, Sir; the *native troops of Ireland* will never turn their arms against that country or home, whose honour, whose cause, and whose very name they would vindicate to the extremities of the earth.

That the foreign troops who come amongst us, should yield a cold and callous obedience to any orders of outrage against our poor countrymen, is not surprising---their minds are prejudiced against the country, by misrepresentation; they are taught to consider us as a nation of blood-thirsty savages, and can hardly

be persuaded to admit the evidence of their own senses, to prove the contrary;---they are buoyed by hopes of plunder and spoil---such as their adventurous countrymen obtained, who followed hither the fortunes of *Oliver Cromwell* and *William III.*---and they are taught that the speediest road to the acquisition of Irish fortunes, is by cutting the throats of *Irish Papists* and *Presbyterians.*

This, Sir, is their conversation in camps and other quarters; and often have I listened with boiling blood to such language from *Welch, Scotch,* and *British fencibles,* sent hither to *protect* us.

I ask pardon, Sir, for trespassing so long on your attention; but I do it, that through your means the native troops of Ireland may be vindicated from the suspicion of being traitors to their country---and with the hope that others may also be apprized of their delusion, and think how soon they may be ordered against their country for similar purposes.

A MILITIA NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICER.

WAKE OF

WILLIAM ORR.

Here our worthy brother lies;
Wake not *him* with women's cries:
Mourn the way that manhood ought;
Sit in silent trance of thought.

Write his merits on your mind;
Morals pure and manners kind;
In his head as on a hill,
Virtue plac'd her citadel.

Why cut off in palmy youth?
Truth he spoke, and acted truth.
Countrymen UNITE, he cry'd,
And dy'd---for what his Saviour dy'd.

God of Peace, and God of love,
Let it not thy vengeance move,
Let it not thy lightnings draw;
A Nation guillotin'd by law.

Hapless Nation! rent, and torn,
Thou wert early taught to mourn,
Warfare of six hundred years!
Epochs marked with blood and tears!

Hunted thro' thy native grounds,
Or flung *reward* to human hounds;
Each one pull'd and tore his share,
Heedless of thy deep despair.

Hapless Nation---hapless Land,
Heap of uncementing sand!
Crumbled by a foreign weight;
And by worse, domestic hate.

God of mercy! God of peace!
Make the mad confusion cease;
O'er the mental chaos move,
Through it SPEAK the light of love.

Monstrous and unhappy sight!
Brothers blood will not unite;
Holy oil and holy water,
Mix, and fill the world with slaughter.

Who is she with aspect wild?
The widow'd mother with her child,
Child new stirring in the womb!
Husband waiting for the tomb!

Angel of this sacred place
Calm her soul and whisper peace,
Cord, or ax, or Guillotin'
Make the sentence---not the sin.

Here we watch our brothers sleep,
Watch with us; but do not weep;
Watch with us thro' dead of night,
But expect the morning light.

Conquer fortune---persevere!---
Lo! it breaks, the morning clear!
The cheerful COCK awakes the skies,
The day is come---arise!---arise.

Feminis lugere honestum est,
Viris *meminisse.*

Ballymore, October, 1797.

Several hundred gold rings, with a motto:

"REMEMBER ORR!"

have been purchased within these few days.

No. 47---TUESDAY, JANUARY 16.

Yesterday Parliament met. The debates were as might have been expected. The murders, banishments, kidnappings, house breakings, house burnings, rapes, and robberies, we learn, are all owing to the *United Irishmen, who promote religious dissentions.* Now we had always attributed them to another cause, namely the encouragement and impunity given to the Break-of-Day men (since called Orangemen, in Armagh), who attacked and banished the Catholics, who fled from their native country, and told their sad story as they went. This, we understood, created the system of Defenders in the other counties, who were in the strictest sense Defenders. Whilst religious rancor raged at the will and pleasure of the wicked, the United Irishmen formed themselves into an association, to restore by their efforts, peace and brotherly love amongst every religious persuasion; English, Scotch and Irish, the peer and the peasant, were all equally admissible. Their meetings, and hitherto lawful delegations, were made felonies. The abuse let loose against them resembled frenzy, and will be the wonder of future times. They steadily kept their ground; they have been like the early Christians, persecuted, put to death and torture---they have still persevered. At one time a hundred thousand men were made felons by a Parliament, of which we do not mean to speak any more; they were driven to more solemn obligations of fidelity and secrecy. We believe they are now, with the exception of a few thousands, commensurate with the population of the nation; but they are disarmed, though not dismayed. They feel that they must still suffer, and that many must yet die; but they are determined to persevere, and have no doubt of their success whilst virtuous Union is their end.

When future history shall speak of their virtues and their persecutions, they will be found to eclipse the glories of the ancient world. It will then be found that more atrocities have been committed by their enemies in a small district of one small county in the space of a few weeks, than malice itself (under all the unheard-of provocation they have sustained) has been able to affix on them through the whole course of their career; and that had assassination been their system, so many of their persecutors would not now have lived to revile and murder them. May they still be merciful, temperate, and just. They may perhaps soon have an opportunity of shewing, by acts of mercy and forgiveness more sublime than fortune has yet put it in their power to exercise, that virtue, which it shall be our province to cultivate and foster.

On Saturday evening last, between the hours of seven and eight, a poor man of the name of James Thompson, was violently assaulted in Strand-street, by two soldiers wearing the uniform of the King's County Militia. The bayonet on this occasion was, as usual, the instrument of offence; and the wound given by it penetrated nine inches deep into the body, from the collar-bone to the lungs. The wretched victim now lies without hope of recovery.

It is, however, but justice to add, that the officers, serjeants, and privates of the King's County Militia, have made every exertion to bring the offenders to justice. On application being made at the barracks, a list was immediately given of those of that militia who were out, amounting to thirty in number; notwithstanding which, the investigation has been without effect, though we trust that the whole affair will be brought to light by the endeavours of this spirited and well-conducted regiment, to whom we offer our tribute of thanks for their laudable behaviour on this as on every other occasion.

This day, the Lord Lieutenant and the King's Parliament went to Christ Church, to return thanks for the *last* victory. To be sure they solicited forgiveness of their trespasses, as they have forgiven others; they said Lord have *mercy* upon us, and Christ have *mercy* upon us; they prayed that magistrates may have grace to execute justice, and to *maintain* the *truth*; they prayed for the *fatherless children* and *widows*, and all that are *desolate* and *oppressed*; they implored mercy upon all men---and who had a better right?!!!

No. 48.---THURSDAY, JANUARY 18.

TO THE
YEOMEN OF IRELAND.

GENTLEMEN,

THE English Minister, who made it treason to say that the French intended a visit to these kingdoms, has at length thrown off the mask; and finding that neither his intimidations, nor his deceptions, could longer avail him, tells us in unqualified language, that this most formidable power will catch us *sleeping in our beds*. You then, who are Yeomen, should awake from your slumber, and shaking off your cloth, rise to your duty, as the soldiers and protectors of your country; but your country and its administration are not the same---for then the administration would be your country, and your country would be the administration, which is nonsense, though artful and interested men have laboured to confound them.

They have no mutual relation ; each may exist without the other. A man's country is every thing dear or desirable ; but its administration may be cruel and corrupt ; it may be full of rape and robbery, of burning and blood. Is this *dear* to you ? Is this *desirable ?* If it be not, depend on it that it is not your country. But your institution, gentlemen, originated in a patriotism of another sort---in an honourable independence. I speak of it, not as it was offered to you by your masters, but as you met it, like virtuous citizens, who loved their country, and would preserve it from violation at the hazard of your lives. This, however, was a light in which your rulers did not wish you to view it ; they cast it therefore into the back ground---and while the old institution of the *Volunteers* gave them the first idea of embodying you, they resolved to weaken its effect, by detaching you from your *country* to *themselves* ; a sort of political cunning that wisdom might foresee would soon defeat itself. Recollect, gentlemen, it was the *Volunteers* who, with their swords, demanded and obtained independence for Ireland ; that independence, with the possession of which Lord Grenville now reproaches you---allowing it to you as the boon only and gracious indulgence of England. It is this independence you are appointed to defend. Your predecessors in arms *wrested* it from England---it was theirs ; it is now yours---and your COUNTRY expects you will return it as entire as you found it. But having embodied *themselves*, the precedent became alarming, and it was judged dangerous to trust *Volunteers* a second time. Influence therefore, British influence, whose invisible controul has made Ireland more dependant than the acknowledged dominion of the English Parliament to legislate for her, had ever done. This intriguing influence caused it to be made high treason to assemble in arms, without a *permit* from government ; a phraze which some of you do not require to have explained. Had your masters called you *Volunteers*, that word might have kindled in you a spark of the old flame, and a *second* independence would have flashed conviction, whose light had blazed stronger, and spread wider than the illumination of fifty hamlets. What was to be done ? They steal upon you another title, less fatal to authority, but sufficiently alluring to captivate unthinking men ; they call you *Yeomen*---then pass an act of Parliament to legalize your arming---make you dependant, where before you had been independent---give rank to favourites, and literally put influence into commission ; and finally, having familiarized you to the institution, subject you to laws unrecognized by Freemen.

It is thus, gentlemen, you have forfeited the dignified character of the old Volunteer, and sunk that proud title in one that humbles you with the lowest mercenary. But this is not all---your masters amused you with fine speeches, and fine clothes, and to prove how disinterested they were, allowed you to lay out your own money on your own backs. This to be sure was very kind, and shews how independent they made you. But mark what followed : they pre-

sented you with a *musquet;* for that not being purchased by yourselves, the power that gave may resume it, should you be disposed to exercise it in a good cause; and do not be astonished if very soon indeed every Yeoman shall be dispossessed of his arms, who will not perform a duty which his *Country* does not require of him. With a musquet they give you an oath---you have not considered it; but you have bought your regimentals, are before your officer, and cannot for shame refuse to take it. When they have seasoned you, they tender you a *second* oath; the slave snaps it; the brave man turns from it with scorn. But this serves to shew how deliberately, how systematically your masters would graduate you in slavery, and proves also how despicably they think of you in a body. Who will say, that they would have presumed to treat an old Volunteer with the like indignity? Or if they had, which of their advocates will assert, that the spirit of *that* body would not have resented it?

Let us suppose for a moment that corruption had proposed to officer the old Volunteers, or had dictated oaths to *them* it has dictated to *you*:---what would have been the consequence? The life of him that proposed it, most assuredly would have smoaked on the first sword that had met him. I will not impute degeneracy to you, for there is still a brave spirit in the country, capable of great actions; and I know there are amongst you those who bear their chains with indignant reluctance; but you are not *Volunteers*---you are *Yeomen*---you belong to that order whose patriotism may be cashiered, or whose virtue disarmed at the whisper or suspicion of any sycophant. It is the slave only that finds confidence; that slave is the servant of any master, who may lead him any where, to any duty. Be *you* the soldiers of your *Country;* but understand her interests, and judge for yourselves: while you are *free*, you cannot err. The oath of the old Volunteer was his honor; the honor of the new Volunteer is his oath: he knows no other honor, but goes by instinct to the mark, as the blind puppy makes to the dug. Yet have all of you been faithful to your oaths? Have none of you bit the dug that suckled you? Does, or does not the Yeoman's oath enjoin you to support the laws? Has that duty been strictly performed by every one of you? Are you very certain, that instead of supporting the laws, you have not supported others in the violation of them? Let me not be told, that necessity is the soldier's justification, and is yours---*necessity* is the plea of every criminal; and were that admitted as an excuse for violence, society would soon become a state of lawless insecurity. Where was the *necessity* that none of our grievances should have been redressed by you? But that wrong should be heaped on wrong, insult on insult, and cruelty on cruelty; that murder should have followed murder, and rapine succeeded rapine; that Irishmen should be hunted by Irishmen, the Protestant roasted in the flames of his own cottage, and the Catholic worried by the blood-hounds of a pursuing tyranny; that smiling at your tameness, counts you among its slaves, the slaves of its ferocious ambition?

Some of you, perhaps, may think you have an interest in a life of bondage. Grievously will you find yourselves mistaken: a day of reckoning will come, when the uttermost farthing must be paid. Look round you; count the millions that are bursting their chains, and say, which has the majority---*you* or the *nation?* Trust me, Yeomen---I may never again address you; but trust me, Yeomen, *you have no interest to countervail the love of your country;* seek then, whilst it is yet in your power, to deserve it. Leave the bloody course to the wretched Orangeman and servile mercenary; but swerve not *you* from your honor---an oath that requires no form of words to give it sanction. Adhere to that duty from which no oath can absolve you---*protect your Country and its Laws.*

But your King.---The history of your country has told you, that allegiance and protection are mutual, and that, could the Monarch violate the laws, your oath of allegiance would become an oath of resistance. Will you be the Irish "gentry," that Lord Grenville says, join in the murders of their country? or would you not rather be that generous Irish people, who, he says, *do* resist abuse? Before you take your final stand, before you march from your districts, and, in that step which carries you beyond their limits, become irretrievably subject to the ignominy of the picket, and the discipline of the scourge; shake off your fetters, open your eyes, and call up the energies of your mind. If there be amongst you, those who have sold themselves to bondage, let *them* go forward; let them join the Welch and English *Fencibles;* but let them renounce the name of *Irishmen*, which they disgrace. You, indeed, who connect your fortunes with those of your Country, and who would not subsist on alms or on peculation, BE IRISHMEN; do your duty, and trust to your Country for reward. Above all things, rally round the Freedom of the PRESS, the palladium, the bulwark, the last citadel of Irish Liberty.

I am, gentlemen, &c.

MARCUS.

No. 49---SATURDAY, JANUARY 20.

TO THE

EDITOR OF THE PRESS.

SIR,

THE following letter was written in the month of December, 1792, by a *Scotchman*, a private soldier in one of the regiments then on the Irish establishment; and although a rapid train of important events more recent, and of greater magnitude than those which occurred at that momentous crisis, have caught more the attention of mankind; yet this letter is quite applicable to the

present more dreadful period. Every line of it breathes the true spirit of "the generous, gallant soldier." It sufficiently proves that though the cruelties practised, and now practising by Scotch soldiers, in this country, have caused our countrymen to look upon such with an eye of horror; there are others, and many others of that nation, no less humane and magnanimous.

No doubt you may feel some surprize that a man really possessing high literary acquirements, should be fated to mix with, and be a companion of common soldiers; yet such it was, and though gifted with great and strong natural talents, improved by an excellent education, he was doomed to pass a life in obscurity, which might otherwise have been spent with advantage to himself and the world. Born in an humble, though comfortable sphere of life, and having a genius no less martial than literary, in an unlucky hour, as he has since expressed it, he enlisted as a soldier, in the vain hope of one day attaining, by his merit, a rank for which his education fitted him. He was, I assure you, a man of most excellent morals, of a generous and benevolent spirit, and making every allowance for human frailty, a truly good man.

If you should have any doubts respecting the originality of the following, I will wait on you with the letter itself, and remove them; and should you favor it by insertion in your valuable paper, I will send you a number of others, if you desire it.

D. G.

January 15, 1798.

LETTER OF A SCOTCH SOLDIER TO A FRIEND, AN IRISHMAN.

EXTRACT OF LETTER FIRST.

"Indeed, my friend, it is my opinion that some memorable epoch will very soon take place. Great Britain seems to be on the verge of a foreign war; and cruel oppression murmurs a birth that will tear her vitals, if not timely prevented. Despotism has got many stabs; the tyrant's death must be effected. Gideons three hundred may overcome the army of the Ministers, when supported by invisible aid.

"The spirit of Liberty, an intense love for natural rights, seems to actuate Ireland at the present time. May the cause of precious Liberty have many votaries; may Hibernia's youth possess liberal sentiments, and emerge out of obscurity, to redress the wrongs of a much injured country; may they support their national character for valour, and rescue the hoary-headed ancient, whose snowy locks venerably flow over a back crushed by oppression; may they find bread for the tender innocent that can hardly lisp the effects of wanton and tyrannic cruelty; may they be al

patriots---men that will never prefer the chains of voluntary slavery, to a sacred attempt to save their country from ruin and barbarous despotism; may the simple principles of every heart be this:

———" *Let guilt or fear*
" *Disturb man's rest, I will know none of them,*
" *Indifferent in my choice to sleep or die!*"

" Such sentiments as these exalt a man. We can look with contempt on the man of authority, the base instrument of oppression. In fact such a man as this becomes a soldier in the *true* acceptation of the word, and an army of such could make tyrants tremble, and tumble their thrones in the midst of all their glitter and pomp. This is the army that will fight from the purest motives of affection and regard, and which considers the permanency and safety of their nation as the true foundation of their happiness and welfare---on the contrary, when an army is depressed by a train of disagreeable occurrences and things, they not only degenerate from men, but dwindle into a mere inactive mass, and derogate from the character of the good, the generous and gallant soldier. Implicit obedience is a duty strictly required and diligently enforced among such, and terrible to relate, by a series of punishment and complicated brutality that shocks humanity, and fills the mind of sensibility with dreadful and cutting ideas, at the same time producing effects, that are incompatible with the notion of defenders of liberty and enforcers of her sacred laws. Such a soldier as this, declines into a mere cypher; he is a nonentity; where he is, he acts passively, without spirit and without energy, and instead of being a safeguard to the Commonwealth, he becomes burdensome to the state.

" A soldier such as this, is in fact a slave, whose mental powers are buried by authority in the grave of taciturnity; he may think; (for tyrants cannot deprive us of this) but if his thoughts are applicable to particular topics, his well-informed judgment bids him be silent. Reason pierces into consequences, and acts judiciously by avoiding the same; thus it is obvious that an army of men labouring under such circumstances, is of little service. In the theatre of war, they sustain their proper character, not as heroes, whose delight is to conquer in the joyful view of participating the advantages they resolutely and gloriously attain; but as slaves who have nothing to lose, and little to expect, as the rewards of their labours are profusely thrown away upon their sordid oppressors, and corrupted officers, who, like lordly negro drivers, lash them into obedience, whilst they regale and feast themselves on the produce of their mutilated actions. Thus, my friend, have I described the SOLDIER OF LIBERTY, AND THE SLAVE OF DESPOTISM. I have chosen my part. I shall appear in my proper place.

" *December 28th*, 1792."

Independent of the respectability of the person, by whom this was communicated to us, we have every reason to consider it as authentic. Men of the humblest situation in England, receive a liberal education, and there is not a nation in Europe, the people of which are so famed for their intelligence and morality. A nation, who from their youth up, are acquainted with Greek and Roman literature, will be neither slaves themselves, nor make others slaves.

No. 50.--TUESDAY, JANUARY 23.

We will lay before our readers Copies of Letters written by ROGER O'CONNOR, Esq. (brother to the Proprietor) now a Prisoner in the Gaol of Cork, to the Lord Lieutenant; which we have taken from a Pamphlet, published at Cork.

LETTER I.

TO HIS

EXCELLENCY EARL CAMDEN.

MY LORD,

I TRUST you will acknowledge, that I have not dealt unfairly with you---that I have not taken you by surprise: it is now nearly three months since I wrote to you respecting the treatment I had experienced: your answer has, at length arrived---a long time to form an opinion on a very plain question. Let me assure you, that I consider the violence offered to myself as nothing, compared to the injury the community sustains by the violation of the law, in my person. I feel the public interest so deeply and materially concerned, that I think myself in duty bound to my Country, and to the friends of Freedom throughout the empire, to address you through the medium of the public prints. If you are warranted in your conduct, my appeal must serve your government; as far as relates to me, praise for your vigilance, and thanks for your determination, will be your due from the thinking part of society. If, on the contrary, your proceedings have been unjustifiable, perfidious, treacherous and illegal, your deserts shall be ascertained, not by you, nor by me; I shall not pronounce judgment, let the country by whom you are to be tried, pass sentence.

One or more of the following conclusions will, perhaps, be drawn: either that you have acted legally, though perfidiously; that you have acted illegally and perfidiously; or, that you have acted in such a manner, as clearly to prove to the people, that

you are perfectly indifferent as to their opinion, and regardless of the legality, or illegality of your proceedings.

In the month of April last, my steward was taken into custody, on the information of one *Cullinane*, an approver, for administering the oath of Union; in a few days after I learned, that (though no information could be extorted, either from this approver or my steward concerning me) a warrant had come from you, and six of your Council, to Brigadier General Coote, to arrest me. From the previous information received by me of such your intention, I stepped aside on the night the attack on my house and person was to be made, and finding that Ireland was no place for a person who had ever openly avowed himself an enemy to the system adopted by your Excellency, I left my country, that unfortunate country where terror had raised her frightful throne on the ruins of law and justice. I preferred a temporary banishment from family and home, to a Bastile; and as proof of my being under no apprehension from the *justice* of the law, before I quitted Ireland I wrote to Mr. Verling, my law agent, to acquaint the Judge who was then holding his assizes in this county, that I would come forward if I was assured of an immediate trial: *as* that assurance could not be obtained, I left my country. You, as well as many others, construed my flight into guilt; in so doing you were unmindful of the system you had regularly acted on---*terror was the order of the day.* I remained in England from the latter end of April, till the 18th of June, on which day I returned to Ireland, to comply with the Proclamation of your Excellency and of your Council, of the 17th of May. I did accede to the terms of that Proclamation, in all its forms. What my motives were for surrendering myself under that Proclamation, you are not authorized to make enquiry of, or comment on; whether I did so for the purpose of adjusting my private affairs, or by my presence to discountenance perjury---to develope plans of legalized murder, by certain agents, who pretended to be high in the confidence of government, and thereby to be the means of saving the lives of innocent men, who were to be offered up as victims to exterminating administrators, is a matter of no moment in the present question. Suffice it to say, I *did* surrender myself under the stipulations contained in the Proclamation, and received a certificate from the magistrates of my having done so; of all which I forthwith made you and your Secretary acquainted.

From the 18th of June till the 5th of July, I absented myself from home, expecting daily some answer to any of my many letters. Tired of delay, on the 5th of July I went home, determined to wait the event; and on the 14th was arrested by B. G. Coote, and detained in Bandon till the 21st, on which day I was removed to Cork, escorted by Captain Roche, of the 30th regiment, and from thence to Dublin. Here I should mention, that whilst I was detained a prisoner in Bandon, I received a letter from your Secre-

tary, written before my arrest was known in Dublin, " Requesting of me to repair to Dublin, as, if the information of government was correct, I could throw much light on Irish affairs, which was expected from me, and that I may rest assured of my person being perfectly secure."

This letter was dated in Dublin, the same day I was arrested in the country; which circumstance, when you knew, the *manner* merely of my going was changed---I went as a prisoner---I would have gone if at my liberty.---In a detail of this nature, though I studiously avoid prolixity, it is altogether impossible to be as concise as I could wish; much depends on reference to dates, to be perfectly understood; and I am the more particular in observing them, as your's and your Secretary's defence chiefly rests on confounding them.

On the 23d of July, I arrived in Dublin, with Captain Roche, who was ordered by your Secretary to conduct me on the day following to his house in the Phœnix-park, whither we went. At this interview with Mr. Pelham, I was questioned at considerable length, both respecting my own transactions, and my political opinions: he dwelt much on the information of one Hebert, a French prisoner of war, on parole in Dunmanway; the remainder of the conversation was curious, and convinced me that Mr. Pelham received his intelligence from very incorrect informers. Without entering into detail, it is fully sufficient for my purpose to affirm, that an hour of the time of conference was taken up respecting Hebert and his information. What was the result? I was liberated. On asking Mr. Pelham if he had any further occasion to see me, or if there was any necessity for Captain Roche to attend me, Mr. Pelham's answer was---" Mr. O'Connor, you are at perfect liberty to go when and where you please; Captain Roche has no further occasion to attend you as a prisoner; but you will be so kind as not to leave town till three o'clock this day---after that hour, if you do not hear from me, you are entirely at your liberty." These were Mr. Pelham's words to me, in the presence of Captain Roche, than whom there exists not a man of more real worth, or more nice honour: to his recollection I appeal for the certainty of what I advance. In Dublin I remained from Sunday till Thursday; on which day, previous to leaving town, I requested an audience of Mr. Pelham, relative to my brother, whom your Excellency had dungeoned for six months, and who was at that time in the Tower.

At this interview with Mr. Pelham, nothing very material as to myself passed, except his having told me, that since my arrival in Dublin, the government had received informations of a very serious nature concerning us, but that no attention was paid to them, as they came from a quarter not to be depended on: though I make but slight mention of these informations, at this time, I must request that you will mark the passage with particular notice, as by

and by I shall be under the necessity of recurring to it. After my making several demands of the Secretary respecting my brother, I left Dublin, to return to the county of Cork. On my arrival at home, I met a letter from *Brigadier General Coote* to my Wife, in the words following:---

Camp, near Bandon,
My dear Madam, *July* 26, 1797.

"*As I know it will give you pleasure to hear of* Mr. O'Connor, *I send you a copy of a Letter, this day received by me from* Mr. Pelham, *concerning him.*"

Phœnix-Park,
"*My dear Sir,* *July* 25, 1797.

"Captain Roche *will report to you his arrival here with* Mr. O'Connor: *they will return to-morrow, but* Mr. O'Connor *is discharged from any arrest, and is out, on the bail he entered into at Mallow.*

(Signed,) "*T. PELHAM.*"

"*I am, dear Madam, &c.*

(Signed,) "*EYRE COOTE.*"

Here, my Lord, I shall drop the thread of my narrative, 'till I make a few comments on the foregoing: from which it will appear, that in violation of your proclamation, I was arrested, detained for a week a prisoner in Bandon, and taken to Dublin.

The public will observe, that at the time of my seeing Mr. Pelham, on the 24th of July, he was in possession of *Hebert's* information against me; that he questioned me at considerable length relative thereto, and liberated me, having, as I must suppose, authority so to do; and in proof of having done so advisedly, and with sufficient thought, he wrote to *Brigadier General Coote*, on the day following the above recited letter, wherein is mentioned my being discharged from any arrest, and being out on the bail I had entered into at Mallow; which he knew to be a recognizance of the peace for seven years, *pursuant to the Proclamation, Mallow* being the place where I had surrendered myself.

A few more remarks, this Letter shall be concluded, and your Excellency shall get time, before the receipt of my next, to ruminate on your conduct, and to consider of that of the Agents of your Government.

'Till such time as I could with certainty assure the public, that you had been apprised of what had been done in your name, and under the sanction of your authority, from my private communications to you, and your answers, I wished them to think that you were innocent, as being ignorant of the circumstances attending

my case. Now, my Lord, if blame attaches, you must bear your part of the weight; a receiver of stolen goods is deemed rather more culpable than the thief:---" When thou sawest a thief, thou consenteth unto him, and hath been partaker with the adulterer."

Permit me to ask you, do you suppose I would have had returned to Ireland, in June last, was I not confident that no offence could be charged on me, within the exceptions of your proclamation?

Allow me to enquire of you, whether you think it probable, after being treacherously and perfidiously deprived of my liberty, after my compliance with the terms of your proclamation, that I would have suffered myself tamely to be taken to Dublin, by any one man, (to whom I again appeal, as to the possibility of forcing me thither,) if I had been under any apprehension, on an investigation of my conduct, of being detained?

Let me put the question to you; had Mr. Pelham, or had he not, power to liberate me? and, lastly, did not you write to my friend, Lord Kinsale, that I had been liberated by your authority?

For the answers, I shall thank you, if you can give them to your satisfaction; if you cannot, whisper them to yourself in your closet.

I trust, for my own sake, there is nothing libellous in this letter. Truth, it seems, may be a libel---and it contains nothing else. I could, with the utmost difficulty, keep my pen within bounds; I governed it---happily it governed not me. Had I allowed it to etch my thoughts, I never should walk ten feet straight forward again. I live in the hope, however, of having my hand one day at liberty to manifest what my cogitations are.

I set at defiance all the machinations of conspirators against me.---

Nor, my Lord---

> " *---is there any terror in your threats,*
> " *For I am arm'd so strong in honesty,*
> " *That they pass by me as the idle wind,*
> " *Which I respect not.*"

I cannot prevail on myself to conclude this letter in the usual way that one gentleman expresses himself to another.

I cannot say I have the least respect for you, nor will I ever be your humble servant---I must only subscribe myself,

(Signed,)

ROGER O'CONNOR.

Prison, Cork,
January 13, 1798.

TO THE

MILITIA OF IRELAND.

SOLDIERS AND COUNTRYMEN,

I ADDRESS you with such a mixture of grief and indignation, that I know not which to give place to. Before I begin, you will give me leave to ask you a few simple questions. First, What countrymen are you? To such a question, I know your answer will be, we are IRISHMEN. Secondly, Did you enter into the service of government for the purpose of murdering your countrymen? Thirdly, Do you act to your fellow citizens with that feeling and humanity which characterizes an *Irishman?* No! to your shame be it spoken, you act even worse than those who were sent for no other purpose but to butcher us; these men are not totally devoid of humanity, these men who at their departure for this kingdom were told their object, which (in the words of a noble personage) was to quell the wild Irish; that was enough for men that had no tie, no friends, no interest in the fate of the country, but you that ought to be the defenders of your countrymen, you who are inmates of the same soil, you who in this isle first saw the light of Heaven, whose forefathers once flourished on the soil that now you plunder, you, I say, will not hesitate (perhaps at the command of a raw and inexperienced officer) to plunge the bayonet into the unarmed peasant's breast, to violate youth, beauty, and rustic innocence, to grasp the burning torch, and spread the flames from thatch to thatch; these are crimes, which by long experience are become familiar, and which if we dare trouble our rulers with the mention of, their ears are shut; their hearts are hard against the pleadings of mercy, the shrieks of widows, and the plaintive cries of infant orphans; they are facts which require no proof, and yet we are told they are too delicate to take into consideration.

Oh you that answer you are IRISHMEN! Blush at the mention of the name, that name which even your enemies respect, that name which instead of giving the captives over to pillage and plunder (which is allowable in war) secures their persons and property from violation. I do not allude to any particular body of you, you have all performed your parts in such a manner as to make you equally culpable. One example---an unarmed countryman is met by an armed soldier, (perhaps in liquor) he is asked for money, he has it not, or is too poor to part with it; in either case he refuses; he is immediately seized, dragged to the guard-house, sworn by the accuser to be an UNITED IRISHMAN, undergoes a sort of examination by some petty officer, and at last, without the shadow of law or justice, sentenced to be shot or whipt. I am far from advising you to treat your officers with disrespect;

on the contrary, it is your duty to obey them, (while under their command) but do not with such avidity seize every opportunity to spill the blood of your countrymen; do not in your actions resemble the midnight murderer, who watches his harmless prey to the door of his cottage, conceals himself till he is buried in the sleep of weariness, then lifts the latch, first dispatches him, and spares not the widow or her infant. I wish not to encrease or diminish, but to tell you plainly that you are guilty in the sight of your Creator and your countrymen, and at that dreadful day, when the blood of the murdered, and the cries of the fatherless shall raise their voice against you, you will be heard to exclaim, with the wicked in the revelations, O mountains crush us! O earth cover us! In the name of your God and your country, reflect (seriously and before it is too late), on your past actions, and the actions you are made instruments of, to lead innocence to the scaffold, as at Carrickfergus, to exterminate your countrymen, as if you took the oath of the Orange-man, or as if you were kept for no other purpose.

Let each man of you lay his hand on his heart, and ask himself has he been guilty of any of the crimes I have mentioned. If innocent, he will feel a happiness in his mind which the guilty never know; if his conscience (that never failing monitor) tells him he is guilty, then let him make amends by his future actions; let him think of the duty he owes to his God and his country; let him feel, that instead of being the destroyer of his country, he should be its preserver. I now take my leave; but let me observe, that then, and not till then, will he be an IRISHMAN; and when he is called to eternity, may his name live for ever, and his ashes rest in peace, is the wish of

LUCIUS.

THE BITTER ORANGE.

AN HEROIC POEM.

CANTO FIRST.

The clock struck one, the gloomy portals close:
The Conclave sat, to plot unnumber'd woes:
The darksome CATACOMBS yawn forth their spies;
Ope lay the warrant where the victim dies!
An awful silence reigns, when thus began
The chief of terrors, to unfold his plan.

Spies, pimps, informers, harbingers of death!
Intrepid vot'ries of a murdering faith!
Ill should the BITTER ORANGE * be my name,
Ill should the title indicate my fame;

* Mr. Sec. Cooke and the Dog, are planners of the Orange system.

Ill should the *glorious* epithet inspire,
My ruthless temperament and *system* dire,
If idle mercy or unmeaning laws
Should mar *my* council, or protract *your* cause!

O'Brien, Dutton, Newel and M'Can!
Fierce sons of Giffard, harken to my plan!
M'Dermot! Mitchel! Smith! M'Auly! Clark!
By Kemmis trained, bold evidences!---Hark!
And ye, the rest, whom bribes and vengeance spur,
BATTALION worthy of your Major Sirr!
Have ye not heard how Toller bravely cried:
"Weak *jurors* must by *soldiers* be supplied?"
Have ye not heard Carhampton did not fly
For *crimes* which Clare would soon indemnify!
Have ye not learned from stupid Bobby Day,
To *charge* the *people* is to *place* the way?
Or if examples higher up we draw,
Let Windham teach you "*vigour beyond law:*"
Or higher still let Pitt your thoughts engage,
The arch projector of *Espionage!*
Thus led, thus sanctioned, shrinks a single heart
From crime, from baseness, cruelty and art?
And though your prototypes surpass in *pow'rs*,
In *will* at least, to emulate be ours!

This night, no orgies shall inflate your souls,
No sumptuous viands, and no costly bowls;
For, lo, the news, which most our souls abhor,
The Nation groaning, mourns the death of ORR!
To lay his ghost an *hetacomb* must fall,
Ten thousand perjuries his friends appal!
Nor does the dead alone, excite our fears;
To blast our system, MOIRA now appears,
Bold in the feelings of an honest zeal
To dash our projects, and our crimes reveal!
With *double* mounds, the torrent we must stem,
The one of *force*, the one of *stratagem!*
The *first* shall instigate by *cruel deeds*,
And, when the cottage burns, the peasant bleeds;
Shall rouse the thronging mourners wide and far;
Then havoc, cry, and slip the dogs of war!
This task to Sirr and Giffard I consign:
And this, O drowsy Kemmis shall be thine:
Send forth the spies, to wind with many an art,
Thro' the soft yielding of the wounded heart;
With sense of sufferance when their bosoms warm,
Excite the treason first, and then inform.

Thus shall we rule the castle and the state,
Kings o'er the viceroy, arbiters of fate!
To court our favour Castlereagh shall stoop;
Foster shall fawn, and Pelham be our dupe.

He spoke, and soon, a momentary pause---
Soon the pleased murmur swells to loud applause,
No longer Cooke, their voices glad proclaim;
But BITTER ORANGE hail, his future name!

END OF THE FIRST CANTO.

No. 51.---THURSDAY, JANUARY 25.

SECOND LETTER
OF
ROGER O'CONNOR,
TO HIS
EXCELLENCY EARL CAMDEN.

MY LORD,

I AM apt to think you would be to the full as well satisfied, if I discontinued my correspondence with you---an ardent love for my country forbid it. I hold the man guilty in the *first* degree, who from a masked battery, assails his fellow-citizens' freedom; in the *second*, the open, bold, avowed invader of their just rights; and in the *third*, the silent, passive endurer of such wrongs.

There can be little difficulty in convincing you of my real concern for the necessity of addressing you; believe me, when I declare, that of the two, I think you will have to regret the occasion which has given rise to the correspondence, more than I shall; though, if ever you had nice feelings, they must have become so callous since your arrival in my country, that you will not stand in need of much pity, for any shock they may sustain.

I hope no libellous matter was discovered in my former letter, which as the law officers of your vice-crown, have in all probability by this time reviewed, I may resume my narrative.

Permit me then, through you, to inform the public (you are acquainted with most of the circumstances already), that I quitted Dublin, on the 27th of July, immediately after leaving Mr. Pelham, and returned to my own house in the county of Cork, where I remained but one day when I went with my wife and family to Kinsale, to be more out of the way of *spies* and *informers*, a body of whom there had been, during my absence from the country, an attempt made to *organize*, which in part succeeded; about fifteen *Orange*, or *bludgeon-men* having been raised, *attested* and

furnished with daily hire, as the rule of this respectable corps of observation and execution, is to swear to any thing, as matter of course, that may be written as matter of form; and as I did not stand well with the *gentlemen* of this fraternity, (for which in good truth, I do not blame them) I judged it prudent to leave home.

At Kinsale I remained till the commencement of the Cork assizes, when I came to this City, in order to expose as dark a conspiracy as ever was formed, against the lives of twelve innocent men: so fully had I investigated the charges alledged against these men, of the futility of which I was so confident, and so clearly did I see through the design of the conspirators, that I was determined to bring the whole transaction to light, by giving every aid which my labour, purse, or talents could bestow, in a fair, open, and I trust, honourable manner.---From the moment the party most anxious for the success of the prosecution, saw the host of witnesses, *(heretofore intimidated)* my appearance in behalf of the prisoners had produced, they despaired of being able to effect their bloody purpose---scarcely an hour passed 'till the day of trial, without a solicitation to me from one quarter or another not to interfere between government and United Irishmen, or threats of informations hanging over my head, of which I was not aware, and which would certainly be let fall on me.

Solicitations I resisted, threats I despised---I did my duty---which when I abandon from motives of private advantage or personal fear, I devoutly pray that I may cease to exist.

The event of this important trial justified my opinion; the men were acquitted by as respectable a jury as ever was impanelled, without the necessity of producing a single witness on their behalf. One of the witnesses for the prosecution, the principal ostensible informer to whom B. General Coote had given twenty-seven guineas for *past services*, and had promised, on the conviction of the people, an hundred more, with the immediate possession of the Surveyorship of Beerhaven, ran off from the Court-house, and has never since been heard of, the other was hurried from off the table into the dock, tryed for perjury, convicted, and sentenced to be transported to Botany-bay for seven years.

It may at first view, seem extraordinary that any person could be found so depraved, as to be sorry for the acquittal of those men, but so it was, a few who were deepest in the plot, enraged at its discovery and miscarriage, formed the resolution of putting the threats (already noticed) against me into execution; and now I came to learn *more particularly*, the quarter from which the menaced attack was to be made.

Fellow-citizens, let not the tear stand in your eye, whilst I expose to your view this conspiracy against me; let indignation rouse, rather than sorrow depress you; feel for me---*feel for yourselves*, but let it be with the firmness of men, of *Irishmen*, not with the melting spirits of women; there is not a man of you unconcerned

On the 17th day of the most protracted assizes ever known in this country, did five constables rush into my wife's bed-chamber, and arrest the father of eight children, on an information, taken by---whom? By no other than one whom the world has called my own *brother*. Me did the citizens of Cork behold dragged from wife and children to this gaol, on such an information.--- Rage seized the *tame* people of the South, when they came to know the truth. Hear how I became almost as soon as dungeoned, acquainted with the means used in procuring the information, which, if possible, aggravates the enormous crime of taking it.

I had not been five minutes in this gaol, when a young gentleman of the name of Speare, a Lieutenant in the 8th regiment of foot, whom I had never known before, begged to see me. Being introduced, he told me of his hearing that my *brother* was the cause of my arrest; that he was present when Cullinane gave the information on which I was taken; that every persuasion and threat was made use of, to prevail on him to swear it; that on Cullinane's saying on his oath he knew nothing to my prejudice, my brother told him it was a mere matter of form, and should never appear; that his only motive was regard to informant, who must go to gaol, and be hanged, if he persisted in his obstinacy; and that he never ceased working upon the mind of Cullinane, till he prevailed on him to swear to the information; every charge in which was *suggested* to him by my *brother*. Mr. Speare concluded with saying, that he was ready to come forward at any time, and swear to the truth of what he had related, which his conscience would not allow him to conceal.

Scarcely had Mr. Speare left the gaol, when a messenger from Cullinane himself came to let me know his astonishment on hearing that I had been arrested on an information of his; that my brother had been with him that morning, and desired him not to lose a moment's time in getting out of town, but that he would not go, as he feared (from the information appearing, which this magistrate told him should never be the case) some danger to me, and that if I should pardon him, he would tell the TRUTH. He then proceeded to acquaint me, by the desire of Cullinane, that on Wednesday the 19th of July, whilst I was a prisoner in Bandon, within nine miles of my own house, where I had left seven young children, *(within one mile of which my brother lives,)* whom also their mother had quitted to come to me, at a time when every soul *save one* in the country, was touched with pity for her sufferings, did my brother *steal* to the house of Cullinane---and to this man did this brother say,

'O'Connor has returned to this country, and is shortly to go to 'Dublin, to give information against twenty-four United Irishmen. 'You are the first on the list, for swearing against his steward 'last spring. From my regard to you, I have devised a plan for 'your safety---be before hand with him; give me some informa-

'tion against O'Connor, which shall never appear unless he should 'attack you---in which case it will save you.'

In vain did the man urge his ignorance of me---he was answered with curses for his obstinacy, and threats of the gallows in case of refusal. At length he consented to attend a summons at this magistrate, my brother's house; and in the mean time he promised to think of the business---which summons he received, and answered; all the circumstances attending which, more fully appears by an affidavit of Mr. Speare's, sworn before the Mayor of Cork.

Such is the history of this information, on which I was arrested, the very same which your secretary told me on the 27th of July, had been received by government of me since my arrival in Dublin, and which he added met with no countenance, by reason of the quarter it came from, as mentioned in my former letter.

Tedious I must appear; not versed in composition, I could not express myself more concisely---with a few observations I shall conclude this letter: Mr. Pelham received this information of Cullinane's, from B. General Coote, on Monday the 24th of July, a little after I quitted him.---His letter to Mr. Coote, of the 25th, stated in my former letter, must consequently have been written *subsequent* to his knowledge of it. On Thursday 27th, he told me of the receipt of such an information----*yet he suffered me to depart unmolested, he discharged me* "from any arrest," *and suffered me* "at large on the bail I had entered into at Mallow," which he knew was *only a recognizance of the peace for seven years, under the proclamation.* Pray, my Lord, is it an offence contrary to law, for a man of considerable estate to attend the assizes of his county? Is it penal for a lawyer of fourteen years standing at the bar, to appear in Court an advocate, *though unhired?* What is the *treason* I have committed?

I tell you to your very beard, the *avowed* charge against me is, *stretching forth my protecting arm between innocent men and death, in the shape of Irish legal Murder.*

Permit me to enquire of your Excellency---if it is *law* to keep back in Magistrates' pockets, informations (taken full seven weeks prior to the Assizes) for the space of seventeen days of the actual sitting of a Judge of Gaol Delivery---the traitor appearing every day in the very Court, and to delay sending up bills of indictment on them till the Judges had quitted the County, whereby the accused must be deprived of trial, and doomed to a *Bastile for seven months;* though the longest assizes ever known had passed over, after the alledged commission of the offence? Where did you learn such *law?* I am sure not from your father. I do not *directly* charge you, but I do charge some servants of your administration with *hiring* my unfortunate brother to commit this more than monstrous deed; but though your Excellency may not have *devised* the plan, you must be content to be considered as an accessary after the fact, by not divesting such a magistrate of his office, and by pro-

ceeding on an information so procured, of *all* the circumstances attending which I do publicly declare and aver I made you acquainted. The act of the magistrate countenanced by administrators, must be taken as the act of the administration. Could I have viewed it in the light of *private malice or individual depravity*, I should never have *proclaimed* the infamy of a brother, whose sober reflection should have been his punishment---more than probable your Excellency knows nothing of our Irish History, *but that of your times;* open any page of it since the evil hour your Countrymen first came amongst us, you will meet with a case similar to the present; our history is filled with such acts of English Viceroys, Secretaries, Chaplains, Clerks, Runners, Spies and Informers. It was by such arts my *dis-united* Country became enslaved by yours; this is but the revival, or to speak more properly, a continuation of the old system of setting father against son, son against father, brother against brother, friend against friend; but thanks to the grand artificer, *discord*, that evil planet has nearly run its course, and is about to sink below the horizon of our island---*see it vanisheth*. Behold *Union*, propitious light, risen in the North, moving through all the parts of our heaven, dispelling the mists of bigotry and superstition, which obstructed the rays of truth and reason, *directing and animating the Children of Erin.*

Wishing you in charity---eyes to see, and ears to hear, I take my leave of your Excellency for the present, hoping to bring my correspondence with you to a final period in one more Letter.

(Signed,)

ROGER O'CONNOR.

No. 52.---SATURDAY, JANUARY 27.

THIRD LETTER

OF

ROGER O'CONNOR,

TO HIS

EXCELLENCY EARL CAMDEN.

MY LORD,

FROM my two former letters addressed to *you*, but designed for the *people*, the people in all probability will conclude that you have acted treacherously and perfidiously. Be it my duty in this letter to relate the proceedings after my arrest---from which my countrymen, perhaps, may be warranted in thinking that the law has been most flagrantly violated; and God knows the last Parliament, of abhorred memory, gave you field wide enough to exercise every species of cruelty, without your being driven to the necessity of taking a range *beyond* the limits assigned you.

Without further preface, I proceed to state that being arrested on the 27th of September, and dragged to this gaol (as heretofore shewn) such a clamour was raised throughout this city, that evening and the following morning, that *even* the Grand Jury of this county were ashamed to see me brought to the Court-house, on such an information; and hit upon the expedient of bolstering it with the information of Hebert, and accordingly on the next day found bills of indictment against me on *that;* after which I was ordered up to the Court from this gaol, by Mr. Serjeant Chatterton, who presi led as Judge (Barons Smyth and Metge having quitted the county the day before, but a few minutes prior to my arrest). When I had arrived at the Court-house, I made no doubt of immediate releasement, having taken the precaution to procure the attendance of Cullinane the prosecutor. My Counsel, Messrs. Henry Grady and Lysaght, required of the Court to discharge me according to the Proclamation, to give me an immediate trial, or to admit me to bail; with any of which requisitions the Judge refusing to comply, Mr. Grady rose and told such a tale of bitter woe, as drew tears from almost every eye of a crowded audience---all his endeavours were ineffectual. Mr. Lysaght proved, in my opinion, incontrovertibly, that I could not *legally* be remanded to prison; his efforts were fru tless. I then addressed the Court, to which I briefly stated that no part of Cullinane's information placed me within the exceptions of your Proclamation of the 17th of May; that on Hebert's information, I had heretofore been in fact tried by your Secretary, and actually acquitted, and that though I had been in custody not more than eighteen hours, I was ready for trial, to which, that there should be no delay, I had summoned the only witness against me, who then attended, and was in my sight.

In short, I demanded an instant trial, liberation on bail, or a discharge, under the faith of your Proclamation; and lastly, I called on either Counsel or Agent for the Crown, to shew cause by affidavit, why my trial should not be proceeded on; no person appeared; all I could obtain was an adjournment of the Assizes for ten days, in order, as the Judge said, to give an opportunity to me to apply to your government for my liberation, *and to himself of enquiring from the executive, how he was to regulate his conduct*, as he found himself in a very painful awkward situation; and back was I conducted to this prison.

I then wrote to your Secretary a plain statement of all the facts: I enclosed Lieut. Speare's affidavit. I reminded him of his knowledge in July of all the charges now brought against me, in the shape of bills of indictment, and his liberation of me, and concluded, with requesting an order from him for my discharge from custody, that I might prosecute my journey to England, whither I had intended to go, immediately after the Assizes of Cork: to this I received Mr. Pelham's answer---'That I had neither his consent or 'countenance to attend the Assizes; on the contrary, that he ima-

'gined I had gone to England long since; that he had nothing 'now to do with the affair of my arrest, bills having been found 'against me, by the Grand Jury of my county; that if I had been 'indicted for administering unlawful oaths, I should of course be 'discharged under the terms of the proclamation,' and concluded 'with saying, 'whether your conduct before or since the procla-'mation, warrants the charges now brought against you, must be 'determined by those on the spot, who have the circumstances be-'fore them.'

This letter (by which I was led to imagine my trial would be proceeded on "by those on the spot, who had the circumstances before them," when the Court should open according to adjournment), I sent to Mr. Serjeant Chatterton, from whom, to my astonishment, I learned the assizes were over, and that the Court would not be opened again, though but six days of the adjournment had elapsed.

On my first arrest on the indictment, I guessed what I had to expect; yet thinking it possible that this unwarrantable step might have been taken without your or your Secretary's knowledge, by the petty tyrants in the provinces, I did not give over all hopes of obtaining my liberty, 'till the communication by Mr. Serjeant Chatterton, after his receipt of your *Secretary's instructions*. I then found my conjectures verified---perceiving that your Excellency, ashamed of such a proceeding, endeavoured to sanction your conduct by the act of the Grand Jury, (of whom I cannot think but with abhorrence) I gave myself no further trouble about you or your Secretary, determined patiently to await the coming of better times, 'till the latter end of October, when getting *further* intelligence of the conspiracy formed against me, and having it in my power to give many *more* substantial reasons against my detention, I wrote to you in a style very dispassionate, without any the slightest comment or observation, confining myself to a mere recital of facts, in substance the same as detailed in these my letters to you; and at the same time sent you an affidavit made by Mr. Dogherty, Uncle to Hebert's Wife, giving an account of a conversation, between him and Hebert a few days after my arrest, wherein Hebert disclaimed "any knowledge "of me, and protested his ignorance of any thing to my prejudice," and disclosed to Mr. Dogherty, "the threats on the one hand, and on "the other the promises of large sums of money, and a comfortable "annual income, to induce him to swear to a written paper the con-"tents of which he knew not." I likewise sent you Mr. Pelham's letter to me, and B. General Coote's letter to my Wife, giving an extract of Mr. Pelham's letter to him of the 25th of July, and also a copy of Lieut. Speare's affidavit, lest your Secretary might have suppressed the original sent to him, of which I believe him fully capable: to this letter and these papers which were handed to you by my friend and brother Arthur O'Connor, I received an answer,--"that the offence I was charged with, namely corresponding with "the enemy, was not pardonable by the proclamation; with regard

" to the affidavits and papers, that you would take them into con-
" sideration, and give such answers as you should be advised."

In this state did the matter rest 'till last Saturday, when thro' my brother I received an official notification, that I could not be liberated; which answer has induced me to publish the entire transaction, and to call on the people to be Judges between you and me, " a round " unvarnished tale have I delivered, whereof my Country had by " parcels something heard, but not distinctively, nothing have I ex-" tenuated nor have I set down aught in malice." The observations to be made on the foregoing will conclude this letter and correspondence with your Excellency; and first I shall take a view of Hebert's information, and how the law stands in this particular case.

The King's last parliament, in their last session, registered an edict, authorising your Excellency, and six of your Council, to issue a warrant to arrest any person of whom in your wisdom or your jealousy you may think proper to have suspicion; in which case and which *only*, as I apprehend, the suspension of the bill of Habeas Corpus operates: by virtue of such a warrant or warrants, or orders to a Brigadier General, one dated the 24th of June, the other the 1st of July, was I detained by B. General Coote, when invited to his tent, by his Aid-de-Camp; by virtue of such a warrant was I taken to Dublin by Captain Roche; the paper said to be an information, though never signed by Hebert, being the cause of suspicion, respecting which your Secretary examined me on Monday the 24th of July, and liberated me with your Excellency's knowledge as heretofore fully explained. If you and your Secretary had authority to discharge me from custody, and to set me at large on the bail given pursuant to the proclamation; was I not acquitted to all intents and purposes *legally?* If you and your Secretary were not impowered to liberate me, I charge you both, with misprision of treason.

I admit the legality of my first arrest, however perfidious---The same act of the legislature which sanctioned the warrant, gave a discretionary power to you and your Secretary, (blessed confidence!!) either to discharge or imprison the accused: your discretion directed you to liberate me: by what law could I be molested again after acquittal before a legal (however extraordinary) tribunal?---If the law did not invest you with power to use your discretion, how could you answer to the public? how could your Secretary presume to liberate a person charged with High Treason in no less degree than corresponding with your King's enemy?---Here ends Hebert's information, or whatever you please to call it, with this one remark, that it is dated on the 1st of June, and relates to circumstances *alledged by the Magistrate* to have happened on the 1st of February before, for the *truth* of which you are referred to Hebert's affidavit.

To Cullinanes information, (procured as aforesaid, bearing date on the 20th of July, giving a story of a conversation *told by the*

Magistrate likewise, said to be holden on the 6th of April preceding, and received from B. General Coote, by your Secretary, on Monday the 24th of July,) the same reasoning applies as to Hebert's: your Secretary with knowledge of it liberated me, nay, added that government payed no attention, by reason of the quarter it came from, yet was it *afterwards* to be made the instrument to deprive me of liberty for seven months; though I made you acquainted with one very remarkable circumstance, namely, that on the examination of Cullinane by Lord Bantry, and the Rev. William Silleto, on Sunday the 9th of April, the day after his arrest, and but three days subsequent to the supposed conversation, he declared on his oath, to them, that he knew nothing of me or to my prejudice: for the certainty of which I appeal to these two magistrates.

Besides, where was the occasion of putting my steward to the torture in April last, to extort information of me, if Cullinane could have furnished you *at that time* with such documents as in four months after were miraculously brought to his recollection? Before I finally dismiss these informations, I desire of Mr. Pelham to call to mind his conversation with me respecting this magistrate, and the testimony I produced to him, of actings and sayings of the man, which at the time very properly seemed to fill his soul with horror; and I cannot avoid thinking, that the intelligence then given to your Secretary, of the disposition of this unhappy man, induced Mr. Pelham to have recourse to him, and to make use of him (according to English custom) to destroy him.

Having given a faithful narrative of all proceedings of your government, respecting this transaction, the two last letters from your Secretary, since my arrest, demand consideration. I call on him to explain the import of the passage---'That I had not his consent or countenance to attend the assizes of Cork; on the contrary, that he thought I had gone to England long before their commencement.'

Should our miseries continue to accumulate, I make no doubt of the establishment of offices for the distribution of license to *us Irish*, to go here, or stay there---*hitherto* I did not know that *an Irishman* had occasion to ask permission of an *English clerk* to attend the assizes of his county. But I particularly require of Mr. Pelham to acquaint the public, how he could suppose that a person charged with high treason, could have gone to England, and not have been under *the absolute necessity* of attending the assizes---if he had not known that the person accused had been heretofore arrested, tried, acquitted, and *discharged*.

The truth is, your government, ashamed of being under the necessity of liberating one, for whose apprehension thousands had been offered, propagated a report, that I had made important discoveries, had manifested a sincere repentance for any offences I might have committed, and that I was obliged to quit Ireland dur-

ing the war, as soon as the adjustment of my private concerns would allow; in other words, that I had submitted to obey a *lettre de cachette*---To which I answer, that had I any discoveries to make, I feel myself proof against any species of torture to extract---even a broken sentence; that as to my offence against my Country, my maxim ever has been, " *Nil conscite sibi, nulla pallescere culpa*"---to which whether I have paid due observance or not, my Country must decide; and with regard to the last stipulation, I ask Mr. Pelham, was it demanded of me?---Perish O'Connor ere he would consent to it.

The last letter is reviewed, and dismissed with one observation---that at length you surrender Cullinane's information, your only hold at first; and now intrench yourself behind Hebert's---which you had before abandoned, as untenable.

After seven month's imprisonment, *perhaps* it may be your *Vice*-Royal will and pleasure to give me an opportunity of vindicating myself, and recovering the liberty of the common air, and the use of my own limbs; I say *perhaps*, as you can, with precisely the same colour of law or justice, extend the punishment to next year, and from year to year in eternum, " *Gnossius hæc Rhadamanthus habet durissima regna, castigatque auditque dolos.*"

What, my Lord! were not all the laws in your statute-book, (the most bloody that ever defiled a nation) found sufficient to prosecute me?

Did you feel yourself reduced to the necessity of exercising a vigour beyond *even Irish law?*

What were your instructions to Mr. Serjeant Chatterton, *which he sent for?*

What were the terms of your reprimand, for his imprudence in adjourning the assizes?

Why did he not open the court on the tenth day, *pursuant to adjournment?*

Will you tell the people of this land, that the will of an English oligarchy is Irish law, is Irish Constitution?

Will you tell them that to that oligarchy *alone* you hold yourself accountable?

Will you tell them, that that oligarchy considers Ireland as a conquered province, which they treat accordingly, which they have reduced to a work-shop, for the manufacture of soldiers and sailors, to fight the battles of their task-masters?

Tell them---but hold, spare yourself the pains---we know, what is still better, we *feel* our degradation. Thanks to the God of Nature, who works by means inscrutable to mortal ken, Grenville, Pitt, and Jenkinson have done wonders---*they have nearly realised our fond hopes of seeing those abuses, which have hitherto withstood the ineffectual struggles of divided kingdoms, fall prostrate before the moderate, but determined exertions of united nations.*

Britain, thou hast an inspired prophetic Fox, a matchless Burdett---Are not Norfolk, Russell, Gray, Sheridan, Erskine, Stanhope, Tierney, Oxford, and Lauderdale, thy sons? Is not truly noble Suffolk thine---" thousands besides; but who can count the stars of Heaven?" May their influence reanimate; may their celestial light irradiate all thy children. Burdett, of Foremare, that land which gave you birth, must be ever dear to O'Connor; though his country now writhes and groans, beneath the lash of thine, the Irish know how to discriminate between the cruelties and vices of a destructive and profligate faction, and the humanity and virtues of a generous and gallant people.

Tell England to bid farewel to Liberty, when Ireland is enslaved: three millions of Irish slaves, would rivet Britain's chains.

Countrymen, whilst *assassination is bailed by authority*, am I doomed to a Bastile on charges, the futility of which I was ready to prove *according to law, which was denied me*---the groundlessness of which, I have made clearly appear to the executive, *without redress.* Behold me in a loathsome prison, in a cell nine feet square; my fortune ruined; my health impaired; my constitution shattered; with enough of all left, however to be useful to my country.

Hear me through the grate of my gaol; be watchful as owls; resolute as lions; gentle as lambs; persevering as moles;---be patient, sober, and discreet; faithful and true to your engagements; adore your Creator; be ready to die for your Country; fear a bad character---dread nothing else.

Let the World be your Republic,
Ireland your Country,
To do good, your Religion,
Be humane;
BUT ABOVE ALL, BE UNITED.
Farewell fellow-citizens.

Of you, my Lord, I take my leave, with saying that whoever advised you to take the steps you have taken against me, is no judge of law, a bad judge of politics, and a worse judge of human nature.

(Signed)
ROGER O'CONNOR.

We have undoubted authority for stating that Orange-Lodges continue to be held in the county of Westmeath; and we recommend encreased vigilance to that spirited and well-conducted regiment the Northumberland Fencibles, now quartered in that county, for the suppression of such societies, instituted to create confusion and proscription, and to harass a country, already sufficiently distracted.

THE BITTER ORANGE.

AN HEROIC POEM.

CANTO SECOND.

AS when a swarm of wasps from putrid hive,
Fierce to their plunder and destruction drive,
This way or that, the spreading clusters fly,
Urged by enduement or propensity;
Some carrion seek, and others fond explore
The tainted offal, or the clotted gore;
Some more malignant sharp their poisonous sting
And murder seek upon the eager wing.
So, cluster-like, behold the issuing spies
Teem to the Poddle and the Liberties;
But chief the *Liberties*---whose very name
Provokes destruction, or by sword, or flame.
Some whet their sting-like knives, with fierce intent,
Some buzz detection of the innocent;
Tho' differing, each pursues his several mean,
Yet all agree, for carnage and for gain.

Thus broke the council up---the bravoes led
By Sirr, the spies with Kemmis at their head.
The other chiefs to deeper mischief steal
(The BITTER ORANGE and the ORANGE PEEL, *)
Straightway enjoined by malice they resort
Where the mild Chancellor maintains his court;
And as the hallowed portal they draw near,
These sounds impassion'd meet the listening ear.

Lord Chancellor: "Gave I for this, the preference to *you*,
And decked those shoulders with the ribband blue?
For this to bravo Glentworth, you preferr'd
Glentworth the boldest claimant of the herd,
He vowed the riband if to him I'd grant,
To give his service---in the house to rant;
Or, if well paid, the pistol he would wield
And meet the dauntless MOIRA in the field!

Lord Dillon: What tho' in impudence you may excel,
Like me a coward, you are known full well,
Tho' abject Aldborough should meanly sue
For pardon never to be hoped from you.
From pension'd block-heads, though no answer meets
Your foul abuse---yet in the English streets
You are no longer Chancellor, but Claie,
Beware of MOIRA then my Lord beware.---

* The Dog henceforth obtains this title.

Perdition seize the people and their cause
Who brawl of rash or violated laws.
My pocket for a libel, lately found
E'en an attorney gain five hundred pound.
And for the *dungeoned* victims too I quake
When daring Costello begins to speak,
Nor, in the courts of honor, less I sink
With fear, as on the interview I think!
When the offended MOIRA shall retort
The foul attack I made, to please the Court!
Fox, (I recal it too with spirits sick)
Spurn'd my posteriors, for a knavish trick;
And Fox with Moira is so near a friend,
What one began, may not the other end?

Chancellor Clare: Now by the eternal G--d you must prepare
To fight---or else no job---no honors wear.
Here is a speech with calumny replete,
Get it by heart---an hundred times repeat---
Rehearse it boldly, till th' expected night,
For by th' immortal J---s you must fight.

So said, with accent sharp our legal peer,
And left Lord Dillon petrified with fear.

No. 53---TUESDAY, JANUARY 30.

THIRD LETTER

TO

RT. HON. SIR RALPH ABERCROMBIE, BART.

Commander in Chief of his Majesty's Forces in Ireland.

SIR,

MY original design in addressing you, was to disclose what I hoped you were unacquainted with; namely, that a twofold conspiracy was formed against this country, and that you were deceived by the wretches concerned in those plots, in order to render you instrumental to their completion. I thought, by pointing out the depravity of the system, in which you are required to act so principal a part, to disgust you against lending it your support; or if that should fail, to convince you of the impossibility of success, and thus obtain from your judgment and policy, what I could not extract from the feelings of your heart. With the former of these purposes, however, I should not have troubled you, had I been acquainted with a few facts, which have since come to my know-

ledge; in the latter I will persist; for it shall not be said that a nation, determined to resist every effort that may be made against its liberties, concealed either its intentions or its powers, while the disclosure of them might have deterred presumption itself from the attempt, and spared the effusion of much human blood.

I will not ask you, Sir, what the nature is of those instructions, which are given to such officers, as on leaving England for this country, are furnished with *charts of extermination or expulsion;* nor will I ask you by whom this ingenious mode of ascertaining the quantum of cruelty and violence, to be exercised in each county of this devoted country, was invented; for both those questions can easily be solved by a moment's reflection, and on the mere inspection of this curious instrument. Can you plead ignorance of the fact? Is it possible, that without your knowledge, almost every officer, who has lately come into this country from Great Britain, has been previously supplied with a written account of the population of each county of Ireland, and of its three principal cities, together with the number of Catholic and Protestant inhabitants of each respectively? Or if you cannot deny your knowledge of this fact, will you attempt to represent it as innoxious, and not intended to facilitate the perpetration of any enormity, or to shape and direct their military exertions. What, Sir! will you insult the public understanding so grossly, as to attempt persuading it, that charts of that description are secretly put into the hands of military men, when ordered for this country, without any correspondent instructions, without any orders connected with such information? Is it a subject of amusement, particularly calculated for the military, to learn the positive and comparative strength of religious opinions in every county they may be quartered in? If it be for the mere indulgence of their curiosity as travellers and philosophers, whence the necessity of imposing on them the command of profound secrecy in a matter of such harmless entertainment? But I will lay before the public a faithful transcript of one of those charts, which has fallen into my hands; and after offering a few observations on its contents, leave that public to judge for itself, whether this be not an evidential link of that combination, well known in this country by the name of Orange-treason, which founds its hopes on religious dissention and extermination. The original, from which the following copy is taken, belongs to an officer, now in Ireland, who received it in England immediately previous to his departure for this country, with orders of strict secrecy: Many others, to his knowledge have been supplied in a similar manner, and he believes it general among those of the army who have lately come over.

THE CHART.

Counties.	*Protestants.*	*Catholics.*	*Differences.*
Antrim	40,000	70,900	30,900
Armagh	28,500	55,500	27,000
Carlow	7,000	27,000	28,000
Cavan	20,000	48,000	28,000
Clare	5,000	61,000	56,000
Cork	25,000	225,000	200,000
Cork City	10,000	90,000	80,000
Donegal	9,000	57,700	48,700
Downe	50,000	86,800	36,800
Dublin	10,000	90,000	80,000
Dublin City	40,000	260,000	220,000
Fermanagh	7,000	23,000	16,000
Galway	6,000	160,000	154,000
Kerry	5,500	69,000	63,000
Kildare	5,000	45,000	50,000
Kilkenny	5,500	69,500	64,000
King's County	5,000	43,000	38,000
Leitrim	7,000	28,000	21,000
Limerick	6,500	113,000	107,000
London Derry	30,000	69,000	39,000
Longford	4,000	36,000	32,000
Lowth	8,000	38,000	30,000
Mayo	8,500	111,500	103,000
Meath	6,000	40,900	34,900
Monaghan	25,000	64,100	39,200
Queen's Co.	7,500	62,500	55,000
Roscommon	4,000	36,000	32,000
Sligo	3,000	37,000	34,000
Tipperary	10,000	109,700	99,000
Tyrone	16,000	106,000	90,000
Waterford	5,000	47,000	42,000
Waterford Co.	3,500	36,500	33,000
Westmeath	6,300	64,300	58,300
Wexford	7,800	69,800	62,000
Wicklow	12,000	44,500	32,500
Total	448,300	2,506,000	2,058,600

32 *Counties, and* 3 *Cities.*

Let me now ask a few questions, to which the most unlettered mind will easily find answers---For what purpose are the military instructed on the subject of religious distinctions prevailing in this country? Is the sword to carve out how much of a certain religion

shall remain in a certain place, and the surplus be disposed of in the safest way? When we call to mind the sanguinary measures which have been pursued in this country by that desperate faction, stiling itself the Protestant Ascendancy; while we recollect that whenever any of its leading members went over to negotiate with the British Cabinet, the ministerial prints of London teemed with assertions, that a religious war was on the eve of breaking out in Ireland; when, in short, we peruse the history of terrorism, since its introduction into this country, can there be a doubt of the object of this plan, or of the persons who suggested it?

But let us look more minutely into this chart of military instruction, and we shall soon perceive that religion, as usual, is but a political term, suggested by the demon of ambition, to spite the God of Union and of Love. Its defects will best prove its parentage, and shew how necessarily falsehood is derived from bad design. The first defect that meets our eye, is the omission of that numerous, respectable, and powerful description of the Irish nation, called Dissenters; a body, whose virtuous attachment to the liberties of their native soil, must, independently of their numbers and wealth, ever render them formidable to despotism and its satellites. Why, in a religious description of this country's population, were they omitted? The facts speak for itself---they and the Catholics have UNITED in the great and glorious cause of Ireland, and therefore are politically considered of the same religion. The name of Catholic too will more easily reconcile the deed of extermination to a Scotch soldiery, than that of Dissenter. Accordingly in those counties where the Dissenting persuasions outnumber by a large majority those of the Catholic and Protestant collectively, as in Derry, Antrim, Down, &c. the Catholics are made to exceed the Protestants by double their number. How contemptible are the arts to which usurpation is obliged to stoop for its support!

The next circumstance that attracts our attention in this Orange document, is, that from the numbers of the Catholics, so calculated, some thousands in each county have been suppressed; so that on the total amount they may appear to bear little more than the proportion of five to one to those of the *established* Church. The grossness of this mistatement, however, cannot escape discovery by any person at all acquainted with the general population of this country, and the local predominance of its persuasions. Instead of estimating the inhabitants of Ireland at 2,955,200, which this deceitful calculation would represent as their whole amount, it is well known that the most accurate statements prove them within a few thousands of four millions and a half; and that of this number the Protestants of the *established* Church make not a ninth part.---But how does even this proportion diminish, if the term Catholic be a political signal to denote any enemy to the connection and abuses of the Church and State? Are not the most inveterate foes of monopoly and usurpation---are not the most determined champions for

universal emancipation to be found among this handful of the Irish population called Protestants ? Nine tenths of the Protestants abhor the Protestant Ascendancy :---they regard it as a base and traiterous faction, leagued together for the preservation of abuses, and the monopoly of illgottten power ; and their enmity they are ready to verify with their deeds, whenever occasion shall demand it.

Assemble then, Sir, such of your Officers as have received the abovementioned erroneous information.---Tell them, if their instructions be to suppress the spirit of Liberty, under pretence of reducing the religious sects of Ireland to an equality of numbers, they have not merely to dispose of the 2,058,600 of its inhabitants marked as the overplus in their chart of instruction ; nor even of the three millions and a half at which a juster calculation would state it ; but, when politically considered, they have to exterminate or expatriate eighty-eight ninetieths of the Irish nation, before they can reduce to an equality of numbers those who are determined to be free, with those who seek to perpetuate their slavery. Tell them there are thousands and hundreds of thousands of the sturdy sons of Ireland, prepared to suffer and to die, when necessary, in their parent's cause---men, from whom nor gaols, nor gibbets, nor the reeking steel can extract a groan---tell them this, then let slip the *dogs of war,* and to work with what appetite you may.

A MILITIA OFFICER.

OH UNION FOR EVER.

YE sons of Hibernia, assert your birthright,
For freedom, for union, for liberty fight.
No longer in ERIN, let bigotry reign,
No longer let factions, your union restrain.
Oh ERIN for ever, Oh ERIN's the land
Where freedom and union shall go hand in hand.

Oppress'd by disunion, the North first unites ;
In union fraternal, the West now delights,
In the East like the Sun, its radiance you see,
When the South shall unite, then ERIN is free.
Oh freedom for ever, oh freedom for me,
May we cease to exist, when we cease to be free.

Oh union how social, oh union how rare,
In which all religions may equally share,
That unites in one cause, the rich and the poor,
Makes the fate of our tyrants decided and sure.
Oh union for ever, oh union's a rock,
The force of our tyrants for ever shall mock.

Though perjury doomed thee, Oh Orr, to the grave,
Thy blood to our union, more energy gave;
For Union's a current, impede but its course,
Far and wide it extends, resistless its force.
Ye sons of Hibernia, then join hand in hand,
To chace *your oppressors, from* ERIN's green land.

No. 54.---THURSDAY, FEBRARY 1.

The following papers were left at our office. We have made every enquiry, and find them to be the hand writing of Mr. Bird, who was to have appeared as a witness for the Crown, under the name of Smyth, against Mr. Shanahan and Mr. Kennedy, on a charge of High Treason, and who was lately acquitted for want of prosecution, after seventeen months confinement in Kilmainham gaol, and whose arrest by the four Lords and the one Attorney, at the head of our army, presented so brilliant a spectacle to the wondering inhabitants of the North of Ireland. Wonders were not then so common as they have been since---no man wonders now---these things are nothing when we are used to them.

TWO very extraordinary affidavits were lately produced by the crown lawyers, in the Court of King's Bench. In *one* of which I am accused of having ran away from my lodgings, without paying my rent! I have taken the liberty of laying before the public, the *two* following letters from Mr. Dawes, which will best elucidate that part of the affidavits which accuse me of having cheated Mrs. Morris. The letter to Mr. Cooke, contains my reasons for the step I took. Mr. Dawe's first letter was sent to me in Waterford; his second letter was left at the house of Mr. Kemmis, directing me to where lodgings were taken for me, in which it must be evident to every person, I had no kind of concern; nor did I ever pay for my board, &c. Mr. Cooke paid *four pound* a week, exclusive of which I found my wines, liquors, &c. &c. Let the public read and judge how far the accusation coincides with facts!

COPY OF MR. DAWE'S FIRST LETTER.

DEAR SIR, *Dublin, October* 31, 1797.

Mr. Taylor requests that you will come to town as soon as possible; and he thinks it would be better for you if you wish to return, to leave your wife behind you, as you will have to stay in town but two or three days. When you come to town, my father wishes you not to come to our house, as the servants would inform the people from Blessington of it. Mr. Taylor desires you will go to Mr. Kemmis's first, and there you will get directions where you

are to be. My father thinks there is no better road to Dublin than what you mention in your last. I enclose you a *ten guinea note*, which I hope you will receive safe. I wish you a pleasant journey.

I remain yours, &c.

P. S. I hope to hear of your arrival on Friday next.

MR. DAWE'S SECOND LETTER.---A NOTE.

Mr. Dawe's compliments to Mr. Johnston*---informs him that there is a place *provided for him* at a Mr. Morris's, Buckridge-court, Great-ship-street, (the upper house in the court) within four houses of the Lower Castle-yard gate.

Friday morning,
November 3d, 1797.

The succeeding letter was delivered to Mr. Cooke on Tuesday last; and the originals of the whole are now at the office of this Paper, for the inspection of any person who may think themselves interested therein.

SIR,

That the surprize you will feel on hearing from me, will be very great, I can readily conceive; but though far removed from the reach of your power, I shall ever remember you with respect; nor I mean, even in the most distant manner, to be guilty of any insult towards you---no, Sir, I will not act ungratefully; you ever treated me with distinguished kindness and attention, until that creeping sycophant *P---k---* strove to raise himself in your esteem, by depreciating me. But beware of him, Sir---he is infinitely more dangerous as a *friend*, than as a foe! He is a scoundrel of the first order; and to his *intollerance! arrogance!* and *oppression!* is the government indebted for the complete estrangement of the affection of the inhabitants of the county of *Wicklow*. You entrusted him with power! He has used it to the defeat of his employers!

There he assumes the haughty, overbearing tyrant! striving to compel his wretched dependants to pay him adoration!! But view him at your levee---*there* he sinks into the *obsequious parasite! the pliant fool! the busy spy!* who would lick the dust from your shoes, would you but reward him with a smile! Though I scorn the reptile with my whole soul, still be assured, Sir, I have not overcharged the picture I have drawn of him; and had no other cause existed to have driven me from you, that alone, Sir, was more than enough.

But a number of insurmountable obstacles presented themselves, to prevent the completion of the unfortunate business, which necessity! imperious necessity! urged me to begin; for when I

* A name I assumed by order of government for my personal safety.

seriously reflected on the dreadful phalanx of perjured monsters wallowing in riot! and debauchery! ready at a nod! to sacrifice any man, however innocent! who might be obnoxious; I trembled---I could not support the ignominious idea of having my name enrolled in the *annals of eternal infamy* with theirs, and their well-adapted MAJOR!!!

The intimacy, which with sorrow and indignation I supported with Messrs. *N---ll* and *D---n*, fully determined me what course to steer.---They judged me as thirsty for blood as themselves! they unfolded their secrets to me, in vicious confidence! and displayed such scenes of villany! as would almost appal the Devil! *Two more* such blood-stained sanguinary cannibals! for the honour of human nature, I hope are not, ever were, or ever again will be in existence! Bring them not forward, Sir, I conjure you---if you do, the ponderous weight of their crimes MUST oust their evidence; and the indelible disgrace which will inevitably accrue to the administration, in which you act so conspicuous a part, from their exhibition, as crown witnesses, will change the fear and dread the people now have of government, into hatred! derision and contempt! the natural consequence of which must in my opinion be *resistance!*

I have, Sir, little more to add than to assure you in the most solemn manner that I absented myself purely from the motives before mentioned, nor was I directly or indirectly applied to; I was neither tempted with hope of reward, present or to come! but I ingeniously confess, that my heart was never a single moment in your cause, a reference to my letters though apparently "*madly loyal*" will convince you of that, as well as innumerable circumstances which will now be too late recollected. Should it happen, Sir, that any of your myriads of spies, should discover me, I would be more unfortunate than my *first loss*. I have taken every precaution, my experience could dictate; my papers and manuscripts, curious, and interesting! are in other hands than mine, and can never be regained---I *have chosen my present situation*. The die is cast, and I shall await its event with fortitude and patience---I have, Sir, candidly stated my genuine reason for withdrawing, and I hope when passion shall subside you will acquit me for the act which neither you nor I can now recal; whatever shall be the event, I feel my heart beat lightly; and I hope to stand acquitted before my God and my Country for the deed. I shall now Sir, take my leave, with most respectfully thanking you for every past favor and indulgence---and in despite of circumstances, subscribe myself as usual. Sir,

Your most grateful and much obliged humble servant,

(Signed) J. BIRD.

Mr. Secretary Cooke, &c.

P. S. Some friends to whom I have entrusted my papers, &c. very strongly recommend the publication of this Letter as the means of vindicating my character, and I think it but honourable to apprise you of my intention.

MARCUS

TO HIS

FAIR COUNTRY WOMEN.

MY DEAR COUNTRY WOMEN,

IT has been found an universal truth, that in proportion as barbarism prevails in any country, the women of that country are held in slavery and subjection. And it is found equally true, that in those nations which have been illumined by the light of science, the women have at all times asserted the dignity of their nature; and that by such assertion they have both adorned and strengthened society. To you, my fair country women, the elegance of whose minds is best reflected in the graces of your person, it will only be necessary to state your importance, that you may be made acquainted with your value, and understand what you owe to yourselves, to your families, and to your country. At this moment the fate of Ireland is in your hands: you have it in your power either by your heroic virtue to snatch it from impending destruction, or by a base submission to an over-awing authority, to reduce it to the most abject and unworthy condition. The woman who has not sufficient virtue to assert her own consequence, is not only undeserving of the rank she holds in the state, but by her weakness is in danger of falling from the honor of her sex; and most certainly, as far as an individual can go, lends her assistance to destroy the beautiful order of society. If you polish our manners, and mold us to your commands, consider how much depends on your conduct: you can either subdue us by your controul, or animate us by your example. Our sex but lives for the happiness you distribute; and if you corrupt us, you render us as insensible to the dignity of your virtue as to the excellence of your beauty: you make us either *slaves*, or *heroes*.

There is something in this semi-barbarous rule that debases and degrades us all. If we bear not up against the tide of corruption that is overwhelming us, we shall soon be lost to ourselves, and then indeed who shall help or pity us? Most assuredly you will be the first to despise us. Would you, my beloved country women, chuse to resemble the dignified Cornelia, who made her sons less worthy of the country that gave them birth than of their own great mother, who taught them how to die in defence of its Liberties; or with a barbarous and criminal infirmity, would you encourage the civil war of husband against his own family, of brother against brother, of father against son, and of son against father? Would you break all the ties of nature, and sin against the charities of kindred? For what purpose, think you, did the great author of your being give you to man? Was it that you should thin creation, and unpeople the earth? Was it that you should disrobe

yourselves of your sex's softness, and replace it with an exterminating barbarism? War with mercenaries may be endured, and the British spoiler may hire out his blood to sweep us from the land; but how delightful is *your* task to preserve as to create, to cement the work of *union*, to add the captivating influence of beauty and persuasion to the ascendancy of Liberty! the only ascendancy except your own, that virtue should acknowledge: and as virtue is *yours*, you should make us worthy of its enjoyment.

You who are wives, who are mothers, who are daughters, who are sisters, think of the murders that have widowed and orphaned your country. Think of the infant tossed from the point of the bayonet into the flames. Think of the wretched mother, shut up with her little children in her once happy dwelling, and there roasted, that the music of their shrieks may entertain the ear of the savage murderer. Think of the poor hamlet, that was cottaged with innocence and peace, or resounded with the song of industry, desolated in a moment by the brutal hand of force, and where nothing remains to be seen but famine and distress stalking through the unpeopled desert. Think of your sex dishonored by impious and lawless banditties, that should have been the defenders of their country. Think of the despairing mother sitting by the road-side, tearing her hair, with her children either famished at her feet, or butchered, or burned, or deflowered! Can you look tamely on, and behold your own beautiful creation thus destroyed, without a wish to relieve? With you, to wish, is to perform; but if you possess not that wish, you make yourselves the abettors of this destroying system, accomplices in the murder of your own work. And will you either by your conduct, or by what is as bad, a *supine indifference*, support a master-hood that excludes from it all the endearments and holdings of socal life, all that delights or binds men together? Will you love the man who takes a pleasure in the ignorance and rude abasement of the *governed*? Full well I know your hearts detest him; and that while you thrust the monster from your sight, you will loath the embraces of the wretch, whom his country has pronounced execrated---yes, my country women, of that wretch, who, when he shall be cut off from the earth that he has unhallowed, will cause his children to curse the memory of their bloody father, that had left them *infamy* for their inheritance; and whose wife will be pointed at as she shares in the imprecations that pursue the murderer of his country.

Those that would enslave us all, would tremble at the day that *you* asserted your rights: no revolution could appal them more, because a revolution founded on the just rights of nature and in direct opposition to the destroyers of those rights. Inauspicious day for them, but happy day for Ireland, when you shall pay the tribute of *your* applause to the brave asserters of their country's independence! When *your* approbation shall stamp a character for

Ireland; when it shall steel the arm of your lover, and crown his brow with the wreath of public virtue! Be virtuous then yourselves, and recollect that patriotism is a woman's best dominion. If you are patriots, you make us brave, you make us deserving of you: we should dread to be the cowards of corruption. Mix the laurel with the myrtle; encourage the youthful patriot that courts your affection, to win it as the heroes of France won theirs, by *deeds of glorious emulation;* and to him who aspires to your love, let your answer be, "Go first, and deserve well of your country."

I am, fair and dear country women,

Your faithful friend and admirer,

MARCUS.

THE BITTER ORANGE.

AN HEROIC POEM.

CANTO THIRD.

Soon as the Viscount finds, quiescent nerves
These accents trac'd, his anxious eye observes:
And thus, forgetting his dishonored breech,
Boldly begins THE CLARE---DILLONIAN SPEECH:

My Lords, indignant scarce cou'd I refrain
From interruption---to express the pain
Which ever in my loyal heart begins
With the first murmurs of these Jacobins!

——Methinks already, by the picture drawn,
Stain'd the pure *ermine!*---soil'd the virgin *lawn!*
Yes---to what *Bench* mine eye enquiring turns,
Rous'd is the *Church!*---the State resentful burns!
Such the effect from what this Earl has said---
Audacious statement insolently made!
Then say, my lords, what epithet too bold
To brand the traitor whom his words unfold!

Yes, I will tell that party-stricken Peer,
Had he attended to his duty here,
Or had he listen'd to your late report,
Or had his information been from Court,
He wou'd have found, upon the strongest reason,
Statute with *us*---and with the *People* treason!
A general treason, threat'ning to out-live
Many who sway our wise executive!
Where has he learn'd his pity for the *rabble?*
Where to respect such gross and vulgar babble?
Why did he not within this realm reside,
And learn from us, such claimants to deride?

Had he but listen'd to the learn'd Lord,
Soul of the Woolsack and the Council board!
Whose very will is law---whose very chide
Makes fearful lordlings their opinions hide!
Him had he heard, with wonder and with awe,
Insulting Bective or abusing Law;
Him had he heard with virulence dispel
The bold enquiry aim'd at Otwell,
Ere this, he'd known what they must feel who dare
Oppose the harsh and acrimonious Clare!
Once more I say (this riband shews what for)
Once more I say (to please the Chancellor)
Once more I say (to *Moira's* very face)
From Fox and him this turbulence we trace,
Bless'd as the People are, what other cause
To disapprove our system and our laws?

Seditious movers of the discontent,
Have dar'd petition the *King's Parliament;*
Insulting traitors, in their counties met,
But *we* dispersed them with the Bayonet!
These are the libellers who falsely dare
Malign this just---this wise---this glorious war!
Whose aim the public slavery---that ours
In trust for Pitt should be the regal pow'rs.
Tho' Freedom fall---and tho' the People die:
Perish the People and their liberty!
And yet behold one daring personage
Presumes to shield the rebels from our rage!
A traitor to the Cabinet and Pitt.
But words are weak---strong measures now befit,
And therefore move I---that, within this hour,
Giffard and Sirr convey him to the *Tower*,
That Captain Dutton shall with Barber take
The traitor down to Newel and to Lake,
Six months in Barrack-dungeon dark and cold,
Six months imprisoned in the Tender's hold;
Thence to *Botanic-Bay* his banishment
Deserved wages of such discontent!
That lesser traitors thence, shall know and feel
Our brains of lead---our bowels made of steel!

The oppressions which the people of Ireland laboured under, are not to be deplored---" the bondage must be felt before the chains are broken." France has broken her chains, and broke them on " the heads of her tyrants." *Irishmen* therefore, begin to consider their afflictions, as auspicious signals from heaven informing them, that they are still capable of being free.

No. 55.---SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 3.

LETTER OF MR. J. BIRD,*

TO THE

CITIZENS OF ULSTER,

IMMOLATED IN BASTILES, BARRACKS, TENDERS, &c. &c.

GALLANT CAPTIVES,

LANGUISHING in loathsome cells, whose floors are solid rock! the roof a ponderous arch, with doors of massy iron! deprived of light, of air, of exercise, of health, of every blessing the strong arm of power could destroy! menaced with destruction in a thousand horrid forms, and worried by every evil attendant on a cruel--- "laws delay!" where shall I find words of sufficient energy to explore the dungeon's depth, and dispel the dismal gloom which pervades your wretched habitations; how to men so tortured, speak one word of chearing hope! Yet mourn not! droop not, suffering Patriots! far less despair! that Providence which delighteth in producing good to man, by means inscrutable to his narrow wisdom, will not desert you in the hour of peril; but from the heart-goading tyranny of ruffian gaolers! will shortly restore you to the arms of your faithful partners of misery, and the smiles of your much-loved offspring!

By what powerful agency these truly desirable events are to be attained, prudence forbids me to tell you; but

"*I could* A TALE UNFOLD,
"*Whose lightest word would harrow up your soul.*"

At present I dare not go farther than to inform you, that the vilest of human degeneracy, intent on compassing your death, entrusted me with the diabolical schemes intended to destroy you. I will turn their accursed engines against themselves; I will defeat their hellish machinations---and then too late, in agonizing horror, will they curse the womb that gave them birth, and the hour when they became the enemy of mankind. In vain will they call on the mountains to bend their lofty tops and cover them, or the earth they pollute, to gape and swallow them. But death! I hope, will not be near---Let them live! let them crawl on the surface of the earth, shunned, as a contagion, by the very vilest and most hardened of the children of iniquity! marked by the finger of an awful, indignant

* Our readers will know this is the person who was to have appeared for the Crown by the name of Smith.

Being! as a *solemn warning*, a *living reproach* to erring man! But enough of such reptiles---rest you satisfied, worthy, injured men, to whom I here presume to address myself, that their *annihilation*, *your* RENOVATION, approaches with a rapidity which far outstrips the speed of your most sanguine hope! Preserve that noble fortitude and patience, which has enabled you to defy the howling storm raised by trembling tyrants to overwhelm you; and soon shall you receive from the love, joy, and gratitude of the United brethren of the illustrious ORR, a reward too splendid for wealth to purchase, monarchs to possess, or prosperous vice attain.

(Signed)

J. BIRD.

P. S. The writer of the above address, far from intending to damp the spirits of the numerous victims of a *direful system*, confined in the prisons of the other three provinces, sincerely laments that his power to do good, by *direct* means, extends no farther than to the *men* of *Ulster*; but most ardent does he hope, that the benefit arising from the *fall* of TERRORISM, will be spread to the remotest corner of ERIN.

The Orange Journal has this morning asserted, that we fabricated the letter of Mr. Smyth, the witness against the Northern prisoners, to Mr. Secretary Cooke. This mean falsehood may suit the readers of the Dublin Journal; but what detestation must it raise in the minds of the honest people against the administration of which this lying monster forms so efficient a part, and with whom he shares 3500l. per annum of the spoils.

We call the attention of the public to this villainy, vainly intended to parry the statement which they feel they have to dread; we call upon Mr. Cooke, who has had such experience of this gentleman's handwriting, to deny this letter if he can; we call upon the public to examine into this profligate device; we call upon the many dupes to the artifices of a faction so traiterous and assassin, to open their eyes to the disgrace of being the cullies of so vile a crew; we call on the men of property to bethink themselves whether it is wise to risk their all in a conflict against their country, in order to support a few wretched varlets in their scandalous usurpations; we call upon them in the name of common sense, to separate themselves from such an alliance, and identify themselves by a virtuous UNION with the people, before it be too late; we tell these miscreants that *one thousand pocket-books* would not hold the correspondence which we have seen, and which is perhaps by this time published elsewhere, and of which one hundred witnesses can attest the truth.

A *large detachment* from the *Battalion* of *Testimony* have been ordered into country quarters---probably for the service of the ensuing spring circuit.

The Bird is flown; he has escaped the *Dawes* that haunt the old tower of Birmingham; he has *Cooked* the *Clerks*. Oh rare *Bird!* As there is rejoicing in Heaven at the entrance of a repenting sinner: so, oh *Bird*, the choiresters of death, except his Excellency's *Canaries*, will sing in strains of praise thy reformation, oh rare *Bird!*

No. 56.---TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 6.

LETTERS FROM THE MOUNTAINS.

LETTER VIII.

YOU propose to me certain queries, that naturally arise out of the subject of our correspondence---they are of the utmost importance; but the answers to them may not be easy, or safe of discussion; yet I will endeavour to satisfy your doubts, as far as may be allowed, in these wretched times of cruel vigilance, and jealous oppression: when, not only the free communication of opinion is represt, but even the current of thought, and the exercise of private judgment are controuled. I must repeat, once for all, what I have inculcated in my former letters, that the present *English* ministry have given such decided and unequivocal manifestations of their hostile dispositions towards this country, that from them WE CANNOT HOPE FOR GOOD; *do men gather grapes off thorns, or figs off thistles?*

The question, then, naturally results---is there any dawn of hope? any prospect of relief, by the removal of this ominous and atrocious administration? I fear, I must answer in the negative.---The English people are sunk in torpor and apathy---they have not thought or feeling to demand a change of men and measures; on they plunge and flounder, from ill to worse, with implicit confidence and blind submission, to the flagitious men who have heaped on them calamities unparalleled, and overwhelmed them with bankruptcy and shame; a resort to new men could not make them worse ---it might, perhaps, snatch them from perdition; they are possessed by a besotted desperation; they have not courage for the experiment; the aristocratic proprietors of the soil, immerst in luxury, and whirled away in the pursuit of frivolous pleasures, cannot bear the fatigue of reflection; they do not wish to be roused from the trance of fond indulgence. The monied people, the dupes of their own avarice and cupidity, ensnared by the present lucre of government contracts, and financial speculations, have soared on wings of paper to an imaginary prosperity. They shrink abhorrent from any change, lest it should injure the frail vehicle, which alone supports them over a tremendous abyss. They have so implicated themselves with the present system, they find such momentary ad-

vantage in the continuance of the reigning abuses, that they cannot detach themselves from the minister. The people, the plebean multitude have no longer any name, voice, or political existence; they must learn a new lesson, "*that they have no concern with the laws, except to obey them.*" Their weight and influence in the community are annihilated, by the universal diffusion of terror, by the ponderous and iron hand of a gigantic military despotism. Government regards the multitude only as objects of taxation, or of fear; as brute animals, destined to be the natural prey of more powerful and ferocious beasts, the exciseman and the common soldier. The privileged casts turn their eyes on France, and learn to consider the multitude as their determined foes, as secret conspirators for the destruction of those privileges, which, to them, are dearer than the salvation of the state. In thought, they behold all the sacred pales and barriers overthrown, by the rude and callous hands of peasants and mechanics, that fence in the hallowed walks and pleasure grounds, where spiritual pride and aristocratic insolence strut at large, untroubled and admired, and enjoy the distant homage of the profane vulgar. They communicate their alarms to government---they cry aloud that their Paradise being violated, their sacred groves and high places being polluted and laid waste, and the idols of ancient worship being cast down, the next attack may be on the Holy of Holies. The rash irreverant hand of democratic reformation, may tear the awful and mysterious veil that covers majesty itself, when slumbering on the throne. They encourage government to schemes of coercion; they join in the work of oppression; they trample the people in the dust; they set their feet on their necks, conscious that were they suffered to rise, the moment of their resurrection may be the downfall of their oppressors. The rational and patriotic few stand at a distance, and contemplate the strange scene, in silent sorrow and amazement; doubtful whether the public lethargy, the deletorious *coma*, shall precede revolutionary convulsions, or placid dissolution.

If we examine the truth attentively, we shall find that a change of ministry is scarcely possible. The present managers have pursued such ruinous measures with so much obstinacy, and hurried the nation on to such a precipice, that their continuance in office must, in my opinion, be co-existent with the present order of things. They have grown on royalty, like an enormous wen; they have drawn to themselves the strength and vital nourishment of that which they vitiate and deform; and should they now be cut off, a profuse hemorrhage, and mortal faintness, must follow their removal. They have, in fact, so perplexed, in the extreme, the state of Britain; so loaded her with debts and taxes; so crippled her resources, and exasperated her enemies, that bold indeed must be the minister, foolishly fond of power, or weakly sanguine in his hopes of good, that, amidst the wreck of a sinking state, would venture to assume the helm. Melancholy and dangerous function! to preside at the downfal of a ruined nation.

It may be thought by some, that prudence should lead the present ministry to resign their dangerous pre-eminence, to withdraw themselves from a criminal responsibility, before destruction pounces upon them with the rapid pinion and strong talons of an eagle. They cannot do it; their consciousness of guilt, their sense of danger prevents them. They know and feel that punishment must follow resignation; that the people would then be roused from their trance, and call for vengeance on the authors of their misery, the deluders of their easy faith, with all the rage and enmity that succeed to ill-quited love, and confidence misplaced. Aware of this, the present ministry will cling to office, as their *palladium*. They know that continuance in power is their impunity; they will not leave this sanctuary; they will grasp the pillars of the temple. Sooner than they will suffer themselves to be driven or torn from their stations, they will shake those pillars to their foundation; they will overwhelm all orders of the state in a common ruin, and bury themselves in the disjointed fragments of the edifice.

The secession of the friends of the Constitution, from the two houses of Parliament, in each kingdom, does not seem to have made a sufficient impression on the public mind. In my opinion it is a most awful transaction; it is the last warning measure of despairing virtue. It should awaken the people; it should purge their eyes with *euphrasy and rue*, that they may look attentively around them, and consider what dangers menace them from abroad; what resources they possess at home.

The principle and tendency of this secession, are not equivocal; it is a marked declaration by action, more strong than words, that the present subsisting forms, perverted as they now are, cannot suffice, for the salvation of the country.---Were the tendency and meaning of this secession in the least equivocal, the leaders of Opposition have not left the people to their own surmises and glosses on the text; they have spoken out, and explained as fully and explicitly as it was possible, consistently with their own safety; they have told the people that they are reduced to a dilemma; that they have but one alternative, an alternative however, on which no freeborn spirit, no rational being can entertain a long deliberation.

The change of ministry, then, is an improbable event; suppose, however, that the propitious genius of *Britain* should predominate, and unexpectedly confide the reins of government to patriotic hands. You ask me, what benefits do I propose to *Ireland*, from such a change of men and measures in *Britain*? Though I might rejoice at such an event, as a friend to suffering humanity; shall I frankly confess to you, I should not be very sanguine, in my expectations of particular benefit to *Ireland*. In the scale of a *British* minister, the little finger of *Britain* outweighs the whole body of *Ireland*. Place the most liberal, enlightened, and philanthropic man in *England*, at the head of administration; he will not be able

to follow the dictates of his own wisdom and humanity; he will not be able to enlarge the *Irish* Cabinet, from the wizard circle of an *English* interest. The people, like a froward child, will expect to be humoured; by the people, the popular minister will have been forced into office, and by them will he be retained in his situation; therefore the interest, the caprice, the errors of a manufacturing town, or fishing village in *Britain*, will frequently have more influence, than the united voices of the *Irish* people. I will suppose the British Minister, not to be ensnared, by his ambition or his love of popularity; I will suppose his intentions to be as pure as possible, and accompany them, with power commensurate to his good dispositions; still he will think as an *Englishman*, he will not be able to divest himself of the passions and prejudices of an *Englishman;* and it cannot be dissembled, or concealed, that an *Inhabitant of the favoured Sovereign Island* learns, from his cradle, to hold *Ireland*, its natives, its genius, its utility and its interests, in the most sovereign contempt; add to this that the *British* minister will not be able to see his way clearly before him; he will derive his knowledge of the country, its wants, its grievances, and its interests, from partial and fallacious reporters; from the aristocracy, and the hierarchy, from placemen and absentees. *Xenophon* tells us of a man, who supposed he had two souls, the one good, the other evil---we might be led to think, that certain eminent characters might have two souls, or two consciences; the one good for *England*, the other evil *for Ireland*. Thus the same person may be a patriot in *England*, advocate for coercion in *Ireland*; strong in opposition in *England*, a firm supporter of government in *Ireland*. Doubtless, the present atrocious system of terror, would be relinquished, but, would the radical mischiefs, the solid original grievances of the country be removed? I fear the just demands of the people would be evaded, temporary expedients would be adopted; the popular leaders would be tempted to relinquish their party, with situations of profit and honour, plausible and soothing language would be employed; concessions of small import would be made with a degree of weight, solemnity, and bustle, as if they were mighty matters; a flimsy parliamentary reform, that would skim and flutter, like a moth, round the glaring surface of corruption; a pedling, unmeaning, insignificant profession of œconomy; a dismissal of flagitious characters, the authors and finishers of our misery, not to the just reward of their exertions, the gaol, the scaffold, and the gibbets, but to their villas and palaces, with pensions equal to the amount of their present emoluments, as if they had deserved praise and remuneration instead of execration and punishment from their country. Such would be the peace offerings of the new ministry, and the suffering nation would be loaded, with double burthens, to purchase the presence and services of its supposed friends, and

the absence and indolence of its avowed enemies. In short, while the nation was labouring under a disease that attacks the vitals, instead of a complete change of regimen, and a powerful course of alternatives and drastic medicines, miserable palliatives would be exhibited, which would only perpetuate disease, and divert the patient from pursuing the means of cure.

You ask my opinion, concerning the distance or proximity of peace with *France*. Peace with *France* is not near; if we may believe the declarations of the French government; if we may believe the conclusions of reason from a view of the apparent interests, and obvious policy of the *French* nation; or if we maybelieve the measure of their recalling to the ranks of their army, the young men of the first requisition. The maritime ambition and commercial usurpation of *Britain* are such, as must awaken the fears and jealousies of every nation, that aspires to exercise trade and manufactures, and her hostile aggressions, and plans of destruction have been such as must excite on the part of *France* a most rooted and deadly animosity.

But this age teems with surprizing and unexpected events. Peace with France, though an improbable event, may not therefore be remote. What would be the consequence of an accommodation between Rome and Carthage, with respect to the Island we inhabit? An Union. In *form*, a legal and constitutional incorporation; in *substance*, a conquest by force of arms. The scabbard is thrown away; the designs of the British Cabinet are announced, from the highest authorities; all the monstrous atrocities which plunge this country in confusion, and threaten to deluge it with blood, have been avowed, and justified in the great assembly of the sister kingdom; on the same plea of necessity, that was adduced for the use of blood-hounds against the *Maroons;* for the infamous traffic in human flesh; and for the barbarities that are exercised by British planters on their fellow-creatures of a different hue Large sacrifices may be made to France; the pride of royalty m bow to the stern genius of democracy, and sue for peace; not, mercy to mankind, but to gain a momentary respite from the pre sure of war abroad, for the redoubled coercion, and merciless tinction of the champions of liberty at home. Then the milit force that now overspreads the country, and fills it with outr and devastation, will be augmented daily, with ferocious swarms undisciplined hungry hords, breathing slaughter, and longing confiscation; the vast poison plant of terror, that now oversh the devoted land with its baleful branches shall blossom ou new forms of vigilant cruelty, remorseless fear, and inveterat barity, and drop on the deserted soil, wet with tears and beneath, anguish, mourning, and dismay; famine, death, population.

MONTA

No. 57---THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 8.

Extract of a letter from Cloyne, January 24, 1798.

" Petty outrages, by being familiar, seem only to fix the sullen despair, which universally prevails over the inhabitants of this barony. But the following is a fact, marked with circumstances of such wanton cruelty and atrocious barbarity, as must rouse the indignation of every Irishman, whose heart is not wholly divested of native humanity. On Saturday last, as Captain O---y was riding to Rostellan, in company with C---y's, one of our Vicars Choral; he met one Shanahan, a wealthy and respectable farmer, who lives between this Town and Whitewell; and who was suspected of being a Captain of White-boys. The *singing gentleman*, who is supported by those, who never hear the music of his voice, pointing to the man, told O---y that he was *Captain* Shanahan, and immediately they rode up, seized his reins, and in this manner were leading him to town; when some interruption on the road, obliged O---y to separate from C---ys and leave Shanahan to his custody. The honest farmer, wanting neither spirit nor activity, seized this opportunity of disengaging himself from the feeble and emasculated C---ys, sets spurs to his horse, and leaped from the road into his own farm---Captain O---y with no less vigour pursued, and in the first field they were obliged to alight, and clamber over the hedge. Shanahan was overtaken, but taking advantage of O---y, while enaged in drawing his sword, he with one blow of his fist brought him to the ground, and thus effected his escape. The Captain got up full of disappointment and revenge, drove Shanahan's horse into town, and with more than savage barbarity ordered one of his myrmidons to shoot him in the middle of the market place.

" Having thus revenged himself of the unoffending animal, he dispatched a company of the militia (the Wexford) to Lurrig, the place of Shanahan's residence, to burn his house; and accordingly, about four o'clock in the evening, they committed to the flames his dwelling-house, barn, stable, cow-house, and even his pig-stye, jeeringly exclaimed, '*that they would give them roast pig for supper.*' Thus this poor man, a man of amiable and respectable character in his sphere of life, lost in one evening, by military outrage, the produce of several years labour---his household furniture, the wearing apparel of himself and family, consisting of a wife and eight children, and all his last year's tillage. And what must still excite our compassion for this unfortunate man, from a copse where he lay hid from his pursuers, he was constrained to be the terrified and astonished spectator of this conflagration, which must involve himself and family in inevitable ruin. I have now given you a circumstantial account of this transaction, and so leave you to your own reflections."

No. 58---SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 10.

FOR THE PRESS.

THAT illustrious army the Volunteers of Ireland, first brought the politics of Ireland into general discussion; the citizen soldier could not but satisfy himself with a reason for his carrying arms, and engaging in the toil of military discipline; and therefore he was necessarily led to take a view of the situation of his country, and he flew to the ranks, from a conviction that he acted for the public weal.

The collision of thought which arises from society, enlarged his mind, improved his judgment, and created a taste for *enquiry*. Some principles of the Volunteers might, and no doubt were defective, but politics were then only in embryo, and the mind was but just preparing for the reception of that *mighty blaze* of light, which has eclipsed all prior attainments, forced a renunciation of *all* local and religious prejudices, and rendered the Presbyterians ashamed of their former imbecility and bigotry; so that they now look upon themselves with contempt for their folly, and reprobate with the most cordial detestation, that system which has divided their country, annihilated its spirit, and enslaved its inhabitants.

Thus the very circumstances of life and society gave birth to the UNION of Irishmen. In vain do the advocates of Ireland's wretchedness affect to say---"That United Irishmen are only those who have been seduced by the intrigues of a few ruthless and ambitious men."---I tell such men, that they know nothing of the Irish mind. If United Irishmen be so contemptible, surely they are very cowardly to be in such terror of them, and if United Irishmen be both powerful, and innumerable (which perhaps may turn out true) ambitious men could not have so influenced them, unless they had been previously *united* in principle and sentiment.

Yes, YE CATHOLICS, I glory to write it---the Presbyterians of the North are bound to *you*, in the strictest ties of amity and brotherhood; not merely by an *oath of friendship*---but, by the *deepest conviction* of their understanding and judgment; such an union must be eternal, because they are confident that you have a like mutual good esteem of them; nor can any partial exception, as the address of Messrs. Brennan and M'Ildowney, make any impression to the contrary. They know the mean, base, and seductive arts made use of, to procure addresses, and create division, by those who are gnashing their teeth with rage and vexation, at seeing the approaching dissolution of that *Hydra of Corruption*, that *mystery of iniquity*, which has so long enslaved the PEOPLE, and tarnished the renown of the SHAMROCK ISLE.

Orange-men may pretend to hold out to *you* the *boon of mercy*, and resolutions said to be signed by Catholics, militating against the

union of Irishmen, may be brought forward by the enemies of our common country, to alarm *our* fears, or arouse *our* superstition---but avaunt ye enemies of *peace*---your intentions have completely failed, ye have created no division, but that which at this moment exists between you, and the *virtuous* people whom you wished to dupe and misrepresent---no, these times of superstition and alarm are gone; on our part, we can easily discriminate between the virtuous intention of honest and unsuspecting Catholics, and the hostile, bloody, and dividing machinations of a fabricator of resolutions, and a forger of signatures; and we know that the people are the friends of Ireland, and being so, we are their friends; and also that resolution makers, and signature forgers, are the enemies of Ireland, and being so, we are their enemy. This is the *condition* of our friendship or hatred, FRIEND OR FOE TO IRELAND: all our affection, and partiality concentre in that *dear* and *sublime* " partiality,"---OUR COUNTRY; and we know the Catholics of Ireland too well, even to suppose that they will believe for a moment that hypocritical offer of *mercy*, which extends protection with one hand, and the dagger with the other.

Why do they offer mercy to you? Because they cannot *exterminate* you. Why do they wish you to be at enmity with Presbyterians? Because they know that *your* union with *us*, is their destruction. And why do the Presbyterians of the North despise, detest, and abominate the Orangemen? Why, merely for this reason, that they have sworn either your *destruction* or your *slavery*---the Orangeman says, you must either be slaves *as you were*, or you must suffer; the Presbeterian says, you must be *free*, or he will *perish* along with you in the attempt---mutual suffering, mutual union, mutual exertion, and mutual liberty with you, are the sentiments, and intentions of the Presbyterians of Ulster. But why do I mention the Orange faction in an address to the Catholics of Ireland; I do it for this purpose alone, that as *we* know *you must* detest such men, and such principles, that you may know we equally detest and abhor them. And why do I mention the Presbyterian? Merely for this purpose, that you may get familiar with the *name*, know his principles, and *feel* as he does. Believe me the Presbyterian of Ulster wishes for life, only that he may see his *Country free*, and ALL the people partaking equally the rights and privileges of Citizens---*nothing less is their object than the Independence of Ireland, and the Freedom of all its Inhabitants.* Trust me the Presbyterians of Ulster do by no means wish to see you sit down contented with cold Catholic Emancipation, as a *gift* from any government; no, they wish to see you by your own energy rescue yourselves from that oppression you have so long laboured under; and in doing so, they are ready to *risk* every thing in the *common cause.*

In one word, if we be Presbyterians in religion, we are Catholics in politics. But why do I say " *risk* every thing in the *common cause*"---Sure I am, every person must see, that any administration that exists by bribery and corruption, by stifling truth, by enacting

sanguinary laws, and by enforcing them by military force, is on the very brink of destruction; no government, by *force*, can or ever did exist long, and the reason is obvious, they expend more than their revenue, and of course when they are not able to pay for deceit, blindness, and cruelty, all these supports fly from underneath them; and having previously renounced the people, they are left supportless, and crumble into nothing. Immoderateness in government produces confusion in the affairs of a state, equally as in a private individual. The revenue of Ireland at present scarcely pays the expence of collecting; a vast train of Castle dependants; an army of spies and informers; a subservient bench; a foreign mercenary soldiery, and an exterminating Orange faction:---all, all must be hired, must be bribed, must be paid, over and above the common and ordinary expences of government; and the fund for all this is, the precarious supply of a dear-bought loan. After such a view, who shall venture to say that the administration of this country is not rapidly verging into destruction.

What a glorious prospect now opens to the view of every honest Irishman? That administration which robbed the people of their rights, forbade them to tell their wrongs, and finally declared open war against them; that administration which rejected its own safety, by spurning the friendship of a faithful, brave, and generous people; that administration which persecutes Union, and cherishes a system of blood; that administration which endeavours to arrest the progress of Truth and Reason, and which hugs itself in the darkness of fanaticism and bigotry---*that* administration, I say, is reduced to this dreadful precipice; that if it moves forward, it is dashed to pieces, and if it attempts to retreat, certain destruction is its fate. Thus in the very nature of things, the dissolution of the present system is inevitable---and the freedom of Ireland is as certainly approaching, as the noon-tide blaze advances from the early dawn.

A little patience will soon terminate our sufferings; perseverance in union and brotherly affection, will for the present alleviate them. We hear of your sufferings and your *virtues;* we also are suffering with you in the same cause---and the time is not far distant when our passive virtues, impregnated with the active ones, shall procure for Ireland her rights; shall hurl confusion and destruction on her enemies; shall avenge the manes of her slaughtered patriots, indemnify the sufferings of those who may escape the proscription, and consolidate the everlasting glory, happiness, and peace of Ireland.

A PRESBYTERIAN.

Castlereagh, near Belfast.

THE GOOSE PYE, WITH THE ADDITION OF THE GREAT GANDER.

There is a place much famed for knowledge,
Not a stone-throw from the College,
Which once was pointed to the Eye
Like what is called a *Goose-Pye.*
This King-like, odd-like, pye-like Lodge
Oft contains a queer hodge-podge;
Jumbl'd together by occasion,
Most certainly for good of nation.

His Lordship rises,---makes a speech,
And damns Hibernia for a Bitch,
Because her curs'd sedition tends
To vex and teaze him and his friends,
By making odious *every place;*
And this affirms, with peevish face;
And tells an hundred thousand lies
'Bout treasons and conspiracies;
And then he cries with monstrous Pratt---le,
That nought can save them, but a battle
With ERIN's SONS,---poor harmless creatures,
(Too kind, too generous in their natures,)
For daring rotten state to heal,
For theirs and for their Country's weal,
To banish brib'ry from the helm,
And *corrupt Place-men* to o'erwhelm;
Because they wish *a better form,*
Without the horrors of a storm,
Which levels most resisting things,
And sometimes prostrates mighty Kings!
Thus said: the crowd, both old and young,
Learns the following from his tongue.

" But *here*, the danger's not so great,
As to o'erturn the Church and State;
For lo, the martial Band appears,
In dread array, and bravely swears,
To put down UNION in the Nation,
Yes, and throughout the whole Creation;
Because it is a dangerous thing,
For us, my Lords, or for the King,
That People should all join together,
Crying ERIN---" *now or never,*"
" Boldly come---reform the state,
" Be like one man, be firm, be great;
" Your Country calls you to her Banners,
" Let UNION bury all your clamours;

" The Irish Harp, with notes divine,
" Attunes her fav'rite airs and thine ;"
And while Hibernia gives the call,
These accents from her lips do fall:
" *Like faithful Christians keep in mind,*
" *A charity for all mankind ;*
" *Which like the Sun, its beams doth strike,*
" *With full refulgence all alike.*"
These things, enraged, his Lordship hears,
Those accents ringing in his ears,
While now he pauses,---now he says
(Petulance marking all his ways)
My Lords, you see the damn'd condition
We're brought to, by this coalition
Of the People---who're UNITED,
O horrid truth, for to be righted ;
That is my, Lords, O mind the lurch,
To lop off pensions, heal the church,
To set the *Bishops---Clergy* right,
And make them pray with all their might ;
Because forsooth they are so careless,
And of the people---they're so fearless ;
For the *good Bishops* live so well,
They mind not People, Heav'n, or Hell.
And now, my Lords, the Commons too,
Whose virtues are well known to you ;
Because the People dare complain
Of this tax now, and that again,
And other things I did explain ;
Have long determined to humble
Each rising patriot ; and to tumble
This *damn'd* Union head o'er heels,
It therefore now, the bayonet feels ;
Which is a *speedy---easy* cure,
Your Lordships will approve, I'm sure.
And therefore districts are all burn'd
The Widow and the Orphan spurn'd
Lest from our places *we* be turn'd,
Or be obliged to trip, or prance
To curs'd *Ca Ira*---tune of France.
The listening Crowd full approbation nods,
And vote great Fitz----a place among the Gods.
Thus having done his long Oration
He sits him down, and steers the Nation.
*** Oh ERIN's Sons still at your places stand,
The People's will *must* regulate the Land.

A PADDY.

No. 59.---TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 13.

The following Letter was written by an honest countryman, an inhabitant of the county of Carlow, and an eye-witness to several of the acts of oppression carrying on against the people of that miserable county. We give it in his own simple, unadorned style ("for truth, when unadorned, is adorned the most"), considering every individual in the society as having a claim to the columns of The Press *; we give it to those to whom it is addressed, as their best rule of conduct, being the advice of an honest, uncontaminated heart, feeling for the sufferings of his fellow men, and acquainted with their sentiments. The writer is at present in town, furnishing statements of many of the atrocities committed in Carlow---the actors in which, we understand, will be proceeded against in the Courts of Law.*

TO THE

MAGISTRATES OF THE COUNTY OF CARLOW.

The unheard-of excesses committed by the magistracy of your county, has induced me thus to address you. Although your late conduct would induce me to imagine that all belief of future rewards or punishments, being annexed to virtuous or vicious actions performed here below, has become extinct in you, still I hope, for the good of humanity, that your interest, the only motive which seems to govern your conduct, will induce you to reverse your late most sanguinary and tyrannical proceedings. Much has been said, and in part justly, against the atrocities committed during the French Revolution ; but in order to explore the cause, we must mount to first principles, and see from whence they arose ; it was from the rooted aversion and opposition of the aristocracy to any kind of reform, joined by the cruelty and oppressions with which they treated all persons struggling for the restoration of their rights. Like you at present, little idea had they that the moment was shortly to arrive, when their injustice and crimes would be retaliated with usury by a people, whom their example (the most refined and elevated of their nation) had taught to be ferocious and cruel, to a degree that staggers belief and humanity. When the nobility of France were thus treating the people, they could not be brought to believe that a revolution, founded on the eternal principles of justice, and the rights of man, could be ever effected by creatures whom they were taught from infancy to treat as beasts, and look on with contempt. They have since seen and felt its practicability and to them fatal consequences. What at first appeared in France very improbable, appears at this period in Ireland (if not immediately prevented by the most just and liberal conciliation) almost inevitable. To

persons of common sense, such a lesson staring them in the face, should, I think, be sufficient to make them at least pay some respect to the laws; but it seems as if God was blinding your understanding, at the same time that you are steeling your hearts to all the soft and tender feelings of humanity, to make your punishment the more exemplary, and in some measure adequate to your crimes. By only mentioning these in a general manner, perhaps through the medium of that sink of corruption, the Dublin Journal, you would endeavour to impose upon the public, by attempting to make them believe you never committed what you are here accused with. In order to prevent your eluding that disgrace which your more than African tyranny so deservedly merits, I here select a few particular instances out of that black catalogue, which will be shortly published, and which will be substantiated upon oath, if necessary.

Thomas Timmin, a young man from Newtown, barony of Idrone, was taken by Cornwall's Yeomanry; when he was taken, he was cut with swords in a most horrid manner---then offered to be liberated and rewarded, if he would become informer, and threatened with instant death in case of refusal; the lad not being capable of giving information, was taken and hung, cut down and bled, and when restored to his senses, threatened with similar cruelty if he would not make a confession; not having it in his power, he was treated as before---then again cut down, recovered, and his executioners not being able to extort a confession, hung him up a third time---such is the clemency of our tender rulers.

Tobin Kilbride, barony of Forth, was seized upon, and his executioners not being capable to extort a false confession against innocent persons, hung him up for several minutes; after his restoration to life, hurried him to the dungeons of Carlow, where he now remains.

Rourke's house, in Carrigstaney, barony of Forth, burned on suspicion, and not informing, robbed by the plunderers of ten guineas in cash; his wife and children turned out naked; the assassins were going to murder them for modestly requesting to be allowed to return before the conflagration of the house, to bring out some of their clothes, to preserve their lives from the penetrating frost and cold of these inclement nights.

Haughy, a farmer in the neighbourhood of Carlow, who is possessed of a large property, and unacquainted with the late acts in relation to arms, thought nothing more lawful than to keep a gun, to guard against the mid-night robber, or more terrible assassin. The army came, found the piece, and was so merciful as to order him to prepare immediately for death, or become an informer. The man knowing nothing, resigned himself to death. They could find no rope, but made use of a hank of yarn, as a substitute, with which they hung him three times; at each period of letting him down, repeating the threats of instant death, if he would not consent to swear away innocent mens' lives.

In contemplating these, the pen almost drops from my hand, and I cannot restrain myself from looking with contempt upon the species to which I belong; but I must correct myself, and confine my remarks to that description, in whom a lust of power and avarice has swallowed up every good principle implanted in them by their Creator.

I come now to another species of cruelty, though not so glaring, yet far more villainous, viz. apprehending and transporting any person whom you may suspect the Supreme Being has blessed with knowledge enough to know his rights, or venture to assert them. Thus the fidelity of your county not allowing you the pleasure of having an informer, who might in some measure sanction your injustice, you indiscriminately seize upon all, your haunted imagination presents to you as entertaining the least love for their country. You wish and struggle to prevent the dissemination of knowledge, and replunge a people into that Gothic and barbarous ignorance out of which they are beginning to emerge. Great numbers having been obliged to fly from your frightful county, you immediately pronounced them guilty; had they been hardy enough to have remained, they would in this inclement season of the year have been thrown into a crowded and loathsome dungeon, to perish with cold, hunger, and pestilence, or hurried as transports to the mortal regions of the West-Indies, to perish by the unwholesomeness of the climate, or in fighting for a cause which brought upon them and families so many accumulated miseries; and all this without the semblance of justice, or trial, even by a *packed Jury*.

No conduct however regular and reserved, no character however good, can with you be secure from suspicion; but such is the inversion of things, that the more spotless the life, and the more pure the morals, the more alarm does suspicion take, and the more cruel punishment does it prepare for the devoted victim. As soon as whim, caprice, revenge or cruelty attaches suspicion to any individual, the aristocracy immediately propagate a report that they have got information against him. The poor wretch, conscious of his innocence, wishes nothing more than an immediate trial; but he knows that is eternally denied him. He sees seventeen prisoners after being confined upwards of three months, amidst all the horrors and hunger of Carlow gaol, transported one morning, without being able to procure even the form of trial; he sees or hears of numbers of the most amiable characters in the barony of Forth, taken from their houses, half hung, hacked or stabbed, to extort a confession, which not being able to procure, they are hurried on board a tender, and their family left to perish. Here, gentlemen, I crave permission to make a digression; humanity, when too much tormented, sinks under the weight; there is a certain point beyond which nature is not capable to bear up, and nothing in these moments of torments, but a supernatural assistance, can enable the sufferer to adhere to the truth, and not purchase his release from torture by any confes-

sion. If amongst your illustrious junto your leader, the Attorney, was to be selected and put to the torture, as he has done to so many, his pardon and a large bribe offered him, if he would accuse some innocent persons, I doubt not but he, so long trained to close with a bribe, and purchase ease and affluence by sacrificing every principle of virtue and honour, would soon agree to the proposal, and inform against the dearest of his immaculate colleagues. It is no way improbable, that such an instance may not shortly occur; and if it does, your present cruelty or moderation must regulate your punishment. When this infernal and odious Attorney first began his outrages and persecution, no part of Ireland could boast more loyalty than the county of Carlow; every thing was calm and unruffled as a summer's sea; but he had not long continued his career, when the principle, whose growth he affected to prevent, extended itself to all the adjacent parts of the country, and some persons, in whom the ignorant and deluded thought they saw new C---l's rising up, were sacrificed. Far be it from me to endeavour to extenuate the crime; but if you want to explore the source of the disorders of your country, go to Myshall, and you will soon discover it. In the barony of Carlow, to the eternal honour of the Bartons, and some other moderate magistrates, similar acts of cruelty were not allowed, and the happy consequence was the most profound tranquillity in that district of the county. There is not a country in Europe but a few characters of the Attorney's description would inflame into rebellion. All that is necessary to restore your county to loyalty and peace is the restoration of justice and the laws; which if you adopt, I have authority to speak in the name of the refugees, that they will most readily surrender and abide their trial; those who shall not, you may very justly accuse of conscious guilt, but if you be so blind and wicked as to continue your cruelty; you will only encrease the distress of your country, your own disgrace, and perhaps hasten for yourselves your final punishment, whilst your name and outrages will be handed down with odium and infamy to the most remote posterity. I remain, most ardently wishing your conversion,

HUMANITAS.

The Militia are not *foes* to their country, as the *enemies* to the Militia falsely insinuate---They are convinced that the first duty of a soldier is to protect, and they know that duty calls upon them as guardians of the people, to defend the liberties of the country. Are the army exempt from the same duty? What says the Lord Lieutenant? What says the Judges? What says his Majesty's Attorney General? What says the man who has more power than them all, what says the Commander in Chief of the Army? Abercrombie, answer as a true Scotchman ought to answer---answer with the candor, the honor, the spirit of the great Duke of *Argyle*.

No. 60.---THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 15.

Association for Collecting Proofs of the Enormities lately committed against the

RIGHTS OF THE PEOPLE.

AT a time when the Law has been systematically violated; when the lives, liberties, and properties of the Irish have been exposed to the most licentious outrage; when every thing to be dreaded from a hostile invader, has been already practised, by a force paid for the protection of the Country; when much of this evil has evidently proceeded from a suppression of the truth, by menace and terror, so that men having the greatest stake in this Country, are led blindly to their ruin, forgetting, that upon the same law which guarantees to the peasant his liberty and life, depend their safety and possessions:---an Association is at this time formed, for collecting authentic information, touching the atrocities perpetrated either under the pretended colour of law, or in direct violation of it. And the simple object of this Association, is, as far as in it lies, to restore peace to the country, by bringing the truth to public view, and offenders to public justice; by protecting the oppressed, and procuring redress for the injured.

The Public are therefore invited to send such communications as may be thought conducive to this end, by private hand, to the Office of THE PRESS, to be corroborated by affidavit, or subscribed by the witnesses who can attest the truth, where they will be carefully received and forwarded to the Secretary.

N. B. Where Witnesses have reason to fear for their lives, their names shall be faithfully kept secret, unless some purpose of public utility, shall make it necessary to disclose them, and even then, not till their full consent be first obtained.

No men, not even those within the Castle, are better acquainted with Bird's hand-writing, and his manuscriptorial abilities, than Messrs. *Dogs*, though their *lying Journal* impudently charges THE PRESS with forging his letters. Their assertion we stigmatize as *false*, nor will it receive credit from the public, even though the two above worthy wights, in writing with Editor Ryan, the *apothecary* and officer, should make an affidavit tripartite of its veracity.

The *Dog's Journal* does not deny the repeated hangings of Egan, and the cruelties inflicted on his father, by an officer at Dunlavin, in the county of Wicklow.

Nor the hanging of another man till half dead, by a magistrate at Portarlington.

Nor killing a woman by one of the ninth dragoons, in the county of Carlow.

Nor sending on board a tender lying at Duncannon Fort, by a magistrate, a JUROR, for bringing in a verdict of murder, though sworn on the Coroner's inquest.

Nor an attempt to assassinate a Barrister, by two men of the Fermanagh militia.

Nor shooting a woman in Thomas-street, big with child, by a private in the artillery, &c. &c. &c.

The government of a *free people* consists of authorities derived from themselves; and these authorities, whether *temporary* or *hereditary*, never cease to be *conditional:* independence of them destroys the idea of liberty, and power without conditions, is a power unconfined.

The *young Dog* has an *Orange collar*, of course when opportunity offers, he will not fail, by virtue of the *Orange oath*, to dip his *tongue* in *Papists' blood!*

No. 61.---SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 17.

LETTERS FROM THE MOUNTAINS.

LETTER IX.

I AM not the retainer of any party. I am not in habits of intimacy with the leaders of opposition; I do not write, as you well know, to answer any selfish purpose; unknown and obscure, retired from the busy scene, I look forward with anxiety, from the summits of my mountains; I see the clouds that settle on the plain, and involve the horizon, and tremble for the fate of my virtuous countrymen. It is now a time, when every good and prudent man must be induced to look abroad most attentively, and to endeavour from a consideration of men and things around him, to form to himself rules of conduct. I am too old to act; I am not too old to die, in the cause of my country; I contribute what I can to the public service, the speculations of an old man, who has been long accustomed to view the fluctuations of public affairs, both in the recording page of history, and the tablet of his own memory and experience.

You wish me to consider what may be expected from the *Irish* opposition; from the men who formerly distinguished themselves in parliament. I have all possible respect for the talents and virtues of these gentlemen; I have witnessed their exertions in the senate, with enthusiastic admiration; but if I must deal frankly with you, I think all individual attachments and partialities ought to vanish, in the contemplation of a great public question. It has been a grand error of the people of *Ireland*, during a long series of

years, that they have trusted too much to parliamentary leaders of opposition; too little to themselves; and what has been the consequence? The parliamentary leaders have too frequently wasted their strength, on questions that gave a semblance of opposition, without laying the axe to the root of the abuses; cautious, lest they should establish precedents injurious to themselves, should they happen to come into power at a future day. Finances, tythes, public speculation, the collection of the revenue, the state of the people, public education, the means of encreasing the resources of the nation, some of these have past unnoticed, others have been touched, with a timid, and as it were a reluctant hand.

Yet, I will not undervalue the labours of these distinguished men; their exertions, perhaps, were limited and unimportant, because the lights of the people were imperfect, and their expectations humble. The people have heretofore been fond, credulous, and easy to be duped, greedy of blandishment, but little studious of solid advantages: a few fair words that meant nothing, a few flimsy concessions, that gave no relief, disarmed their resentment; and all their wrongs were forgotten, their just claims were laid aside, and the loud and piercing voice of their complaints was hushed into whispers. The leaders of opposition, and ephemeral patriots of the day, who rose in succession, and gratified the public ear, were silenced by places and pensions, and the struggles of the multitude ended, in the aggrandizement of certain political *condottieri*, and the encrease of their own burthens. Such has hitherto been the history of *Irish* political exertions; it is to be feared, that were the people to pursue the same courses, the same fate might attend them; were they to confide themselves implicitly, as of old, to a few parliamentary leaders, or known and accredited demagogues, taken from the ranks of aristocracy, or aspiring to be enrolled in them; it is possible, that these gentlemen might compromise the interests of the people; that having provided situations for themselves, and a few of their confidential adherents, from the popular mass; they might take the opportunity of a change of ministry, to capitulate on terms more advantageous to themselves, than to the public; terms which should relinquish the punishment of great offenders, and acquiesce in superficial reforms, and imperfect concessions, which would not come near the substance of the existing abuses, or reach the measure of the national grievances.

The days of weak and stammering infancy are now past, the people are wiser and stronger, they have learned to express their wants, they no longer require leading-strings, they no longer catch at the hand of a leader, like children that walk alone. It is not a flowery speech, in all the hey-day of oratory; it is not a debate prolonged to morning, on a question that leads to nothing, that will satisfy the people; their thirst and hunger cannot be appeased, their tears cannot be dried, their wounds cannot be healed, the ravished charities of life cannot be restored, by tropes and figures;

the knowledge of the disease is the first step towards a cure; the people have that knowledge; they are disposed to probe the mischief to the bottom, to search, and if they can, to eradicate the unsound core. If the patriots of other times, and of the old school, should enlarge their notions, and co-operate with the people, it will be well. A grateful nation may profit by their talents, and their memory shall be embalmed in the praises of posterity: should they be disposed to halt by the way, and to rest in half measures, the people may not think their judgment definitive, their presence and society, indispensably requisite; they may press forward without them; the people will not lean on a broken reed, that would only pierce their hand. It is truly said in holy writ---"*he that is not with me, is against me*,"---the people feel that saying in *their heart of heart*, if the men who have heretofore acquired popular fame and consequence, seek to preserve their name and station, let them pledge themselves unequivocally; let them stand firm in the patriotic ranks, and vindicate the honour and interests of their country.

So much for the aristocracy of the country.---You enquire my opinion of the remaining mass of the nobility and gentry of *Ireland* in general, and considered as an aggregate, having common interests, and acting by common rules of conduct. I shall speak with frankness. I consider the *privileged casts*, or superior classes, as they affect to call themselves, in a light of criminality. They have a severe account to settle with their country. To them may justly be imputed all the national calamities, which might have been prevented, by their interference. Their connivance on the one hand, emboldened government to acts of aggression, on the other; their desertion and apathy drove the peasantry to desperation. These people have endeavoured to insulate themselves in their own country, intent only on the enjoyment of luxurious indulgence, or the schemes of profit and ambition. They have affected to ridicule the people and their exertions; they have given currency to the calumnies against the popular cause; they have taken possession of the cry of fashion, and discredited public virtue; they have made a disregard to the interests of a nation, and a disclaimer of political principles, the test of superior intelligence, and the criterion of elevated ranks. Their tergiversation was most critical, and fatal in its effects. To it we may ascribe all the horrors and outrages of which this miserable country has been the bloody scene. There was a particular juncture, when the present administration seemed to be panic-struck, and under the terror of the moment, wished to assume the semblance of liberality and patriotic feeling. But the aristocracy, at this very crisis, came forward to prevent the pacification of their country; and by promises of unconditional support, emboldened government to persist in steady opposition to the popular sentiment.

You ask me what I suppose to be the meaning and object of the people? I answer---They feel that they have been deprived of the blessings of the *English* constitution; that they have been made the slaves of a cruel and outrageous military despotism---and they demand *atonement for the past, and security for the future.* It has been said, it is the common-place declamation of a corrupt aristocracy, and of the profligate retainers of administration, " that " the aims of the people are plunder and anarchy, that the foes of " civil order, the avowed opponents of all regular government, " and incapable of that rational freedom which must ever be accom- " panied with moral insitutes and legal restraints.."---Base and malignant calumny, and futile as malignant! The lower classes of the people in this country, are the fairest subjects for the operation of a free constitution. They are not enervated by sloth, or depraved by luxury; they possess uncommon benignity of disposition. The individuals of our people, in every country but their own, display uncommon courage, industry, and talent; and the nation, were it not degraded by an inferior political situation and provincial relations, and deprest by the unrelenting operation of a malignant and jealous government, would, I am persuaded, display an energy of character capable of the greatest and noblest exertions.

The foes of *Ireland* walk about, in open day, with a brow of insult. They roll about in gilded state, and insult the wretchedness and beggary of a plundered province, by their costly pageantry and profuse expence; the tears and despair of a season of public mourning, and unexampled calamity, with noisy revels and Asiatic luxury. The people behold all this, with folded arms, in dumb and sorrowful resignation---and shall they be called ungovernable, sanguinary, and ferocious? No; consider the provocations of the times, and you will own that the great mass of the people, with few exceptions, have shown the passive fortitude of a stoic; that their patient forbearance and wise long-suffering, fully refute the slanders of the iron-handed oppressors, and their envenomed accomplices.

You ask me, what are the resources of the people. I answer, They are great; their patience, their fortitude, their numbers, their perseverance, and above all, the reasonableness and the justice of their claims. If the people persist in their demands, with temper, unanimity, and firmness; if they are not discouraged, by difficulties and dangers, and above all, if they are not irritated to madness, and disgraceful reprisals of individual outrage, by daily exhibitions of diabolical cruelty; their cause is the just and righteous cause; and, if we do not question a superintending good providence, we must be persuaded, that it shall finally prevail.

You enquire, in what manner the people are to employ their resources; by what operations are they to advance towards their great objects---Relief, from the pressure of present evils; and some constitutional share of Freedom. I cannot answer this enquiry; the attempt would bewilder me in a boundless field of discussion.

Two peaceable and constitutional modes of proceeding will suggest themselves to the prudence of every man, in these days of fiery ordeal. UNION, with the good, and SEPARATION from the wicked and misguided; for certainly these are times, in which all men of liberal and patriotic minds, are threatened with common destruction, and ought to be United amongst themselves, by the sense of common danger. All friends of liberty, all lovers of their native country, have the same objects in view, and should endeavour to understand, and communicate with each other; and to pursue those objects, by united efforts, and harmonized and according measures.

The utility of separation is equal, but less apparent. When the closest ties of social life are broken and perverted, and the intercourse of man and man is filled with treachery, it is necessary for people to conform and adapt themselves to the new order of things; to beware of false brethren, and to shun and discourage those who are active and zealous in the support and dissemination of pernicious principles. This conduct will answer two good ends---it will withdraw from the rage of vindictive prosecution, from the danger of misrepresentation, and the villainous industry of spies and informers, the honest and patriotic part of the community; who, in the integrity of their hearts, and in moments of unguarded zeal, might put themselves into the power of the emissaries of a jealous government. In the next place, such a conduct may contribute to enforce the law of reputation, one of the most powerful restraints on the conduct of unprincipled men. The champion of abuses, the zealot of oppression, the murderer of the peasantry, and the incendiary of the midnight hour, detested, shunned, and marked out for rebrobation, will, at length, feel, that the agonizing sense of deserved infamy, and the rending stripes of a conscious and guilty mind, equal any torture, that their invective cruelty has devised for their fellow-citizens.

MONTANUS.

We have looked this morning into the Assassin's Journal to find whether this gang still continued to deny the existence of Mr. Bird. or, that he was a man "capable of writing a line of narrative:" We believe this audacious lie will pass current no longer. However, a few days will so shower disgrace upon the heads of these sanguinary conspirators that we shall forbear for the present to say more of them.

Bird has flown off; Lord *Carhampton* has gone to England; *Newel* is *non est inventus*, *O'Brien*, *Mc. Can*, *Clark*, *&c. &c.* are struck dumb---of course a cessation of prosecutions have taken place, and the occupation of the *Battalion of Testimony* is no more.

No. 62---TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 20.

MR. BIRD's, LETTER

TO THE

EDITOR OF THE PRESS.

MR. EDITOR,

A FIRM determination to render every service in my power to the insulted and plundered inhabitants of this nation, induced me to send the original of the inclosed letter, to his Excellency the Lord Lieutenant, respectfully demanding the liberation of Messrs. Neilson and Russel, from their respective bastiles, as there was nothing alledged against them, which could by any means warrant their detension. A part of the requisition was within the specified time complied with, but Mr. Russel being detained in his prison, I therefore determined to delay the publication, 'till I was satisfied as to the intention of government, which unfortunately for themselves, decided for his further confinement. I therefore consider myself fully justified in making public this letter; and likewise in most solemnly assuring the public, that the gentlemen in question were utterly ignorant of the whole transaction.

Respecting Mr. Neilson, I have only to say, that it was not more my duty than inclination, to free him from his captivity. Would to God! I could as effectually restore him to his lost fortune, health and vigour! As to Mr. Russel, I had no other inducement, than what in similar circumstances I should for any other gentleman, detained eighteen months in a gaol, for being sensible of his country's wrongs! and panting to redress them!

I take this opportunity of most solemnly assuring the public in general, that at no one period, did I for a moment intend coming forward to prosecute any man whatever; I was compelled to keep up the farce, 'till the moment of action arrived; and as I had long determined how to act, I found little difficulty in attaining my purpose, of ceasing to support a system I abhorred! And shortly I shall lay before the world, documents that shall convince the most incredulous, that the plan I adopted could not be the effusion of a day---but long resolved, and purely voluntary!

(Signed)

J. BIRD.

TO HIS

EXCELLENCY LORD CAMDEN, &c. &c.

MY LORD,

IN as few words as can convey my meaning, I will explain the object of this application, which I am pretty sure will be deemed a very ill-timed one. In a letter which I caused to be delivered to Mr. Cooke, I candidly made known my reasons for quitting a situation which I could not think of, without horror! the consequence of which was, that TWO persons escaped a fate, to which they had been long since doomed by anticipation; that point gained, although a very important one, does not satisfy me---Messrs. Neilson and Russel *are yet prisoners*; and your Lordship's great knowledge of law precludes the necessity of my asserting, that there is no kind of charge whatever, which could by any means be supported against those gentlemen. Then why, my Lord, hold honest men in captivity, without even the shadow of a crime to adduce! why irritate the public mind, already goaded nearly to desperation! Such conduct, my Lord, is as base as it is impolitic; spurn such actions, as you ought---give peremptory orders for the instant liberation of the persons before mentioned, and you will acquire an honest popularity, infinitely more grateful to a feeling heart, than the barren adulation of that venal throng! whose baleful advice at present guides your Lordship's steps; and who, if suffered to proceed, will lead you to inevitable ruin! The gratitude of those individuals, will induce them to place their freedom purely to your Lordship's benevolence! as they are utterly ignorant of this application in their behalf; and I further assure your Lordship, that they shall ever remain so, if my request be granted.

Your Lordship's native goodness will, I hope, incline you to pardon the freedom of my style. The importance of the subject throws etiquette at a distance, and ceremony, from me; in such a situation, would be mere buffoonery. My mind is intent on weightier matters, and let me incur what censure I may, I am determined to restore those gentlemen to their freedom, or lose my own in the attempt.

I seriously entreat your Lordship not to suppose I would deign to use empty menace, to attain my purpose. No, I scorn so mean a subterfuge and did you but know the adamantine foundation on which I build my hope of success, you would not, my Lord, for a single moment, hesitate between *right and wrong*, *justice and tyranny*; but would instantly comply with my just request.

Should the enormous power, the lively craft of your wicked counsellors, prevail over the dictates of honour in your Lordship's breast; then, my Lord, am I irrevocably determined to place in Lord Moira's hands, such documents as shall strike your boldest orators dumb! and raise, through the three kingdoms, such a tornado of

execration, as shall penetrate the inmost recesses of the Cabinets of London and of Dublin!

If your Lordship can find no better way to unravel the mystery, apply to Kemmis!! Perhaps he will tremble; but he can inform you of what it is I speak! and which *your honour and your interest* demand should be *eternally concealed*, or honestly explored!!!

I now take my final leave of your Lordship, in whose breast it remains to decide on as important an event, take it *all in all*, as ever presented itself to your consideration!

I am, my Lord, with the utmost respect,
Your Excellency's most obedient servant,
(Signed) J. BIRD.

A FRAGMENT.

Sad is the sleep of Erin, and her dreams are troubled and gloomy. Her enemy has come---he has come in the hour of her slumber, and his hand has stolen the *emerald* from her brow; but Erin has not awakened---no! she stills sleeps.

Bloody is the field where she lies, and her garments are weeping with blood---for the wounds of her sons are streaming around her, and the ghosts of her heroes are moaning for vengeance! but Erin has not awakened---no! she still sleeps.

A sigh comes on the night breeze---'tis the spirit of *Orr* that complains! pensive he leans from his cloud, and weeps over the slumber of Erin---He touches the lyre of song; the Heavenly harp of Union---and the orisons of freedom tremble over the chords---'twas a strain he loved, for he "*died singing it.*" Has Erin heard the voice of her hero? has Erin awakened? No! she still sleeps.

His Majesty's most gracious tender, the William and James, is coasting round the kingdom, with *ninety* unfortunate prisoners, the greatest part, ten long months buried in her hold, and this in order to avoid the service of the Habeas Corpus writs. Mark, reader! the Habeas Corpus is the subject's writ of right, the great bulwark of his liberty, and the great groundwork of that most blessed Constitution, which confirms to him all the blessings of civilized society---church, state, man, godhead, cheap defence, chivalry, tythes, taxes, and soforth.

You Counsellors, Bishops, and Judges, have you considered the great fundamental maxim of your religion and your law---

Do unto others, as you would they would do unto you.

Are you prepared to leave your friends, your families, and your luxurious enjoyments, to spend a year in the stinking hold of a rotten tender? We do not mention you by name, but let your own individual hearts answer to the question.

No. 63---THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 22.

IRISH LAW.

We have taken particular pains to be informed of the sequel of the story of Michael and Thomas Egan, the father and son, who underwent so barbarous and brutal a persecution in the village of Dunlavin, in the county of Wicklow---being, as we have already stated, dragged naked from their beds, in the dead hour of the night; the father's bones broken by officers and yeomen; for, to the immortal honour of the poor Irish soldiers, they refused to take part in the atrocity; whilst the son was hanged three times, in the presence of his aged father, with every aggravating circumstance of barbarity---and this without any colour of legal authority whatever, but avowedly by the inhuman and illegal process of torture, to extort accusations from the agony of the sufferers. Upon the son's refusing a bribe, the father was violently beaten before his face.

The young man was cut down senseless and lifeless, his tongue hanging out of his mouth; but was nevertheless kept several days in the guard-house. In six days he was taken, with his hands tied behind his back, to Wicklow gaol, where he remained, in the most monstrous contempt and violation of the law, in a dismal cell, loaded with very heavy irons.

He was then brought up to the Quarter Sessions at Baltinglass, and an indictment read to him, charging him with having spoken seditious words. He was then remanded, and not delivered till he gave bail in so extravagant a sum as 500l. The words, we understand, with which he was charged, were fitter to excite laughter, than to sanction any such persecution; and upon his appearance at Baltinglass, on Tuesday last, the prosecutor thought fit to quash his indictment---and Mr. Fowler, a principal party, was himself held to bail, upon the information of Michael Egan against him, and is to answer at the next assizes of Wicklow, when the whole will be brought fairly to light, for which reason we forbear from being more particular at present.

We hear that the friends of the poor sufferers took down counsel especially to protect them, viz. Counsellors Sampson and Bennett.

In the *County of Waterford* horrid depredations are going forward---Is it possible that there are Magistrates in Ireland such infidels as not to believe the day of *judgment* will come---will come at a moment unexpected---will come like a thief, in the dark.

What a *people* can do, the people of North America have done; what a people ought to do, the people of Ireland are considering.

No. 64.---SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 24.

ADDRESS

OF THE

LONDON CORRESPONDING SOCIETY,

TO THE

IRISH NATION.

" What are fifty, nay a thousand Slaves,
" To the nerve of a single arm
" That strikes for Liberty."

BRAVE AND SUFFERING NATION,

THE London Corresponding Society, animated by the desire of promoting universal Liberty, and alive to the general interests of humanity, have beheld, with inexpressible regret the enormous cruelties, which have with impunity been practised in every corner of your devoted country.

Jealous of the honor of the community of which we are members, and feeling for the dignity of the British character, we deem it our duty to address and assure you, whatever atrocities may have been committed by misguided men, or however the sentiments of the people of this country may have been represented by interested ones, there are few in Britain who do not shudder with horror at a recital of the sufferings of the Irish people.

Did we read, that in any foreign country, or at any remote period of antiquity, the governors of a populous and civilized kingdom had laid waste with fire and sword, large tracts of land; had murdered the innocent traveller on the road; had turned women in the agonies of child-birth, naked into the fields at midnight, there to behold with additional pangs their little all consumed by the flames which persecution had kindled, and their dearest relatives murdered by sanguinary malice, whilst others were tortured at the will of a *licensed* banditti; did we read of *all* those cruelties, and that they were exercised, not upon REBELS, but under the *pretext* of *preventing rebellion;* we should shut the book with horror, and execrate the guilty perpetrators as monsters, for whose atrocities language had not a name. Yet much do we fear that when the historian of Ireland shall pen the history of the present times, he will in obedience to truth, be necessitated to *stain* its pages with crimes *equal* to any we have conjectured. Has not popular privilege, upon all occasions, been obliged to bow the obedient head, and bend the suppliant knee to the imperious behests of prerogative? Has not every barrier between privilege and prerogative been overthrown by power, or overwhelmed by

corruption? Have not thy laws been perverted? Thy penal statutes extended to acts to which *justice* cannot attach *criminality*? Have not juries been packed, threatened, and intoxicated? Have not Judges received, and caused to be executed, verdicts where malice and prejudice have been proved? Have not witnesses been permitted to give evidence, whose perjuries were open and manifest? In fine, has not justice, and the *forms* of justice, nay *even decency*, been disregarded?

And why has all this inhumanity, this savage barbarity been committed? "Because," say your governors, "some men formed so-"cieties, calling themselves UNITED IRISHMEN: who swore in "the most solemn manner, *to persevere in endeavouring to form a* "*brotherhood of affection amongst Irishmen of every religious per-*"*suasion* for the purpose of effecting reforms which we do not think "expedient."

These are the crimes of which you are accused, and to support these accusations, fire, torture, and death are to ravage the *once* peaceful plains of Ireland.

If to wish for that happy UNION of mankind, when their *religious* opinions shall be no obstacle to the performance of their *moral duties* be criminal, We also are guilty; and if to UNITE in the *cause of Reform* upon the *broadest basis*, be *treason*, WE with YOU are *traitors*.

We cannot (thanks to our more enlightened English juries) pursue the analogy further. For though hireling spies and informers have attempted the lives of some of our Members, their efforts were rendered ineffectual, by the virtuous integrity of those to whom their country had entrusted their condemnation or acquittal.

Your injuries have made a deep impression upon our minds, from a consideration that as our fellow men in Ireland, live under the same FORM of Government, and are in FACT, governed by the *same* men, we entertain the well-grounded fear, that what HAS been done in Ireland, may be done in Britain. This we are confirmed in, when we compare the *systematic* exactness between the measures FORMERLY pursued in Ireland, and those *now* pursuing in Great Britain. Among you religious dissentions have been fomented; among us the seeds of distrust have been scattered, but as is commonly the fate of bad men, their measures have recoiled upon themselves, they have strengthened the bond of UNION among you, till "*neither hopes, fears, rewards, or punishments shall ever induce*" you to forego it; and they have enabled us so clearly to discern the *genuine* friends of liberty, that no finesse, no glitter of *counterfeit* patriotism can dazzle our eyes or mislead our judgment.

Penal statutes have been multiplied against *us*, as well as against *you*, and those rights hitherto held most sacred have been attacked, yet we have not ceased from our exertions; we *have* persevered, and we *will* persevere, though military law be proclaimed and trial

by jury suspended. 'Tis true we cannot boast of our sufferings, with equal propriety; but if circumstances shall place us in a like situation, we trust we shall not be found inferior in virtue to the people of Ireland. You have borne individual wrong, with unparalelled patience and forbearance;---with a view to promote collective happiness; you have convinced the world that you possess *passive* courage to a great extent, and should the omnipotent voice of necessity call upon you to exert it actively, we doubt not but you will evince that you possess it in as eminent a degree.

We embrace the present opportunity of appealing to our armed countrymen in Ireland.---*Soldiers!* we have with the deepest concern learned that you have on some occasions been induced to violate that humanity which has heretofore characterized British soldiers. We conjure you, by the love you bear your country, and by the affection you feel for your relatives, and by every thing that is dear to man, to forbear committing any outrage, however you may be *promised* protection therein; we entreat you, if you value the national honor of Great Britain or the reputation of her arms, to disgrace not the one or sully the other by acts of cruelty or brutality. Remember Britons that were it possible for you to descend so vilely low as to become the agents of enslaving Ireland, and were it possible for you to succeed therein, her inhabitants may be made the instruments of subjugating the liberty of *your* country. If you massacre the Irish, will not the Irish in some measure be justified in retaliating upon the British. If good offices demand congenial returns, does not offensive cruelty palliate defensive barbarity? But why should we predict calamities which we hope will never happen? You will, we trust, behave with the manly firmness of British soldiers, not the desperate fury of freebooters and assassins; such conduct will endear you to your relatives and friends, by convincing them that their happiness is dear to you; it will restore peace and liberty to Ireland, and consequently to Great Britain.

GENEROUS, GALLANT NATION!

May the present address convince you how truly we sympathize in all your sufferings, and how much we should be gratified at being able to alleviate them. May nations be instructed by your example to mark the wily schemes by which governors induce a people to barter away their liberty under an idea of preserving present quiet: may they learn that "*existing circumstances*" have been the watch-word of *despotism* in all ages and in all countries; and that when a people once permits Government to violate the genuine principles of Liberty, encroachment will be grafted upon encroachment, evil will grow upon evil, violation will follow violation, and power will engender power, till the liberties of ALL will be held at the despotic command of a tyrant or tyrants, who will soon throw away EVEN the mask of law, and undisguisedly

violate what they for a while politically seemed to respect and venerate.

May your governors be warned by historic experience, and learn that governments are made for the people, and not the people for governments; that the voice of God is always to be gathered from the congregated WILL of his rational creatures; that the *just* revenge of a people is ever *proportioned* to the injuries which they have *received;* that the irritated feelings of the injured cannot always be repressed; that forbearance beyond a certain point becomes cowardice; that a courageous people may be driven to despair; and finally, that an UNANIMOUS and UNITED Nation never can rebel.

In thy behalf, oh Ireland! do we supplicate the great Author of nature! May he look with compassion upon thy miseries! May he wipe away the falling tear from the cheek of affliction! May he be a "father to the fatherless," and a friend to him who has none to help him! May he strengthen the feeble, invigorate the weak, encourage the timid, *unite* the *disunited,* energise the virtuous, enervate the vicious, paralyse the efforts of the wicked, and crown with success the *struggles* of the *brave* and *valiant!* Ultimately we beseech him to inspire you with that undaunted courage and perseverance, which is essential to the attainment and security of rational freedom---that freedom, without which life is only a miserable existence, and death a happy release from bondage.

Signed in name and by order of the
London Correspondent Society.

Committee Room, London,
January 30th, 1798.

R. T. CROSFIELD, President,
THOMAS EVANS, Secretary.

We have always been the advocates of UNION and the SOLDIERS FRIEND; and have been persecuted accordingly by the DISUNITED MEN, who exercise the powers of government in Ireland. We love a soldier, where he is good and brave, as much as we despise a ruffian and a bully. We hear the Orange party will not listen to our advice, which would be more profitable to them than of those who set them on for their own private views, to risque their lives and forfeit their honest reputation. We wish they would consider, even in an interested point of view, how little is to be gained by attacking the poor; and how great the danger is in making war upon the vast majority not only of the artizans, but of the soldiery.

We sincerely wish, for the sake of the army and their Country, that they were all happily United.

We have heard accounts of the bravery and generosity of several Scotch soldiers, which inspire the liveliest admiration. Our admiration is all we have to bestow. Had we any thing more solid, we should not be niggards in rewarding true merit.

A HISTORY OF THE PERSECUTION

OF

MR. BERNARD COILE,

A CATHOLIC INHABITANT OF THE COUNTY OF ARMAGH;

AND

WILLIAM HAWTHORN.

From this narrative it will appear that the present cruelties, and unparalelled misconduct of Magistrates, are not ascribable to any present exigency; but are merely an extension of that system, long acted under by connivance, but of late openly avowed.

The history of Mr. Coile's *extraordinary persecution, so far down as the month of November* 1796, *is briefly stated in the following Memorial, delivered by him into the hands of Mr. Secretary Cooke, in the presence of the Rev. Mr. Mulhall, of Denmark-Street Chapel. The subsequent part of the narrative, will, whenever it becomes necessary, be authenticated by the most ample proof.*

TO HIS

EXCELLENCY THE LORD LIEUTENANT.

THE

MEMORIAL OF BERNARD COILE,

OF LURGAN, IN THE COUNTY OF ANTRIM,

Most Humbly Sheweth,

THAT your Memorialist being a manufacturer of Muslins and Cambricks, had, for the purpose of carrying on said business of a manufacturer, resided in Lurgan, for the space of sixteen years prior to the month of January, 1796.

That in the latter end of the year 1795, very dangerous riots and tumults broke out, which were fomented by hidden agents, and propagated amongst the ignorant of all religious persuasions, under pretext of religion.

That your Memorialist being a professor of the Roman Catholic religion, used every effort to moderate the spirit of his own persuasion, particularly by promoting the printed resolutions of the Roman Catholics of his and the adjoining parish, (herewith sent, and humbly referred to), and enforcing, by all his influence, the observance of these resolutions, in hopes, by setting an example of good-will and moderation, to disarm the animosity of a faction,

denominated Peep-of-day-boys, and since called Orange-men, whose only object was the persecution of the Catholics.

That notwithstanding this, the most unheard of cruelties were daily inflicted upon the Roman Catholics of the said county, by the said Orange-men, who in many instances boasted of the countenance and protection of Magistrates and other persons in power.

That your Memorialist was induced by a sense of duty and pity for the afflicted, to lay before the Court of King's Bench, an affidavit, charging John Greer of Silverwood, Esq. a Magistrate of said county of Armagh, with corruptly encouraging and fomenting the said inhuman persecution, and at the same time, four other persons respectively made affidavit of similar facts.

That by leave of the court, the five affidavits were consolidated into one cause, and a conditional order for an attachment granted thereon, on condition of the expence of the proceeding, and the poverty of the greater number of the parties complaining.

That immediately on the service of notice of said order, Patrick Hamill, one of the above mentioned deponents, was beaten nearly to death, his father soon afterwards shot in the dead of night, in his own dwelling house, for having so dared to complain. One M'Clusky another of said deponents, had his dwelling house attacked in the night, and was driven from thence by many acts of menace and violence; and at the same time a conspiracy was also formed to take away the life of your Memorialist, by a false accusation for the crime of High Treason.

That being apprised of this by Andrew Thomas Corner, a member of the established church, who had at first taken a part in said conspiracy; your Memorialist applied to Mr. Brownlow, a neighbouring Magistrate, for a summons, to bring the parties instantly before him, that he might have an opportunity of confronting them, and preventing so diabolical an attempt.

That this requst was made on Wednesday the 13th January, but the only summons which Mr. Brownlow was pleased to grant, was for the ensuing Friday.

On the intervening day, Thursday the 14th, Memorialist was warned by some of his neighbours to fly, because however innocent, there was enough sworn against him to hang, as they said, one hundred men; but conscious of his innocence, and relying on the justice and the law of his country, he rejected this advice with indignation.

Memorialist was accordingly arrested on the said day (Thursday), and taken before Mr. Brownlow; who without waiting for the effect of the summons, which he had granted the day before or any further enquiry, together with Michael Obins, Esq. another Magistrate, committed your Memorialist to the county gaol, under the following committal.---"WE herewith send you the body of Bernard Coile, a reputed Papist, charged with distributing a large quantity of ball cartridges, amongst a number of Papists, for the purpose

of destroying the Protestants, and also at same time swearing a person to be one of his soldiers, to assist in overthrowing the King, Government, and all the Magistrates, &c. &c."

Signed, { MICHAEL OBINS,
{ WILLIAM BROWNLOW.

Memorialist had not long lain in gaol until James Murray, one of the conspirators, came before the Rev. Wm. Bristow, Sovereign of Belfast, and made a voluntary confession, which he afterwards confirmed by affidavit before a commissioner, fearing, as he deposed, to make the same in his own county, lest he should be put to death; stating that he has been suborned by persons in his said affidavit mentioned, to swear falsely against memorialist to the following effect:---

That your memorialist was sworn to be a King, that deponent was enlisted to be one of his soldiers; and further, that your memoralist had engaged to reward said deponent with Mr. Brownlow's estate, or some adequate freehold for ever, with other matters for which memorialist begs leave to refer to said Murray's affidavit sent herewith No. 1.

That Bernard Cush, another of said conspirators, a protestant dissenter, struck with remorse at the distress he had brought upon an innocent person, made a like confession and like affidavit.--- See his affidavit No. 2.

That the testimony of these two guilty men was likewise confirmed by the affidavit of Daniel Kearns; sent herewith No. 3.

That the Rev. Mr. Mansell before whom these examinations of the conspirators were sworn, as it now appears, did for some reason best known to himself, induce such of these as were Roman Catholics to read their recantation previous to their examinations, and the following is a copy of the certificate thereof granted by him to James Murray.

James Murray, of Deryhesna, came before me this day, and renounced the errors of the Church of Rome, and embraced the Protestant faith as by law established.

GEORGE MANSELL.

Drum, January 13, 1796.

(3) See Copy No. 5.

That in the ensuing Hilary Term a motion was made to the honourable Court of King's Bench, grounded on the foregoing affidavits, in hopes that that Court might be induced to look into the examinations, by virtue of which memoralist then lay in gaol; and that if it appeared manifestly that they were the testimony of a perjured conspiracy, that your memorialist might be admitted to bail, which would have been given to any amount, and allowed to pursue his industry and protect his property. That said bail was refused.

That memorialist lay in gaol till the ensuing azzizes, when, conformably to the act for securing the liberty of the subject, he petitioned on the first day to be tried, and was willing to have weaved his five days notice of the indictment, and every advantage of time which the law, allowed him; but that notwithstanding the assizes lasted eleven days, he was not tried.

That on the last day, being by law entitled to trial, he applied to the court and was refused, because it was said the assizes were not yet finished, but adjourned till the ensuing short vacation.

That no such adjournment ever took place, and by that means your memorialist was, notwithstanding the act of his present Majesty, expressly to the contrary, detained in gaol till the following summer assizes.

That in the meantime one Owen Burns, a fourth of the said conspirators against your memorialist's life, came forward voluntarily and swore, as the former conspirators had done, that he had been threatened by 12 men, in his affidavit particularly named, and by them compelled to swear a false oath against your memorialist's life, and further that he had received a new suit of cloths, from a gentleman of the name of Burke, by profession an attorney, by order of Mr. Brownlow, together with two ruffled shirts; that he was taken to Dublin in a chaise, conducted and guarded by two of his fellow conspirators, George Cull and John M'Comb, who paid all his expences; that he was kept prisoner in Dublin 13 days, during which time he was once brought before James Verner, Esq. a magistrate of said county, in Dawson-street; who there appointed a day for him to come again before him, and swear something new against your memorialist; but that said deponent, Burns shocked and penitent for what he had done, before the appointed day came, effected his escape, and returned to the county of Armagh.

That, as appears by said Burn's voluntary deposition, he had during his stay in Dublin received from Mr. Verner, M. P. and Magistrate, and now Captain of the Church Hill Cavalry in said county, one guinea towards his expences; after his escape and return to the country, three guineas more, from the said Mr. Verner; and also three other guineas from Mr. Henry Greer, son of the said Mr. John Greer, to defray his expences in attending during the last assizes to prosecute your memorialist.

That said deponent also, as appears further by his affidavit, received another guinea from one David Turkington, brother to a certain person of the name of Oliver Turkington; which said Oliver was sworn to be principally concerned in the said plot against your memorialist's life, as appears by said Murray's affidavit; and that the said Oliver Turkington, bore malice to your memorialist, being actually bound to answer for an assault committed on a certain Sunday, and on his person, on the public highway.

That said Turkington was a zealous partizan and agent of Mr. John Greer, and a person made a constable by his recommenda-

tion, and very much implicated in the charges brought against Mr. Greer by your memorialist.

That at the Summer Assizes memorialist applied to be tried or enlarged, under the direction of the Habeas Corpus act; but this was again opposed, upon no other ground than an affidavit made by the above-mentioned Oliver Turkington, stating that said Oliver Burns, being as aforesaid a witness for the Crown, was spirited away by your memorialist, or by his means, who was all along, as aforesaid, a prisoner in gaol.

That in answer to this, memorialist made an affidavit, stating so far from being guilty of this new crime imputed to him, he did believe it to be a wilful perjury, in order to deprive him still further of his liberty, and the more so as the design of taking his life had now evidently failed; and your memorialist further stated his belief, grounded on the foregoing affidavit, that said Turkington was a conspirator against his life.

That not only your memorialist, but his leading Counsel, Mr. Blackburn, under whose guidance and correction said affidavit was prepared, underwent the most severe and repeated animadversion of the Judge, for having presumed to throw such an imputation upon the said Turkington, although your memorialist did conceive it not more true, than necessary, in order to his own safety, and your memorialist was then enlarged.

That your memorialist, stung with this rebuke, and anxious for the full establishment of his character and credit, which he had not been able to affect by a trial, would have prosecuted said conspirators, but was informed that no indictment would lie, inasmuch as the Judge had emphatically admonished him, that his own trial was still over him, whenever it might be expedient for the Crown to bring it forward.

Thus has your memorialist lain in gaol for two assizes and one adjournment, contrary to the Habeas Corpus Act, to which he had conformed in every particular; he has been put to an incalculable expence in defending himself against five or six Counsel, feed by the Crown against him on each of the above-mentioned occasions; his weavers have been banished; their looms destroyed, his webs cut, and rotted in concealed places during his absence; his credit, by which he had formerly risen in life, ruined by a still impending charge, prevents the reparation of his affairs, by future industry. Whereas memorialist, whose desire and whose interest it was to keep peace in the Country, as appears by the printed resolutions herewith sent, and whose exertions tended considerably so to do, is conscious of no cause for his persecution, but having, with the view of peace alone, appealed to the Court of King's Bench, on behalf of public justice, against a Magistrate whose conviction has since proved the truth of his testimony.

That your memorialist is now an exile from his proper habitation, and not daring to return, lest he should meet with instant death, he and his friends having been often threatened to that effect.

November 14, 1796.

Coile presented his memorial to Mr. Secretary Cooke, in presence of the Rev. Mr. Mulhall, of Denmark-street Chapel, and gave an account of the general persecution of the Catholics, and explained every fact related in his own memorial, challenging the strictest scrutiny into its truth. Mr. Cooke promised to lay the whole before the Lord Lieutenant.

Mr. Cooke gave him the fullest credit for what he related, what he had suffered, and what he had done with respect to Mr. Greer, &c. promised him ample redress, and that he should hear from him in a day or two.

About ten days afterwards he received a note from Mr. Cooke, desiring to see him (see note); accordingly he attended at the Castle. Mr. Cooke informed him he had laid his memorial before the Lord Lieutenant, and that government wished to do him every justice; that he should be indemnified, and that government would prosecute the conspirators at their own expence, as they looked upon him as an innocent and injured man, and that if he would give them his assistance to prosecute, that when that was done, his damages should be paid, but not otherwise.

He was referred by Mr. C. to the Attorney General, and desired to get new examinations. Coile remonstrated, saying that there was no justice in the county, as the grand jury, on Cull's examinations, had ignored the bills when he, Coile, lay in Armagh jail. Mr. Cooke said he might rely upon it they must be found.

Coile waited on the Attorney General, carrying a letter from Mr. Cooke (which see), which he did not receive for ten days; went to the Attorney General with his friend, Mr. D. T. O'Brien.

The Attorney General objected to speak in the presence of a witness, and asked Mr. O'Brien if he came there to pick up his conversation, and gave no further answer at that time, but desired Coile to call in two days.

Coile called according to appointment, and after relating his whole story, was desired by the Attorney General, to bring the witness against the conspirators, Bernard Coshe, a soldier in the fifth Dragoon Guards, to swear his examinations against said conspirators, before the Sovereign of Armagh, during Coile's confinement in Armagh gaol; and that said Cushe, after lying in goal four months upon a charge of having fired at one M'Gaffock, was turned out for want of prosecution; after he was enlarged he was taken up as a deserter, and confined in the guard-house for near a fortnight, after which he was obliged, for his own protection, to enlist, and that his regiment was now in Carlow---that his Colonel's name was . . . . . and it was easy for the Secretary to command his attendance, whereas Coile had no means of enforcing it---Mr. Cooke promised to have him brought up, and at length, after many weeks delay, and several importunities from said Coile, he was brought up to swear his examinations to the above effect.

It was at this time that Cushe disclosed to Mr. Cooke, as he himself tells, the Orange-man's oath, as he apparently by his disclosure, incurred the Secretary's displeasure. He told Mr. Cooke, that he would undertake to secure the conspirators, provided he was sent down, and a sufficient guard to assist him there: that otherwise there might be difficulty in arresting them---Mr. Cooke's answer was, that he "would take it on himself to send the examinations down to the commanding officer of the district, who would have them arrested."---Accordingly Coile remained contented for the present---But from that day to this, there has not been any attempt to take them, although they still live in the country, and two of the principal within one mile of Lurgan. About three months afterwards, the assizes came on, and no bills were sent up, nor even the examinations returned.

After the assizes, Counsellor James Dawson, assistant barrister for the co. Armagh, applied to Coile in Dublin, and asked him to go with him to the Castle, to Mr. Cooke, who wished to see him, in order to do him justice; and to do something in the case of the conspiracy against his life: and to talk of some other matters. Coile answered, that as the assizes were long over, and no steps taken, he had reason to apprehend that Mr. Cooke was not sincere, and that it was but wasting time, when it was evident that there would be no justice, till it would please Providence to interpose.

Upon one occasion Coile referring the Attorney General to Lord Gosford's speech at the meeting of the magistrates, and to their resolutions, for a proof of the injustice that had prevailed in the country, was rebuked by the Attorney General, who said, that the government was not to blame, and that Lord Gosford had made himself too busy---and in a conversation with Mr. Cooke, he (Mr. Cooke) made a similar remark. Upon which said Coile threatened to lay a counterpart of his memorial before the King himself, even if it should cost the last shilling that was left, after the expence of his imprisonment, and the costs of the law, added to the depredations committed on his property; which seemed to have the effect of producing the before recited promises from Mr. Cooke, which would have been very satisfactory, but they never were fulfilled.

Mr. Cooke made another promise, which was in some degree fulfilled, namely that the Attorney General should bring in a bill for the relief of the injured Catholics of Armagh. In truth the bill did pass, but as it left the redress to the discretion of the Grand Jury, composed chiefly *of those magistrates above mentioned*, it is not wonderful that it gave but little satisfaction to the country.

The acting secretary of the Grand Jury at the assizes last past, was the identical Mr. Greer, who was convicted, and suffered six month's imprisonment, for corruption and partiality in his office, as a Justice of the Peace, in favouring the Orangemen against the Catholics: and observed to one Blacker, who applied to have his

petition sent up, that he (Blacker) was too much connected with Belfast, to have any thing done for him, and accordingly the said Blacker, one of the most injured persons in the county, got no redress.

PERSECUTION

OF

WILLIAM HAWTHORN,

SERVANT TO MR. COILE.

Mr. Coile having had occasion to inform Mr. Secretary Cooke, and the Attorney General, of the persecution of his trusty servant, of the name of William Hawthorn, a Protestant of the Established Church, whose only crime was being servant to a Papist, and refusing, when commanded, and offered a bribe, by a party of Orange-men, to be guilty of a monstrous perjury against his master's life; Mr. Secretary Cooke, in order no doubt to detect this story, if it were false, desired Mr. Coile to send for the said Hawthorn; who accordingly brought him to town, at a considerable expence, he being obliged to travel in carriages, from the state of bodily infirmity, to which the violent abuse he had received from the Orange-men reduced him. Mr. Cooke, it is true, promised to pay this expence; which promise he has not yet performed. But the following affidavit was made by Hawthorn, in the Court of King's Bench, by direction of the Secretary and the Attorney General, in order to prosecute William Brownlow, Esq. Member of Parliament, and Justice of Peace for the county of Armagh; Mr. Brownlow, however, has never yet been prosecuted.

But least the triumph of these fanatics over the law, should not be complete, the proceedings that follow the affidavit, took place immediately on the return of the unfortunate Hawthorn.

Thomas Hawthorn, of Lurgan, in the county of Armagh, servant to Bernard Coile, formerly of Lurgan, but now of the city of Dublin, merchant, maketh oath and saith, that this deponent, for two years and upwards, previous to the month of May last, lived in the capacity of servant with the said Bernard Coile. Deponent saith, that on or about the 13th of May last, to the best of deponent's recollection and belief, he was standing at or near the said Bernard Coile's dwelling-house in Lurgan aforesaid, and about the hour of nine o'clock in the evening of said day, two men, whom deponent did not know, came towards the place where deponent was then standing, and one of said persons having come up to deponent, asked him if he would go and take part of a quart of ale. Saith that deponent refused doing so, and gave as his reason for such refusal, that he was not accustomed to go and drink with persons

he was not acquainted with, or to that effect. Deponent saith, he believes the said person who spoke to deponent as aforesaid, well knew that this deponent had for the period aforesaid, been in the employment of the said Bernard Coile, and consequently acquainted with, and privy to all or most of the said Bernard's affairs, and the said person intimated so to this deponent, and told him that it was in deponent's power, as alledging deponent to be in said Bernard Coile's secrets (as he termed it,) to make some affidavit against the said Bernard Coile, in order to injure him, and told deponent if he would do so, that deponent should never know what want was, or made use of some such expression, meaning thereby, as deponent verily believes, to bribe deponent to swear some false and malicious affidavits against the said Bernard Coile, who was then confined a close prisoner in the gaol of Armagh, for some pretended offence. Deponent saith, he refused to make any such affidavit, inasmuch as deponent could not with truth make any affidavit whatsoever to the prejudice of the said Bernard Coile. Deponent saith, that on Friday, the 20th day of May aforesaid, about nine o'clock in the evening, as this deponent, in company with John Lapsay, foreman to the said Bernard Coile, and Mathew M'Evoy, a servant to Captain Kimmis, were going from Lurgan to deponent's house at Silverwood, in said county, where deponent's wife and family reside, they were overtaken on the road by a number of persons, who assumed the appellation of Orange-boys, or Break-of-Day-men, amongst whom were William Williscroft, Geoege Douglas, John Forsyth, James Doyle, and several other persons, whose names deponent did not then know, to the number of twenty persons and upwards, and amongst whom, deponent doth verily believe, was the person who on the 13th day of May, attempted to bribe deponent to make the said false affidavit against the said Bernard Coile; and the said William Williscroft, George Douglas, John Forsyth, and James Doyle, all of said county, and Francis Johnston, of Kilmare, in the county of Down, and William Crothers, of Lurgan aforesaid, without the smallest provocation whatsoever, or without even speaking to them, or any of them, knocked deponent down, and when down, they seized deponent by the hair of the head, kicked, battered, and cruelly beat and otherwise abused deponent, and threw deponent into the gripe of the ditch, and leaped upon and trampled upon deponent, with an intention, as deponent believes, to take his life; the aforesaid persons having repeatedly encouraged each other to kill deponent, alledging that deponent was one of the deluded persons called Defenders, otherwise that deponent would not live with a Papist, the said Bernard Coile, they or some of them having expressed words to that effect. Saith that the said John Lapsay and Mathew M'Evoy, having interfered, to prevent deponent from being murdered by the aforesaid persons, they the said Lapsay and M'Evoy, were beat and abused by them; and having battered and abused deponent in manner aforesaid, they left him

lying in the ditch, having, as deponent believes, imagined deponent was dead. Deponent saith, that on the next day he went to William Brownlow, Esq. a magistrate of the said county of Armagh, to give information against the perpetrators of the said assault, and the said William Brownlow, having seen the manner in which deponent then was, declared he had never seen a man more abused, and directed deponent to come to him, on the Monday following, with examinations drawn against the said William Williscroft, George Douglas, John Forsyth, and James Doyle. Deponent saith, that in pursuance of the orders and directions he received from the said William Brownlow, he applied to one John Allen, who usually draws examinations and warrants for the said William Brownlow; who drew an examination and warrant against the said Williscroft, Douglas, Forsyth, and Doyle; which examinations deponent, on the said 23d day of May, brought to the said William Brownlow; and the said Williscroft and Douglas having then appeared before the said Mr. Brownlow, he desired deponent and others to attend at said Brownlow's house; and deponent saith, that he accordingly attended, as did the said Williscroft and Douglas; but none of the other persons concerned in said assault, appeared before said Mr. Brownlow. And deponent swore examinations against the said William Williscroft, George Douglas, John Forsyth, and James Doyle, being the only persons whose names deponent then knew, who had assaulted deponent in manner aforesaid; and the said Mr. Brownlow then took bail for the appearance of the said Williscroft and Douglas, to abide their trial at the next General Quarter Sessions of the Peace, to be held at Lurgan aforesaid, in and for the said county of Armagh; and, to the best of deponent's recollection and belief, bound deponent in the sum of 10l. conditioned to prosecute the said Williscroft and Douglas, at the said sessions. Deponent saith, he then requested the said Mr. Brownlow to give this deponent a warrant against the said Forsyth and Doyle, who had neither appeared or given bail, in order that this deponent should give the same into the hands of William Coulter, of Lurgan aforesaid, the high-constable; which the said Mr. Brownlow refused to do, but told deponent he would deliver the same to the said William Coulter. And this deponent saith, he had been informed by the said William Coulter, which he believes to be true, that the said William Brownlow never did deliver said warrant to the said William Coulter; nor did this deponent ever hear, nor does he believe the said Mr. Brownlow ever did deliver said warrant to any other constable whatsoever. Deponent saith, that soon after he swore said examinations, he discovered that William Crothers and Francis Johnston were two of the persons that had been concerned in assaulting this deponent; and as soon as deponent had made such discovery, he, in pursuance of private instructions he had received from the said Mr. Brownlow, had an examination drawn against the said Crothers and Johnston, which this deponent tendered to the said Mr. Brownlow, and offered

to swear to the same, which examination the said Brownlow absolutely refused to take, or to assign any reason for his refusal. Deponent saith, he attended at the then next General Quarter Sessions at Lurgan with witnesses, in order to prosecute the said Williscroft and Douglas, who had given bail before the said Brownlow to abide their trial, and this deponent employed an attorney for that purpose; but to deponent's and his attorney's surprise and astonishment, they discovered that the said Mr. Brownlow had suppressed said examinations, and neglected to return the same to the Clerk of the Peace, by which means, and by the said Brownlow's refusing to take examinations against the said Johnson and Crothers, and by his refusing this deponent a warrant against the said Forsyth and Doyle as aforesaid, or putting the same into the hands of any constable, the said Williscroft, Douglas, Forsyth, Doyle, Johnson and Crothers, have severally escaped from all manner of trial or punishment, for the aforesaid assault and unprovoked attempt on deponent's life. Deponent saith that his said master, the said Bernard Coile, was, after having been long confined in prison on a charge of High Treason, from whence he was enlarged for want of prosecution at the last assizes of Armagh, in the month of July last, and that the said Bernard Coile was obliged to leave his place of residence, to avoid the rage and fury of that faction denominated Orangemen, in that disturbed part of the country, who have repeatedly threatened to take the said Bernard Coile's life. And this deponent saith, that from the abuse he himself received as aforesaid, the loss of his health in consequence thereof, and the expences he was put to occasioned thereby, his circumstances were greatly lessened, and from the disturbances in the neighbourhood where he resides, he was afraid to apply to any other Magistrate to be redressed in the premises, nor did this deponent know, until a few days ago, that he was so informed by the said Bernard Coile, that he had any remedy in this honourable Court, otherwise he would have applied sooner for redress in the premises.

(A Copy.)

On Friday the 30th of December, 1796, as Thomas Hawthorn was on his way going to the turf-bog, at a small distance from the town of Lurgan, a man of the name of Andrew Curry started out on the said Hawthorn, and without speaking threw a stone, which hit Hawthorn, and broke his leg; at the time that Hawthorn received said blow, he was sitting on a horse that had a car on him, which blow occasioned the said Hawthorn to fall, when the horse and car ran over him, and broke five ribs in his side; on which Curry exclaimed, 'Hawthorn you want to go to Dublin in a sudden, to pass an oath against Mr. Brownlow for partial justice' at same time Curry was running across the road with an intent (as Hawthorn imagines) to kill him, when he espied John Mulholm, servant to Patrick M'Convill, of Lurgan, coming to his assistance; he the said Curry then made his escape. John Mulholm then carried

Hawthorn into the house of Thomas Walsh, and from the situation Hawthorn was in, he imagined he was dead. Mulholm then went to Lurgan, informed Mr. Coile's brother, who instantly brought Dr. Orr to where Hawthorn was lying; the Doctor dressed the leg, and said that was all the relief he could give, as from the barbarous usage Hawthorn had received, he thought it was impossible for him to exist long. Hawthorn was then conveyed to his own house, where he lay five weeks under his wounds before he was able to apply to a magistrate---and accordingly, at the expiration of said time, he was drawn on a car to the town of Lurgan, and made application for justice to Robert Douglass, Esq. a magistrate for the county of Armagh; which he the said Douglass refused doing. Hawthorn then replied, and said, if he, Mr. Douglass, would not give him justice, that he would apply to another magistrate; and at same time Hawthorn told Mr. Douglass that he would bring him to a place where they would both get justice alike; upon which Douglass replied, do so, I will stand you.

Hawthorn finding he could obtain no justice from Mr. Douglass, caused himself to be drawn back to his own house, and was recovering from the wounds he had received, when his enemies finding he was determined to persevere in obtaining justice, they were determined, if possible, to prevent him. Accordingly on the 20th of February, 1797, between the hours of eleven and twelve of the clock at night, a number of disorderly people, stiling themselves Orange-men, came to the house of said Hawthorn, wherein there was no person but himself and a wife far advanced in her pregnancy, together with three small children:---one party of these assassins came to the rere of his house (Hawthorn and family being then in bed) and demanded his gun, at same time threatened, if he refused to comply with their demand, that they would destroy him the said Hawthorn and all in his house. Hawthorn refused to comply with their demand, and told them that he would as soon lose his life as his gun; upon which the said party threw in stones in so furious a manner that they smashed the bed posts and the furniture in the room, where he Hawthorn, and family, slept.

Hawthorn thinking the best means of defending himself, was by discharging a few shots amongst them, accordingly went to a window in the front of his house, where he espied a great number of men armed, upon which he fired through the window on them, and killed one of the party on the spot. When the parties outside found Hawthorn had discharged his gun, one of them attempted to come in at a window in the rere of the house, upon which the wife of Hawthorn struck assailant in the head with a spade, and with the one blow killed him, upon which she endeavoured to pull him inside, but the party outside prevented her, by pulling him away from her.

The parties finding two of their men dead, commenced an attack on the front of the house, fired at a furious rate, at same time shout-

ing out to one another to fire in upon all directions; that the place they would never quit until they would have the lives of all in the house: the firing outside being so great that Hawthorn shouted to his wife that he would surrender, upon which his son of ten year old that lay concealed under a bed, shouted to his father to fire on, for, if they would get in they would kill us all; the wife desired him also never to surrender.

Hawthorn charged his gun again, and on their attempting to enter in at the door, fired out, and believes he killed another of the party. The neighbours being alarmed at the constant firing kept up, numbers of them came to the assistance of Hawthorn, on the approach of which the banditti fled; his neighbours staid all night for fear of a second attack, and in the morning tracked the blood for one mile and upwards from Hawthorn's house. On the 22d of February he again made application for justice to R. Douglass, Esq. who hearing the treatment he had received the Saturday night preceding, ordered him to go and get examinations drawn against all whom he knew concerned in the attack on his house. Accordingly he did so, against George Titterton and Felix Magon; and swore to said examinations before the above named R. Douglass, Esq. and on the Friday following, being in the town of Lurgan, he saw one of the party who had been at the attack of his house; he made application to a major of the army, had him taken, and again went to Mr. Douglass and lodged examinations against him; his name is Valentine Harrison. Harrison's father made application to Hawthorn not to swear against his son, and that he would pay for all the damages and loss sustained by Hawthorn; to which he answered that he would accept of no compensation, but let the law take its course; accordingly Valentine Harrison was committed to Armagh jail. On the Wednesday after the attack on his house, the Orangemen got Thomas Humphrey to swear a false oath against the said Hawthorn, to prevent him having the remaining two he had sworn against, taken. Hawthorn was accordingly taken, committed to Armagh jail, where he remained until the assizes, where Humphrey appeared and prosecuted, but the jury being well convinced that all he had swore was false, found a verdict of NOT GUILTY, without leaving the Box.

N. B. The house where Hawthorn lived belonged to Mr. Coile, together with three other houses adjoining, into which houses they fired several shots, and smashed the windows, to prevent the inhabitants of said houses being any assistance to Hawthorn, or a witness in his behalf.

The misfortunes of this faithful domestic did not end here. He has since been compelled to fly from his native home, and has not for six months past, had the comfort of once seeing his wife or little infants.

Nor did the unrelenting persecution of Mr. Coile terminate with his discharge from prison. He had in the same spirit of honourable industry, which had raised him from a Weaver's apprentice to the rank of an extensive and eminent Manufacturer, opened to himself a new course of business; namely, that of selling in the Dublin Linen-hall, his own manufactures, carried on in his absence by his brother, and a person from Scotland, whom he had engaged as his foreman. His good character, his credit, and the generosity of a public, who respected him for his sufferings, had bid fair to make this a prosperous line, when at the end of a few months, Mr. Duffin, the Inspector General and inspector of the Linen-hall, came to him by order of the Linen-board, and forced him to swear, upon penalty of being turned out of the Hall, that he never would sell any goods there on commission, without leave of the board.

Mr. Coile leaves it to that Linen-board, and those who understand its powers, which he will not dispute, to reflect upon this transaction. He leaves it to those who understand the intricacies of the law, by which he has sufficiently suffered already, and to which he will make no appeal, to say by what authority this oath was tendered. He leaves it to that public, whom he knows to be, in spite of oppression, actuated by the warmest and kindest regard for every suffering fellow-citizen, to form its own conclusions. He begs to inform them, that he has not been driven from his business: but that on the contrary, this adventure has happily thrown him in a situation more prosperous than ever, as it has forced him to open a house, where he at present resides, at No. 14, Linen-hall-street; where he now sells goods on Commission, which he never did before, and is largely supplied by the first Manufacturers in the North; and where he shall remain grateful to that public, which has not been ungrateful to him.

No. 66.--THURSDAY, MARCH 1.

LETTERS FROM THE MOUNTAINS.

LETTER X.

TO THE

ARISTOCRACY OF IRELAND.

THE neighbourhood of a volcano is cultivated, and inhabited. The thoughtless peasant does not reflect, that in a moment the dreadful crater may discharge its contents; that suffocating clouds of ashes may descend on his head; that impetuous torrents of flaming lava, may devour the labour of his hands. Infatuated, unhappy man! He has perished, before he can feel and estimate his danger. Such

is the situation of the aristocratic order, in this country. They will not awake, they fold their arms in desperate insensibility; or only stretch them abroad, to crush the poor, the ingenious, or the patriotic citizen. They think they may, with safety, desert their rank in society, abandon their tenantry and their countrymen, to the relentless fury of their worst enemies. They fondly flatter themselves, that if they should think the cause of the people, not the better, but the most successful, and in the abundance of their condescension, deign to join the popular ranks, that it will be always competent to them, to resume the station that they had wantonly and wickedly deserted. That they will be received with open arms, ushered into the pale of patriotism, with *io pæans*, invested with the power of the rod and wreath, and seated in the place of distinguished pre-eminence. Mistaken men, how miserably are you deluded by your own vanity and self-importance! how fallen in your estimate of your own value! how erroneous in your estimate of the weight and influence which should be ascribed to title, birth, and riches!

Female honor once lost, can never be retrieved. The tenure of woman in the public esteem, is forfeited by the first offence; she falls, like *Lucifer*, to rise no more. The aristocracy, who if they have not prompted, and shared in the atrocities of an infuriate government, or even abetted them openly, by their countenance and approbation, have at least, through cowardly caution, and criminal supineness, remained tame and passive spectators of outrage and barbarity, disgraceful to human nature; will find that it is easy to forfeit a fair fame, a commanding situation, and honorable influence in society, *facilis Descensus Averni;* but that, to retrieve the respectability and public esteem, which have been strained or lost, by meanness, duplicity, selfishness, or cowardice, to regain the affections and confidence of the people, which have been alienated, and changed to their contraries, by coldness, deception, and desertion--*hoc opus, hic labor*. The people are awakened to think for themselves, the childhood years of implicit confidence are past. Men require more solid proofs of regard to their interests, than mere words or unmeaning blandishments. They scrutinize the conduct of their avowed enemies, and pretended friends, with the piercing eyes of jealous strictness.

Thus have the aristocracy of Ireland lost a glorious golden opportunity. They have deserted the cause of their country, and deserted themselves. You saw the horizon involved; you saw the black clouds rolled together. They descended to earth; the destroying genius came forth. You saw him on his way; you might have arrested his march. The people looked to you, with anxious and trembling hope; they cried to you for aid; they thought then, that their destiny was in your hands--in your hands it was to a certain degree; you might have healed the wounds of the constitution; you might have prevented the calamities of the people, the barbarities, the opprobrium, and impotent rage of administration; you might

have rescued the nation from misery, government from hatred, yourselves from disgrace and contempt. By a studied separation from the people, you have taught them to cement and consolidate their Union with each other; to confide only in themselves, and to draw resources from the bosom of despair.

Should the haughty aristocracy find leisure and condescension, to parley with the people; how can they explain this conduct, which seems so inexplicable to common understandings? They will say, perhaps, that they marked the levelling fury of government confounding all degrees and shades of opposition, and dissembled their regard to the people, lest they should incur the charge of disaffection. They prudently abstained from attempting the redress of real grievances, lest they should augment the disorders of the turbulent, by their countenance, and appear the patrons of factious complaint. This justification must be held good; if false shame and timidity are a sufficient excuse for criminal conduct. Will the aristocracy attempt to excuse their desertion, by calumniating the people? "The peasantry of Ireland (they will say) are slow to labor, and prompt to tumult, drunken, dishonest, deceitful, and disaffected." Thus have I sometimes heard proud aristocracy describe the poor people of this island---a half-starved wretched tribe, trampled into the very earth they cultivate. How false and injurious is such language! The peasantry of Ireland were kind and open in their dispositions, capable of great exertions of active industry, and disposed to be humble and respectful to their superiors, until they were goaded to resistance, by a long continuance of misery unredressed and insulted. Their virtues are all their own, without much aid from example or encouragement. Their faults are the faults of their political situation, and government.

The desertion and separation of the aristocracy, from the mass of the people, at a moment when the latter seem to be in danger of some collision with the government, is ungenerous, ungrateful, and unwise in the extreme. In no country did the aristocracy hold a more pre-eminent rank, or possess more extensive influence; in no country were the tenantry and peasants more warmly attached to their landlords, and to the superior orders resident among them. Indeed they carried this principle to a faulty and foolish excess. They cultivated, and even worshipped, with a sort of blind devotion, and implicit faith, the men of honourable descent, and the ancient proprietors of land. This temper and disposition of the lower classes, happily improved and directed, at this fatal juncture, by the higher ranks in this country, (which might have been accomplished by zeal to redress grievances on the one hand, and firmness, to repress disorder on the other) would, certainly, have produced the most salutary consequences. But, alas, the aristocracy of Ireland, seemed industrious to repulse and alienate the affections of the poor people, that loved and would have followed

them. Instead of protecting the persons and properties of their tenants, dependants, and labourers, whom they were bound by every motive of duty and of interest to preserve and vindicate from outrage and wrong, with a paternal care, those who call and think themselves, the *great men of Ireland*, have become modern *Nimrods*, mighty hunters before the Lord, and cheered with the sound of the infernal Bugle, pursued their fellow creatures, even to the death; or remained passive spectators of enormities, which present on every side; such appearances, as if an invading and exasperated army of ferocious *Goths* and *Vandals*, had past, in blood and desolation, over this miserable and groaning land.

When a murder is committed, the law imputes criminality to all those who are present, because it is their duty to interfere, and prevent the perpetration of the horrid deed; so dear, in the eye of the legislature, is the existence of the human individual. Weak and blinded aristocracy, can you suppose that when the constitution is assassinated, when your country is mangled, and lies weltering in her blood, expiring under the stroke of the venal murderer, that you shall be clear of guilt? Dare you hope for impunity, you, who have been passive witnesses of execrable enormities, and abetted by your presence, your silence, and your forbearance, the murders of thousands? By the law, the person who knows of a treason, and though no party or consenter to it, in convenient time, is guilty of misprision of treason, and liable to severe punishment. There may be treasons against the people, as well as against the government; and the citizen, who not only knows of treasons committed against the parent society, to which he owes duty and allegiance, but wilfully withholds that interference which might have prevented them, is guilty of worse than misprision of treason against his native land. I speak to those who rely much on the negative merit of having forborne to plunge the sword, with their own hands, into the bowels of their country, for a justification at the great day of solemn and final inquest. There are sins of *omission*, as well as of *commission*.

Men of the Aristocracy, your country sees that your interference would have prevented the proclamation of districts; the transportation of the innocent with the guilty, unjudged, unheard; the living sepulture of crowds of the most useful and virtuous members of the community for weary months in pestilential dungeons. It sees that you are justly chargeable with all those evils, the prevention of which was in your power; that the want of interference implicates you as accessaries. It seems to be manifest that no good, no humane man, would have been a tame and silent spectator of the horrors that have been acted and suffered in this country during the last two years. That no prudent or discerning man could have expected, or can expect, the final success or the long continuance of the reign of terror. Are there not then, a most brutal insensibility

and childish folly in the man, who resigns himself to slothful indulgence and sensual pleasure, while all forms of misery teem around him, and all the elements and foundations of the present establishment are convulsed and shaken to their centre? You have greatly sinned against your country, yet not beyond a probability of pardon and redemption; you have greatly sinned against prudence, men of the Aristocracy.

To you I speak, ye moderate and humane men of the Aristocracy, who have not, with your own hands, inflicted torture on the miserable peasant; who have not hewed him in pieces with your sabres, or actually applied the torch to the humble roof of his cottage. You have not been performers in these tragedies; yet ask your conscious hearts, were you present when these things were acted? Have you consorted with the fiends in human form, that acted them? Have you admitted them to your house, and to your board? Have the cries of pain, despair, and anguish, the groans of death reached you? Have they sounded in your ears, yet failed to interrupt your drunken orgies, or call you from the gaming tables? The flames of burning villages glared on your banqueting-rooms; did you startle at their dismal light? Did you suspend the riot of luxury and expence? Did you hasten to rescue the sufferers from ruin? No---your interference would have prevented all these infamous scenes that have exceeded the invention of past monsters in cruelty, and shall be recorded, never to be forgotten in the crowded annals of relentless and despotic barbarity. You might by a calm and manly interference have prevented them; but you betrayed the people; your desertion was a condemnation of their cause, your silence and acquiescence a justification of their oppressors.

I do not speak to the ferocious abettors of the present system. I do not speak to the wretched things without principle, property, character, or standing in the country; who, whether arrayed in black or red, whether military subalterns, curates, or attornies, have obtruded themselves into the magistracy, and opened shops of outrage, licensed by authority of government, to trade in blood. I do not speak to those traitors of superior rank, who possess the ear, or immediately assist, in the counsels of our present rulers, and to whose fatal and virulent suggestions, we must ascribe much of our present misery. But, should I meet with a man, who not only professes, but sincerely feels an attachment to freedom, and a regard to the interests of his country, to him would I say---" Lay your " hand upon your heart, have courage to open your eyes to the " prospect before you; hold a council within your breast, and " venture to think and decide for yourself." What further lights can you expect? Have you not sufficient experience of the system of coercion? Can you any longer be doubtful of its efficacy? We are told from high authority, in a paper published by the government at our expence, that the bayonet is sharpened for the people. We do not question the assertion---What should be your conduct at

such a juncture? Suppose this sharpened bayonet should be drawn, to be sheathed no more, except in the bowels of the guiltless and the poor, will you stand aloof? Suppose it should be necessary for you at length to decide and join, either the sufferer or his tyrant, will you not weigh the contending claims, and decide which party most justly claims your concurrence? Have you asked yourself whether it is possible to persevere in your system of neutralized politics? The people are awake, they know their rights, they are determined to be free, they are confident in the means of asserting their freedom. Ignorant and incapable men, intoxicated with the fumes of blood, and blind with rage, despise, or affect to despise, the feelings, the wishes, and the efforts of the *Irish* nation; they dream of wielding, for ever, the rod of iron; they dream of rivetting our chains, to be loosed no more; they dream of coercing, or exterminating four millions of rational creatures, panting after Liberty, with a handful of miserable mercenaries. Will you adhere to these wicked infatuated creatures in their weak and wild attempt? Believe me, your existence is not inseparable from the salvation of the state. If you fall, you may not draw the people along with you into the vast abyss. For your own sakes, I labour to warn, to rouse you to a sense of danger. Would you perish, the victims of an hateful and flagitious system, and its unprincipled and self-devoted managers?

Men of the Aristocracy, think not to pursue the interested and unworthy part, of encamping on an eminence, and resting on your arms, during the dreadful conflict of contending parties, with the impartial and selfish design of descending into the plain, to join and felicitate the victors. You will not be allowed to remain neuter; no, the time of temporizing is nearly spent: pass a few moments, and you will be imperiously driven to make an option, which can never be recalled. Loaded with crimes, shrinking from punishment, trembling at dangers, the authors of our calamities will endeavour to secure themselves by the multitude of their accomplices; they will try to stain you with blood, that you may not be distinguished from them; they will, if possible, implicate you in their guilt. Make then, at once, freely and manfully, without further evasion or dissimulation, that choice which cannot be long deferred, and add the merit of free will to a virtuous and honourable concurrence with the patriotic labours of those who are determined to save their country, or perish in the attempt.

But, suppose it were practicable for you to insulate yourselves, and preserve an unprincipled and unfeeling neutrality, amidst the distresses, the dangers, and combats of your country, consider in time, will the remainder of your plan be feasible? How will you be received by the victorious party? By joining neither party in the moment of doubt and danger, you will exasperate both. What assurance have you, unworthy men, whose property is your conscience, whose private interest is your God, that you shall be re-

ceived, and tolerated by the victors? You will then be unnecessary to them; they will have borne the burthen and heat of the day; the utmost you can hope from them, is forgiveness of the past, and oblivion in future; as you will join their ranks without affection, you cannot expect much regard from them in return; as you shall not have rendered them any services, you cannot advance any strong claims on their gratitude; they will not, they cannot prove blind to your motives for joining them---the Champions of Freedom well know, and feel, that, had the event of a struggle been different, you would have joined, with equal alacrity, the enemies who had sworn their destruction, and co-operated in the final extermination of those, with whom you are now ambitious to chaunt the songs of triumph, and to share the rewards of victory. Your opposition cannot avert or delay the great event; but your concurrence may facilitate its completion. Your timely retreat will intimidate the foes of public good; the prevailing unanimity of all ranks of men, will appal their guilty hearts; they will relinquish the unavailing contest in despair. Thus shall you spare to your country many a painful struggle, and many a scene of suffering and woe, most agonizing to human nature; and at the same time you will check and moderate the fiery ardour of honest zeal; you will temper and methodize the exertions of the people; the oil of polished manners and cultivated intellect, may smooth and assuage in some degree the troubled waves of that trilling and agitated element, which now rises and swells, to dash and bear away the corruptions of the state. Once more, then, I warn, I conjure you, sons of Aristocracy, awake.

MONTANUS.

No. 61.---SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 17.

LETTERS FROM THE MOUNTAINS.

LETTER XI.

TO THE

ARISTOCRACY OF IRELAND.

SHOULD the pride of aristocracy graciously deign to listen to the voice of an humble and sequestered individual, without any other patronage or recommendation, than sincerity and good intention; should the great, the opulent, and the aspiring of this country, turn aside for a moment, from the career of luxury or ambition; I should humbly solicit their attention to the choice of difficulties, on which they may be called to determine at a future crisis.

Every lover of peace, every friend to his country and to human nature, must recoil with sorrow and dismay, from the prospect of civil commotion; must deprecate, with fervent prayers, such a calamitous juncture, such a tremendous operation of physical and moral causes, such a perverse and fatal disposition of men and things, as should drive an oppressed and outraged people to an open collision with the constituted authorities. Far, far distant be such a conflict, as may prostrate, to rise no more, all that for ages has been the object of homage and admiration! We must hope that such an event is not probable; yet surely it is within the range of possibilities. A prudent man will prepare himself, even for events that are merely possible. He will learn to anticipate remote consequences; and arm his mind by meditation, and a knowledge of the truth, against the sudden effect of hazardous and unfortunate contingencies. He will not leave his future conduct to be the sport of blind chance. He will be prepared to act from himself. He will not flatter himself, that because it is not likely that an event may happen, therefore, it must be certain that it shall not happen. He will recollect, that it is always the fate of the confusion of intellect, incident to surprize, and terror to adopt the most pernicious measures, and pursue the most ruinous line of conduct. He will therefore, while danger is yet at a distance, while reason is yet calm and untroubled, consider and weigh the possibilities, which lie in the womb of time; that he may not be found perturbed and irresolute, when a trying and difficult juncture shall come upon him suddenly, like a thief in the night.

I will now suppose, merely for the sake of argument, that you should, at length, be driven from the strong hold of a cautious neutrality. The momentous option is inevitable. You are irresistibly called to give an account of the faith which is in you. No trifling, no prevarication will avail; an open avowal of principle is requisite, the contending parties are at issue. You must join the people in their exertions for present relief and future security; or strengthen the hands of their enemies by direct co-coperation. What shall be your resolve? Think not to look back, having once *put your hands to the plough?*

Men of the aristocracy, let me speak to your interests and your avarice, if I may not engage your pride or your patriotism. The calamity and degradation of your country, and even the loss of personal weight and influence might be patiently borne by the selfish and the sordid; but, consider, I conjure you, the violent change of property you must endure, by the final subjugation and ruin of your country, or even, by the long continuance of the present terrific system of coercion. The depopulation of Ireland, the annihilation of arts and manufactures, and the consequent decay of agriculture, must reduce the value of those possessions, to which you are so fondly attached, by a great, and to you most painful defalcation; every man who possesses a portion of the soil, must

find himself interested in the freedom of the country, inasmuch as the encrease of national prosperity must be an improvement of private property. If then you wish to retain that opulence, from which is derived your chief importance, you should wish for the establishment of freedom, and a reform in the abuses of government.

If you are awake to the charms of social intercourse; you must have learned, that to a full and perfect enjoyment of society, and a safe and free communication of thought; freedom, and good government are essential requisites. He must be dull indeed, who has not learned this under the reign of terror. Are you disposed to indulge in mental gratifications, and the luxury of the fine arts; you will please to recollect, that all the exertions of genius flourish most, in the sunshine of a free constitution.

I think the present system of coercive measures too violent for a long duration. A dreadful and most powerful engine has been set in motion; it must gain an impetus, that will render it unmanageable, by the puny strength of the first movers. Perhaps it may recoil, with a retrograde momentum, and involve them in destruction. Suppose, however, (contrary to all reasoning and calculation) that the organization of terror should continue, and the people should be finally depressed, to rise no more. Men of the aristocracy, what is your prospect? The country depopulated by the wasting sword, by the deportation or voluntary exile of those who can find means of removing themselves from this gloomy house of bondage---hope extinguished---a night of gross ignorance and deep despair overwhelming and stifling all exertion, by her leaden influence---all public spirit vanished, and lost---trade stagnant---manufactures neglected---agriculture suspended---the country waste and barren---the cities and towns neglected and desolate. Do you wish to reign, in sullen dignity, the severe and odious tyrants of a squalid, slavish, desponding vassalage? Do you wish for improvements in despotism, new laws of coercion, new statutes that outrage human nature? Would you introduce new military rigours? if it indeed be possible to add to those we have already felt? Would you augment the sufferings of the people; if it be possible to aggravate their present misery? This country is but a province of England, in substance, though independent in name. Would you wish to see it still more degraded, and erased from the table and scale of nations, by an *Union*, dictated in the pride, the selfishness, or the vengeance of the British Cabinet, and enforced at the point of the bayonet?

What could the aristocracy of Ireland expect from an union. This country would be a place of arms; or a colony, the residence of mere mechanics, excise officers, factors, and brokers. The latter would be her brightest prospect: let us suppose, (contrary to probability) that, notwithstanding the open attacks, and secret machinations of the *great Republic*; the commerce of *Britain*

may still flourish, and that *Ireland* shall be admitted to a fair and free participation in that commerce. Yet, men of the aristocracy, your influence, your dignity and importance, which are reflected back on you from the nominal independence and some free forms of government in the country---all this must be relinquished. Every man of opulence, of talent, or of liberal spirit; every votary of ambition, of pleasure, or of independence, will fly the land. The deserted seats of the ancient aristocracy will be dismantled; the tithe farmer, and the tax gatherer will reign paramount over the soil, and domineer among the people.

Suppose the trade of England curtailed or annihilated; her resources wasted; her power and influence deprest; you must sink in her downfal; and you will want even the poor and sordid consolation of seeing that the chains, the galling chains, with which you are loaded, are gilded by commerce. What shall *Ireland*, then, become? A nursery, a draw-farm of men and beasts, for the use and accommodation of *England;* an immense pasturage, an universal barrack. For, as the union will have been established by force, by force it must be maintained; until inveterate habits of submission and despondency, and the gradual depopulation of the island, shall have broken down and tamed the wretched reliques of the people, of what once *was Ireland*, to crouch and fawn under the lash, and lick the feet of their masters, without a murmur.

Will you say, that this picture of the consequences, which await a perseverance in the present system, is overcharged, or exaggerated?---No, I feel, I confess my inability. My hand is not sufficiently steady, to design. I cannot find such sombre colouring as may express the future horrors to which we must be a prey; if that administration shall continue, which prides itself in a rigour beyond the law; whose secret prompters are fear and cruelty; whose safety lies in the sword and the bayonet; whose best principle of justice is sanguinary revenge.

It may be said, and I doubt not, that some among you are so weak as to make it the ultimate scope of their fond expectation. It may be said, that through the representations of some of your leaders, the present system of terror may be relinquished, or alleviated; the stern and menacing brow of coercion may be smoothed; the waters of bitterness may subside; and the streams of government may flow in their accustomed channels with smooth and placid windings; bathing, as they pass, the rich and fruitful shores of mild and plausible corruption. Is this the *consummation so devoutly to be wished?* Our fetters may be lined with wool---Some links may be added to our chains, so that we shall walk about and fancy that we enjoy liberty. The peasant may be allowed to eat his scanty vegetable meal, without the certainty of being interrupted by the cry and the chace of hell hounds. He may quench his thirst at the mountain spring, it shall now be defecated; it shall flow clear; it shall no longer be perturbed with the blood of his

brethren. He may lie down to rest on his bed of straw; he shall not be afraid that it may blaze before morning with the torch of the assassins. Mighty concessions doubtless, happy state of peace and security! but will these benefits, be they what they may, will they be permanent, or of a temporary nature? Shall we receive them as a debt, or a gratuity? Must we ascribe them to constitution or to regulation? Shall the peace-offerings to the people be the produce of solid, stable reformation, or the result of policy, of terror, or of abundant condescension, in our sovereign rulers?

Meantime, what shall be the political situation, what the national character of the people? The same gross atmosphere of a provincial government, and of a viceregal court, *managing* rather than *ruling* by influence, that now tarnishes the lustre of virtue, and interrupts the views of wisdom, contaminating every thing that approaches them with the spirit of venal pride and selfish meanness, shall continue to inspire premature duplicity and cold-blooded artifice in youth; bold rapacity and shameless irreverend profligacy in old age. The confidential servants of administration in Ireland were not afraid to make the desperate and impolitic avowal, not only that they practised corruption, but that they did so on principle; and must continue to employ it as the necessary support and engine of government in this country. An avowal that set at defiance all present complaint and remonstrance, and cut off every hope of future reformation. It is easy to see what baneful effects must follow from the example and influence of a government, acting on corruption, and avowing the principles without shame or compunction. What a general depravation of morals must be the consequence; how the genius of venality and prostitution, undulating from the court, must communicate its movements through the whole expanse of the community, and impel the fluctuating mass to evil. Hence, may we account for the general prevalence of indirect motives, of self-interest, of party, of solicitation and cabal in every transaction that respects the public; from the mean and paltry jobbing of a grand jury, or a corporate meeting, to the great and ruinous delinquency of a legislative assembly.

A radical change then of men and measures, is requisite, not only to the comfort and security of the people, but to their morality. A reform in the political situation of the people, would produce a virtuous alteration in their sentiments and characters. The minds of too many among us, particularly of the aristocracy, chiefly through the influence, as I have said, of a corrupt government, have been warped and deformed by an inveterate selfishness, a sordid cunning, a crooked policy. Openness of heart and integrity of dealing have been reprobated as folly. Every one affects to be a man of the world and a politician, and derides an avowal of patriotic sentiments, a preference of public good, to private emolument; as the silly romance of youth and inexperience, or the clumsy cant of superficial hypocrisy. The prevalence of freedom will in-

troduce new ideas, new views of things, new estimates of human action. The groveling nature will be exalted, the narrow disposition will be expanded. Man will learn to set less value on external things, and more value on himself; his nature will be ennobled and purified with the constitution of his government.

Suppose the exertions of the people to obtain redress of their grievances, and correct the abuses of the constitution, crowned with success; freedom, with security in her train, will diffuse a firmness of mind, an alacrity of spirit, capable of greater efforts of industry and ingenuity, than have heretofore been known in this country. The native virtues of the people will be developed, by a wise and just government. All their corporeal and mental energies will be put in requisition. The man of industry will expect to reap the fruit of his labours. He will not fear lest it should be ravished from him by the harpy hand of a profligate and rapacious government. The man of genius, secure in the protection of the law, will unfold his talents, and be excited to distinguish himself, by a moral assurance, that he shall occupy a place in society, and a share of the public esteem, adequate to his deserts. He will no longer fear the cruel timidity, and persecuting jealousy of despotism and misrule; ever shrinking from the glance of wisdom, ever fearful of the investigation of learning, or the sallies of genius. He will no longer find himself depressed and undervalued, by the contemptuous arrogance of the titled Casts; by the self-important inanity of high birth, or the stupid insolence of bloated riches.

In those happy times, when there shall be no leading into captivity, no mourning or complaining, in our streets; no massacres or conflagrations in our fields; the vallies shall be made to laugh and sing; the plains shall be clothed with verdure, and filled with the wealth of rural abundance, by cheerful labour of the happy peasant. Society shall no longer be empoisoned with mutual fear and suspicion: men shall no longer be taught to hold each other cheap, by daily instances of treachery and baseness; they shall no longer sacrifice all ties, all attachments, in blind devotion of fear or venality, to a wretched relentless government. A frankness of manners, an elevation of sentiment, will add new charms to society; new bonds of attachments, and friendship to individuals. Such might the situation of Ireland be rendered. Men of the Aristocracy, will you prefer the reign of terror.

Suppose the guardian angel of the land were to appear, in a corporeal form; and reason with her degenerate children.---"Unworthy and unfeeling men, by your supine negligence, you have suffered this convulsed and agonizing state, to be hurried to the verge of a precipice. It has escaped the dreadful ruin: your criminality may be forgotten. Your country stretches out her arms, to embrace you.---Do not reject the invitation, it will not be repeated. Heaven, that, by means inscrutable to mortals, prepares the way to great events, and makes the vices, the

" follies, the unruly passions, the crimes of men, finally productive of the most happy effects, even now is conducting, through " the maze of guilt, through the tangled labyrinths of perverse " and crooked policy, the patient steps, and steady march of freedom. The day-spring from on high has visited us. The morning dawns apace. Let not approaching light detect you among " the parricidal bands of those who have betrayed their country."

MONTANUS.

No. 68.--TUESDAY, MARCH 6.

TO THE

AUTHOR OF COERCION.

Qui Capit ille facit.

MY LORD,

IN the present season of public investigation, when most of the political characters of the nation are made the subject either of censure or panegyric, you have doubtless been astonished at the venerable silence which has been observed, as to the merits of your Lordship. Yet think not your country has been unmindful of your services; they were of too important a nature to escape observation, and of consequence too notorious to be easily forgotten. Believe me, I have kept a vigilant eye on your proceedings, and at length, awakened into action, mean now to repay your Lordship the long arrear of public acknowledgment which is your due. Yet think not I mean to address you with any view of wounding your private feelings; my motives are at present to save Ireland, and not to avenge her; and it ill becomes the champion of a nation's wrongs, to stoop to the littleness of personal animosity.

The system of torture and coercion which has for some time past disgraced the country, is, I believe, very generally attributed to the prolific genius of your Lordship; and certainly has on all occasions received your countenance and support. The motives of such conduct I pretend not to develope; but if we may judge from many suspicious circumstances, they were none of the most respectable. In private life, I see you peevish, splenetic, and malignant; and, judging by analogy in your public conduct, I see you obstinate without being consistent, vindictive without being spirited, and self-interested without being wise. The proof of these assertions, shall form the substance of the following address:

A spirit of enquiry into the origin of government, an examination into the mutual principles of political authority and submission, had

for some time past become the occupation of the learned, and a common topic of conversation in cultivated society. The spirit of philosophy and research, which had hitherto overcome the grosser prejudices of our system, now attacked the abuses of our constitution, and the corruptions of our administration. No unbiassed and independent mind could conceive, why in this country alone the advantage of the many should be sacrificed to the ambition of the few. The candid and liberal politician could not reconcile to himself, that three-fourths of the people of Ireland should be deprived of all political rights, merely because they professed a form of religion somewhat different from that of the remaining portion of her inhabitants. These ideas becoming general and acknowledged, it occurred to some men to form themselves into a society, for the purpose of promoting a reform of the abuses of our constitution, and obtaining freedom for the enslaved portion of their countrymen. They accordingly formed that society, consisting at first of only a few, but those few were equal to an host, because they were supported by the strength of reason, and had talents to avail themselves of so powerful an auxiliary. They assembled, and consulted on the most likely methods to effectuate the purposes of their institution; and as the first step, they addressed the people of Ireland, in the language of eloquence and truth; and to the Irish nation, eloquence and truth never pleaded in vain. Accordingly the contagion spread, the principle disseminated, the society encreased, till what at first was the object of your contempt, became at length honoured by your apprehensions. What was then your conduct? You procured, or advised, or supported an act of Parliament, professedly levelled at this society, by which it was silenced and dissolved. This was the first effort of your illiberality and persecution; and the consequences were such as might easily be foreseen. Their former conviction remained unanswered, their enthusiasm was strengthened by an act which forbid them to speak, but could not forbid them to think. While there was no penalty annexed to their meetings and addresses, their proceedings were carried on in the fair and open face of the world, and of day. If their reasoning was false, is was open to refutation, and defeated its own purposes; if their addresses were seditious, they were liable to punishment, by the existing laws of the country; but they were neither false nor seditious---why then suppress them by a particular law? Because they were dangerous. Granted my Lord; they were indeed dangerous, but not to the people of Ireland---they were dangerous, my Lord, to the corruptions of administration; they were dangerous to the abuses of our constitution; they were dangerous to the power, the oppressions, the peculations of his Majesty's Ministers; and therefore it was that his Majesty's Ministers determined to repress them---but the settled convictions of reason were not to be quashed by the persecuting spirit of a despotic Parliament, backed by the thoughtless ferocity of a deluded soldiery. Forbid to assemble publicly, their wrongs compelled them to asso-

ciate privately; and thus, my Lord, you, and the other hirelings of Mr. Pitt, were the first founders of that institution, which under the name of United Irishmen, trampled, as you say, law and humanity under foot. It is you, my Lord, that first organized a system, which has since baffled all your skill to unravel and detect. It is you, my Lord, who in fact are answerable for all the crimes and excesses which have since been committed; thousands of murdered ghosts (could the spirits of the dead again beset this world) would haunt your Lordship's pillow, and murmur curses on your head; but curses never *kill*, and you therefore despise them.

After such an example, you might have learned a little wisdom; but you were above being instructed by experience---and to shew your consistency, you repeat your former error. You passed new laws, to punish offences of your own creation. You first stimulate the people to rebellion, and then invent new acts to quell the spirit your own folly had excited. What were the consequences? The system encreased under persecution; the disturbances of a parish, or a county, spread over a province; and under the influence of your Lordship's measures, Ulster became discontented. New acts were then passed; the spirit burst beyond the narrow limits of a province, and became the general sentiment of the kingdom; and yet, my Lord, you still talk of coercion. Is this consistency, or is it obstinacy?

Look, you say, to the North---see in the present calm of that province, the happy effects of coercion. The argument is as senseless, as the calm is delusive. Believe me, my Lord, the spirit is not extinct, though the people are almost exterminated; the sentiment still lives in those few bosoms that have escaped the murderous progress of my Lord Blancy and his myrmidons. It is now a smothered, and therefore more tremendous sentiment, that pervades the North. They now only wait for a favourable opportunity to express their feelings, and much I fear that opportunity is now at hand.

But the South, my Lord---look there, and behold the happy effects of your Lordship's coercion; see there how murders multiply on your conscience; think what a change your system has there accomplished, in a short time. Look but twelve months back, and all was loyalty and affection; look now, and you see nothing but hatred and universal revolt---and yet you still talk of coercion. Is that, my Lord, consistency, or obstinacy?

In a former part of this address, I have said you were vindictive without being spirited: let me therefore make an appeal to your pusillanimity, and then if you will grant to your fears, what you have refused to your reason, you should remember, my Lord, that till lately you had a worthy coadjutor---who with you divided the odium of the nation, and bore an equal portion of public infamy and contempt. But, my Lord, he has now shrunk from the dangerous situation; the hardy but mistaken zeal of too devoted en-

thusiasts, has roused his apprehensions; and if I am rightly informed, that is now no difficult task. He is not now, I understand, the intrepid being that once braved a mob, and sustained the execrations of England. His conscience has at length awakened his fears; showing what he deserves, he has learned to dread what he may meet, and by the meanness of his retreat, has added cowardice to the catalogue of his vices. That he, indeed, should have embarked in so desperate a cause, is not astonishing; his name, his family, his connexions, the early prejudices of his nature, the first efforts of his political life, precluded him from public confidence, and stamped him the instrument of tyranny, and the minion of despotism. But that you, my Lord, entering life as you did, with an academic education, a liberal profession, a splendid fortune, and a respectable understanding, should have linked your destiny with such a man, and declared yourself the champion of a sinking cause, is really unaccountable. His character was stamped, in the hereditary and indelible infamy of his family. A long line of ancestry, as faithless and vicious as himself, rendered the name of *Satanides* too notorious for the virtues of a single life to redeem. As long as the Irish language survives, and as widely as it may be disseminated, the names of treachery and *Satanides* will be synonimous; he will ever carry about him an antidote to confidence; the people would distrust him in the sincerest and most disinterested proffer of his services; they would instinctively be on their guard against any effort of his malice; and in the moments of his most honest warmth, would examine what opportunity he had to betray.

But you, my Lord, had no such difficulty to contend with. The antiquity of your name, was no impediment to your success. You came forward with no family prejudices on your head. Your pedigree is lost in the obscurity of the first degree. You had your character to form; and if you had made the first advances, the people would have received you, knowing as they do, that the rankest weeds and most luxuriant fruit, are the produce of the dunghill. Had you possessed but the common prudence of your profession, or the common spirit of your age, you might in time have been esteemed by your Sovereign, and beloved by your Country; you might, with your talents and profession, have risen to honors and emoluments, on the pinions of public esteem and approbation; and drowned the recent establishment of your name, in the effulgence of your virtues. But, my Lord, you have despised these advantages; you have lost the glorious opportunity of a just renown, and sacrificed your virtue, your character, and, I will add, your happiness, for the paltry considerations of a pension and a coronet---for in fact, my Lord, these are the only rewards of a life uniformly spent in the most infamous and degrading duties of a corrupt administration. These are the only compensations you enjoy for the sacrifice of every virtue, and the dereliction of every principle.

Yet, my Lord, even these rewards, inconsiderable as they are,

will not, I fear, be as permanent as you may imagine; and Heaven, as a proof of its justice, seems determined to make you the instrument of your own downfal. My Lord, the ancients entertained a superstition, that in certain circumstances men were irresistibly impelled by some secret power to their own destruction; or, to use a word which seems to be immediately derived from the superstition, that they were infatuated. Such, my Lord, at present seems your situation. You seem to shut your eyes on the situation of this country; you seem incapable of deriving any advantage from the example of another country. The hand of fate seems upon you, and you still go on as foolishly confident, and as madly gay, as the insect that flutters round the torch, or the bird that cannot resist the fascinations of the serpent's jaws that are extended to devour him.

I know, my Lord, you plume yourself on the imaginary safety of your situation. But pride not yourself any longer on that circumstance; deceive yourself no more. I tell you, you are in danger; think not to screen yourself behind the shield of Parliamentary support; repose not on the delusive promises of military protection; they will avail you nothing in the dread moment of national retribution, or amid the confusion of revolutionary vengeance.

At such a moment, if unhappily a perseverance in your present conduct should induce it, the sacred person of the Judge will not be respected, your elevated situation will not protect you, the formalities of trial may be laid aside, and the cautious and established rules of evidence may be exploded; at such a juncture, the forms of law may not be insulted to justify your execution, there will be no necessity for suborned testimony, or intoxicated jurymen, to procure your condemnation. Ireland can afford the clearest evidence of your crimes; the unanimous voice of its inhabitants will pronounce you guilty. On such an occasion, our disgust against the duty of the executioner will be suspended, and men will contend for the honour of terminating so destructive in existence.

I repeat, my Lord, the caution; reflect on your situation, before you again proceed on your desperate system of coercion; consider that the amiable companion of your crimes, has shrunk from the danger of his situation; and it was infinitely less perilous than yours: he was only the vile instrument of your schemes, the executioner of your projects, the insignificant puppet exposed upon the stage, while you, behind the scenes, pointed his sword, and guided his devastations. His were only the contemptible qualifications of a bloody hand, and a relentless bosom; it was you, my Lord, that possessed the nobler merit of a heart to conceive, and a head to justify, the most atrocious acts of a vindictive administration. Thus, my Lord, did you expose him to the danger, while you hoped to monopolize the credit---Thus did you gratify your vengeance, while you consulted your safety---And thus did you prove my assertion---that you were vindictive without being spirited.

But that no motive of conviction, apprehension or prudence, may be wanting to make you alter your conduct, let me if possible, awake your emulation, and make even your vanity subservient to the salvation of your country; let me hold up to your view a character, who though I think mistaken in some points, is nevertheless entitled to the highest respect; because his are the mistakes of principle: Look to the venerated character of your antagonist, on a late important question, and there behold the just prerogatives of virtue and principle. Compare, my Lord, the mild, the polished, the benevolent eloquence of that nobleman, with the pertness of upstart insolence, and the flippancy of habitual superiority; see how he commands the attention of his fellow-peers, the gratitude of his country, and restrained even the petulancy of your Lordship. Confounded and abashed by the presence of a man, whose principles you hated, and whose spirit you dreaded, you paid an extorted and unwilling homage to the ascendancy of his character; and granted to his virtue, that respect so unusual to you, and which you refused to the meekness and profession of a preacher of the gospel, and a minister of religion. Had, my Lord, that dignified object of your oblique attack, been a layman, that attack had been unprovoked; as a clergyman, it was more---it was cowardly. But pardon me! I had almost forgotten, that romantic bravery forms no feature of your Lordship's character; had I recollected the meanness of your submission, and the asperity of your vengeance against the unhappy F . . . . . , I should not have been surprised at any thing you could have done.

Your attack on another victim of your persecution, was equally haughty, and unprovoked. You should have known, my Lord, that it was illiberal and unmanly, to assault any man, when he had not the opportunity of retaliation or defence: but unfortunately, in the present instance, his want of your successful hypocrisy, has afforded you some excuse; yet there was a time, my Lord, when you dared not have murmured but a censure, against a man whose talents you dreaded.

Think not however I mean to defend him, for he is far above the reach of your malice, or my praise; no, I enter not into the question of his merits---but I shall always insist, that as a peer of the realm, you indulged your malignancy in an attack you shrunk from as a commoner; and avoiding a contest with an acknowledged superior, attempted like a coward, to assassinate the man you dreaded to encounter as an equal.

DION.

Persecution has followed the steps of Mr. Arthur O'Connor. He has been arrested at Margate, with other *Irishmen*, one of whom it is not known whether he is Irish or English; and more extraordinary still, Mr. O'Connor's servant, a young lad about seventeen years of age, was with him; and more wonderful still, a person strongly suspected of being an Irish Priest. One of the parties had

a serpentine dagger, it would appear. The manner in which these extraordinary persons eat their breakfast, is made matter of wonderful moment. Mr. O'Connor, wonderful to relate, refused to answer questions, and spoke indignantly before the Bow-street magistrates; and Sir Francis Burdett and Mr. Boswell offered to go bail for him. They are sent to different prisons. Mr. O'Connor is gone to Tothill-Fields. We hope he will, in that land of Liberty, *Old England*, meet with less rigour than he did in this unhappy country, where he was nine months confined in the Round-tower, and three times fired at by the soldiers, upon a charge, notoriously unfounded, of High Treason. Alas! in what spot of the earth is a resting place to be found for a brave or honest Irishman. Perhaps this Irish Priest will turn out to be some unhappy sufferer, fugitated from his native home---whose father or brother have been shot, or burned out of their house, and who have been possibly seeking an assylum in some more favoured land.

No. 69---TUESDAY, MARCH 13.

THE APPEAL OF THE PEOPLE OF ULSTER,

TO THEIR COUNTYMEN, AND THE EMPIRE AT LARGE.

IRISHMEN!

OUR best Citizens are entombed in Bastiles or hurried on board tenders---our wives and our children are become the daily victims of an uncontrouled and licentious *foreign* soldiery!

Irishmen! Ulster, one of your fairest provinces, containing one-third of the population of the land---Ulster, hitherto the pride and strength of Ireland, is proclaimed, and put under the ban of *Martial Law!*---The Executive Government of the Country has sentenced us to military execution, *without trial*, and the Legislature of the country has sanctioned this illegal act, *without inquiry!* The Constituted Authorities of the land, (without condescending to examine into the existence of our grievances, the truth of the outrages alledged against us, or the nature of the circumstances that may have provoked them) have stigmatized us as objects of terror to the rest of Europe!

What, you will naturally ask, are your crimes? Hear them: Our enemies say, that under the appellation of *United Irishmen*, and by means of illegal oaths, we have established and organized a horrid system of murder---that we are the avowed enemies of all order and good government---and finally, that our ultimate object is pillage, massacre, and plunder! Countrymen! these charges are FALSE! they are MALEVOLENT; for the only proof which our accusers have pretended to adduce in their support is, that in one

whole province, where the servants of Government have, for the last four years, by a system of premeditated persecution, endeavoured to drive the People into insurrection; a few individuals, who had rendered themselves notorious by their vindictive pursuit of this system, have, during the last six months, lost their lives. We do not defend these outrages---they give *us* more *real* grief than they do to our enemies.

But, how has it happened that the same horror was not expressed by the same persons, when a civil war was for two years carrying on in the county of Armagh, against the Catholics, supported by *Magisterial* exertions, and, as it was said, by *Ministerial* connivance? Do you not know, countrymen, that these cruel persecutions were carried on by men, not only enjoying impunity, but boasting that they were acting under the authority of Government? Do you not know that the same system of tyranny and terror has been enforced with various success in almost every part of the North? that Belfast has been dragooned? that our most virtuous inhabitants have been nearly decimated? that Magistrates have frequently issued forth, by day and by night, at the head of parties of the army, to scour the country, to burn the houses, and imprison the persons of those who are *suspected* to love liberty? Can you then wonder, if men, who have made themselves peculiarly obnoxious by their cruelties, should sometimes fall victims to *individual* vengeance? However you may lament in common with us, can you be surprised if the son, whose father has been torn from his family and illegally imprisoned, or carried on board the fleet; if the husband, whose wife has been dragged from her *lying-in-bed*, at the hour of midnight, and thrown into the street to see her house burned before her eyes; if the father, whose property has been destroyed, and his children cast out into want and misery; can you be surprised even if men, who are daily witnesses to such transactions, without redress and without the shadow of legal authority, and who are themselves suffering under a grinding persecution, the acts of which cannot be easily particularised, but which, by its unceasing operation, crushes and destroys; can you be surprised, if men thus situated, *determined not to be forced into insurrection*, should seek to assuage their revenge, and vainly hope to stop the current of general calamity by the assassination of the most atrocious of their persecutors? Do not, we beseech you, falsely impute their acts to the moral depravity of any *body* of men---No; if the hands of the inhabitants of the North were not restrained by the strongest ties of duty and religion, the highest heads and most overbearing spirits of our oppressors, would have long since expiated their tyranny.

We have told you, Countrymen, the charges exhibited against us; hear now the *facts*, and FOR THE TRUTH OF THEM WE SOLEMNLY APPEAL TO THE SEARCHER OF HEARTS. *We are under an obligation* (and we glory in it) to promote a brotherhood of affection among Irishmen of every religious persuasion. *We*

are united in an organized system, *not* to promote *murder*, *but* to promote *peace*; not to destroy *persons* and *property*, but to save *both* from destruction. Lastly, beloved Countrymen! we are most solemnly pledged (a pledge we will never forfeit) to co-operate with you in every temperate and rational measure for obtaining the Freedom of our Country, by a FULL AND ADEQUATE REPRESENTATION OF ALL THE PEOPLE OF IRELAND, WITHOUT REGARD TO RELIGIOUS DISTINCTIONS.

These are the *crimes* of Ulster. They are the common crimes of Ireland. How should it be otherwise, when they arise from the duty we owe to our Country and to our God. Yes, Irishmen! the sacred flame has become general---That which originated in Antrim, has been reverberated from Cork and all the intermediate space from Wicklow to Mayo glows with the same enthusiasm. It has been our glory to raise the abutments---to you belongs the still more glorious task of crowning the arch.

Our intentions have been, and still are to obtain the great object of our pursuit, through the means of *calm discussion*, and their own unquestionable justice. The common enemy know that these are the most powerful and irresistable weapons. It is, therefore, that they have practised upon us a system of reiterated aggression, unparalleled in the history of civilized nations, for the purpose of goading us into *insurrection*, or driving us into *despair*. They have hitherto failed, and *they will still fail*, thanks to that bountiful Being who has endued us with *Patience* as well as *Courage*.

We can, even yet, endure for our Country's sake. But, Countrymen! is there not a point, beyond which forbearance becomes a crime, and human nature is incapable of enduring? Shall we be forced beyond that point? *If we should*, our poor and feeble oppressors would find, that UNITED IRELAND could, in an instant, trample them to the dust.

To our *national* armed force, whether MILITIA or YEOMANRY, we peculiarly appeal. Soldiers! when you took up arms to defend your *Country* did you intend to turn them against your *Countrymen?* Was it to raise the Catholic against the Protestant, and the Protestant against the Catholic that you arrayed? Was it to support an Administration which has brought your Country to the verge of destruction, by a wicked war against Liberty abroad, and a still more wicked war against Liberty at home, that you swore allegiance? If you should ever, with parricidal hearts, turn your arms against your fellow-subjects, whose only crime is their patriotism, would you not feel hat you were guilty of Treason, Rebellion and Perjury, against your King, your Country, and your God? Think, then, in time, '*Remember you are Irishmen!*' Remember that you must shortly answer for every act of *murder*, or even *pillage*, that you might be induced by unjust orders to commit, before that BEING who is the avenger of the oppressed.

To the *British Nation* we also appeal! Is it criminal, Britons! to follow the example of your renowned Ancestors? If *you* feel

the defects in your Representation, and if you are sensible that you as well as we, have been precipitated into the most wicked and destructive wars, in consequence of those defects, can you possibly blame *us*, whose Representation is infinitely more inadequate for our peaceable exertions to remedy those defects? Shall Ireland be considered as hostile, because she has caught a spark of that holy fire which has kept alive in your island, when surrounding Europe was sunk under a barbarous despotism? But you will be told that we wish to get rid of the *connection*. If that connection only existed in the manifold evils which have been heaped upon us by the present abominable Administration, we surely would wish for a separation.

But fellow subjects connected as we are by the ties of blood---of a common language and polity---intimately connected as we are by our relative situation with each other, and with the rest of the world, as well as by our mutual wants and redundancies---so far from wishing to lessen these ties of connection, we call upon, we entreat you to *Unite* still farther with us, in the just and necessary work of REFORM. We conjure you, by the manes of your *Lockes*, your *Sydneys*, your *Hampdens*, and your *Russels*, to join us in a great and united effort to save the empire from destruction, by the only measure which can save it---*A radical Reform in the Representation of the People*. The removal of your present wicked Ministers will only operate as a temporary relief---the cause of all our evils would still remain. Had not your Minister known that *his influence*, owing to the defective state of our Representation, enabled him to draw from Ireland 150,000 men to recruit the army, and 40,000 seamen to man the fleet of the Empire, he would not so rapidly have rushed into this detestable war, which has brought you as well as us to the brink of ruin! Britons, remember the words of the most illustrious Statesman that ever adorned your Country, or directed your Councils---of that PITT who conducted the Empire to glory abroad, whilst he cherished Liberty at home. In the year 1766, when Massachusetts was charged with rebellion, as Ulster is now, "I rejoice that America has resisted," said that great man. "Three millions of people, so dead to all the feelings "of Liberty, as voluntarily to submit to be slaves, would have "been fit instruments to make slaves of the rest. If America was to "fall," continued he, "she would fall like the strong man; she would "embrace the pillars of the State, and pull down the Constitution "with her. She has been wronged; she has been driven to mad-"ness by injustice: Will you punish her for the madness you have "occasioned." His councils succeeded---the obnoxious laws were repealed, and America sat down contented. Shortly after, the system of coercion was again resorted to, and *America was lost*.

Finally, we appeal to the FATHER of the UNIVERSE, whose *Almighty power* we invoke, to conduct us by the paths of Peace, to LIBERTY AND HAPPINESS.

THE END.